

THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

European Front

THE present assaults on the German-dominated Continent are but the first of a series. More are coming. By mid-July, blows may be raining on the Axis along an almost continuous battle line, looping Hitler's Fortress from the North Sea through the Mediterranean to the Gulf of Finland.

Progress in and from the Cherbourg peninsula will depend on the extent to which the German High Command will commit their mobile reserves to meet the challenge General Eisenhower has thrown at them in Normandy.

The Nazis, by a flurry of false alarms and nervous maneuvers, indicate their vulnerable spots. They have to reckon on the possibility of an attack over the Aegean on Greece, or over the Adriatic from Italy on the Western Balkans, or on the Ligurian coast, or on the southern shore of France. In view of the fact that the combat forces available to the United Nations in the Mediterranean number close to 1,000,000 men, and that a complete, self-contained system of transport and supply operates there under General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, these German worries are reasonable. So is German alarm about the vulnerability of the west coast of Europe. The spectacular smash delivered by General Eisenhower in Normandy proves that the much vaunted Atlantic Wall is less formidable than its architects supposed.

As summer opens, this three-sided battle forces the German staff on the horns of a dilemma. Germany's worst fears center on the eastern front, where eight Russian armies — totaling more than 4,000,000 combat troops — press like a tidal wave against the Baltic States, South-central Poland, the Carpathians, and the Rumanian gate to the lower Danube. Yet there can be no concentration against this danger while Allied pressure in Western Europe increases.

The amazing performance of Allied air power makes the outlook still darker for the Germans. Under Air Chief Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory the Allied Expeditionary Air Force, the most gigantic instrument ever devised for aerial warfare, is revealing a strength, a flexibility, and a precision that startle not the Nazis alone, but the whole Allied world.

The army in the skies

Most ominous for the Germans during the coming weeks is the revelation of Allied strength in air-borne troop carriers. The lessons learned in Crete three years ago have been improved upon by the Allied command beyond Hitler's worst forebodings. Aerial trains of transports and gliders, nine planes abreast in a column 200 miles long, pour not a few divisions, but an army, out of the skies before and behind his lines. What will happen when General Eisenhower begins to exploit airfields captured on the Continent itself?

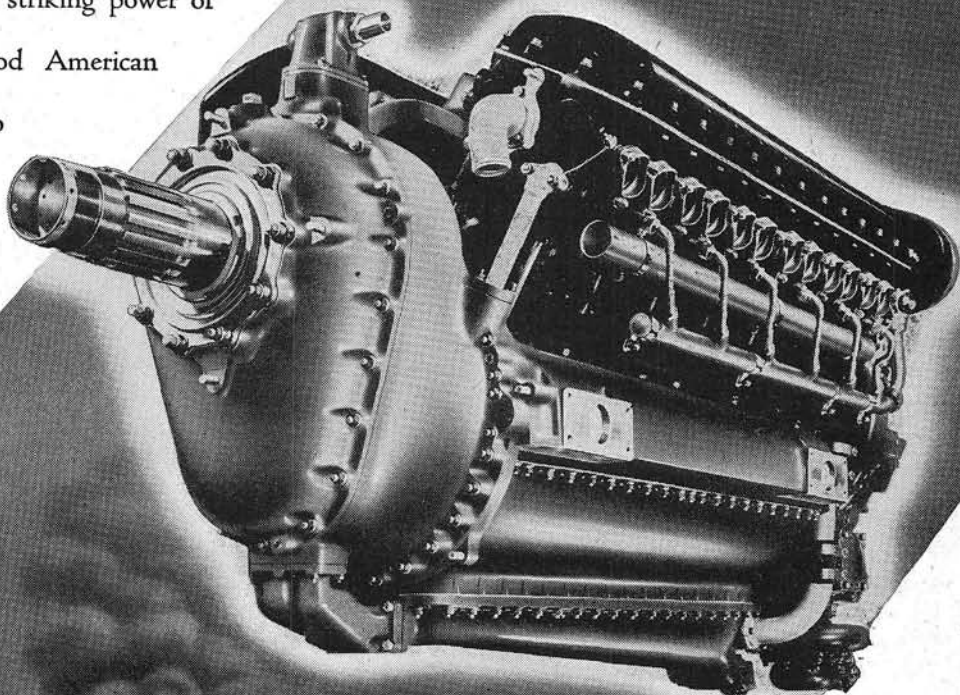
The lessons learned by the Allied air command in North Africa, Sicily, and Italy are being applied with a vengeance in France. The combination of tactical and strategic air power is proving disastrous to the Nazis' rail and highway system in France, as it did in Italy. General Brereton's experience in commanding the First Tactical Air Force in the Mediterranean, and the system perfected in General Alexander's power drive through Rome to Northern Italy, explain what is happening in the air war in France.

Contrary to common belief, the densities of the rail lines in France and in Italy are almost identical. In France there are 7.7 kilometers of railway per 100 square meters of territory; in Italy there are 7.1. Only in Belgium and Denmark does the ratio jump steeply — 12.1 in the latter, 33.6 in the former. The chief dependence of the Wehrmacht in France is upon roads. Hence the unending foray of the RAF and the

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American Air Force from Britain against highways and bridges.

In Italy as well as in France, the Germans possess an advantage in the range of their heavier guns, especially during bad weather when the punch of Allied bombers is blunted. But neither in Italy nor in France have the Nazis found means of countering Allied reconnaissance, tactical, or strategic bombing. The overall advantage they enjoy in the range of their guns vanishes in clear weather. It is offset by air power, by the precision of fire of the American 105's and 155's, which German artillery cannot match, and by a rapidity of fire which the German prisoners discuss with amazement. The query of one of these in Italy, whether American heavy guns are not "belt-fed," is evidence enough.

Unless the German High Command can dispatch immediate and strong reinforcements to the rescue, the prospect will grow steadily darker for the Nazis in Italy. But where are such supplements to be found? From France, where the Wehrmacht already faces an opponent possessing superior reserves, equipment, and something closely akin to air supremacy? From the East, where nearly two thirds of the entire strength of the German armies will not suffice to halt the Russian avalanche? Removal of but two or three German divisions from the upper Adriatic, in a bootless attempt to stave off debacle in Central Italy, has unbalanced the Nazi program throughout the Western Balkans by increasing the relative strength of Marshal Tito's Partisans.

The brass tacks of peace

While the armies press forward, the statesmen at home are getting down to brass tacks. In a speech which came down hard on the thumbs of many idealists, Prime Minister Churchill hammered home his war aims and his intimations of peace.

Secretary Hull immediately countered with an invitation to Great Britain, Russia, and China (Mr. Churchill ignored China) to discuss the organization of peace — and he felt it necessary to reaffirm the principles governing our American policy. The Dutch spoke up for the smaller allies. The Russian press saw red as it tried to swallow Mr. Churchill's apology for British relations with Franco.

Differences among the Allies are inevitable as peace approaches. The nature of the British Empire and Commonwealth, the structure of the U.S.S.R., the potential of China which is emerging, the unique strength of the United States in the Western Hemisphere — these are the ponderables which must somehow be reconciled as the Grand Alliance moves into peace. Reconciliation of differences is not impossible, but it is certainly one of the most formidable

tasks of our century. The lessons learned from the League of Nations, the ideals and the impracticalities of the Wilsonian principles, will be useful.

Mr. Churchill is a champion of Britain in the tradition of Pitt and Disraeli. He is interested in strengthening the imperial structure, preserving its strategic position, and rehabilitating its trade, more than with the march of ideas outside its limits. For him the war has "become less ideological as it has progressed." He wants only "to beat the enemy and then, in a happy and serene peace, let the best expression be given the will of the people."

The British war leader's outline of his government's current policy implies a revival of "spheres of influence" — another familiar adjunct of empire. Russia is to receive a free hand in Eastern Europe; Britain is to consolidate her position in the Mediterranean. Between these broad spheres a political "void" opens, occupied physically not only by the Germans and their satellites (who are to be dealt with rigorously) but by some 200,000,000 other Europeans in a dozen nations. What of them? How shall this void be divided? First, by a precarious balance of power; eventually by a war? Here is a very hard knot for diplomacy to untie.

For better dictators

Mr. Churchill foresees a post-war triumvirate of Russia, Great Britain, and the United States, welded into a world-controlling Council. The exclusive nature of this proposed organism is underlined by calling it also a world Executive and by suggesting that France is earning "fourth place in the Grand Alliance."

Its basis, he says bluntly, is to be armed force. He does not specify its responsibility to other nations or to any official body including them. There is to be an Assembly, about whose functions he is vague.

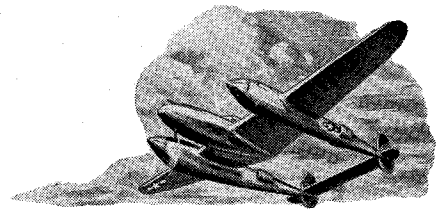
How does such an Executive differ from a dictatorship? How would the other three quarters of the human race greet it? How does it square with the pledges given at Moscow? At Teheran? With the provisions of the Atlantic Charter?

Mr. Hull speaks up

Mr. Hull's significant statement of June 2 clearly counters Mr. Churchill's point of view. It reaffirms the position of the United States, which "has always emphasized the all-inclusive nature of the world situation and our disposition and purpose to see that all the nations, especially the small nations, are kept on a position of equality with all others."

History would seem to stand with Mr. Hull. Great alliances for war tend to break up when the bonds of

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of the extra margin of power and durability they hold is the mastery of balance gained by peacetime enterprise.

America is blessed with such rich reserves of experience because here men have always received just rewards for solving tough problems, for undertaking new things, for cracking hard nuts.

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common fear which create them slacken in victory. What reason is there for supposing that tugs of national interest — several of which are evident in Mr. Churchill's policy — would leave an alliance of the Big Three, or the Big Four, intact for long in the world of Mr. Churchill's tentative sketch? To assume that such divisive forces do not exist is to ignore a world in revolution.

The Franco muddle

The British Prime Minister's strange eulogy of Francisco Franco's Spanish regime stems from his anxiety over the British Empire's strategic position in the Mediterranean and from his concern about the recovery and expansion of Britain's trade.

Spain dominates the western end of the Mediterranean, where Britain keeps the gate at Gibraltar. Britain holds the key to the eastern outlet at Suez. Her remiss ally, Turkey, sprawls over the highway to the Black Sea, at the northeastern corner. Here is the explanation of Mr. Churchill's interest in the future of Greece, Italy, and Spain. Together with the Yugoslavs, these nations dominate the three strategic peninsulas jutting into the vitals of the main British communications system.

In keeping with these visible facts, Mr. Churchill advances again a policy toward Franco Spain he has held throughout the war. The immobility which Franco is compelled to adopt by his own precarious position in a country prostrated by civil war, by Spain's financial straits, by his inability to implement the many verbose threats he has uttered against all parliamentary regimes — the British and American in particular — Mr. Churchill interprets as an indication of forbearance, of nostalgic affection dating from the campaigns of Wellington.

Forgotten is the fact that this dictator's rise was hatched by Mussolini and abetted by Hitler. Ignored is the military assistance given by Franco to Germany in the present war, against Britain's ally, Russia. Forgiven are the activities of German agents connived at by Franco (and only this month ended because of direct pressure from London and Washington); the bombs placed in British ships a few months ago; the attacks on British consulates by Falangist hoodlums; the aid given by Franco's shore stations to German U-boats; the use of the Balearic Isles by the Luftwaffe during the worst period of the war in the Mediterranean. None of these matters.

So Mr. Churchill arrives at the discovery that there are two kinds of fascism. One is dangerous; the other can be tolerated.

The British press and public entertain no such delusion. Neither does Mr. Hull, who has corrected his

earlier easy way with the Spanish dictator. "Stability and order do not mean, and cannot mean, reaction," he declared on April 14, defining the policy of the United States. And again: "We have moved from careless tolerance of evil institutions to the conviction that free governments and Nazi and fascist governments cannot exist together." To point up this divergence of views between Washington and London on the subject of fascism, Mr. Hull took an oblique wallop at Spanish activities in Latin America. He reminded the nations on that continent that the United States aided them in achieving their freedom from Spanish tyranny and in fortifying their security against its return.

We isolate de Gaulle

Spain illustrates Mr. Churchill's inattention to the social and political imperatives of a stable peace. France symbolizes Washington's blindness to equally momentous political facts. The feud carried on by American diplomacy against the regime at Algiers is already complicating the difficult tasks imposed upon General Eisenhower.

The "legitimacy" or "legality" of the Provisional Government at Algiers is questioned. That was what President Roosevelt meant, a few months ago, when he declared that "there is no France." By this theory, France does not legally exist until her people have spoken at the ballot box at home. To impose upon them a provisional government, such as the one at Algiers, would be to violate French sovereignty.

This thesis does not bear scrutiny. The French Provisional Government governs the second-largest empire on earth. It is constituted not only from all parts of that Empire: all groups in the Army of the Interior, in France, have representatives on it. Why are not these facts admitted in their proper force?

As for Washington's inability to violate "legitimacy," recognition by the United States of the Czech government in exile (which is justified by obvious common sense) shows that, in this instance, Washington is quite willing to give diplomatic status to a government admittedly without any "legitimate" foundation whatever. Have we one policy for the Czechs and another for the French? If so, what becomes of "legitimacy"?

Which is wiser: to force General Eisenhower to deal with bits and pieces of France as military expediency may dictate — thereby promoting in France itself the botch of North Africa — or to hand over French tasks to responsibly organized French control? We are babes in the European political jungle, and it is later than Washington thinks. Let us hope that speedy improvement will follow a meeting between General de Gaulle and President Roosevelt.

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ON THE WORLD TODAY

The Pacific War

THE war in the Pacific has been variously described as a war of communications, a war of logistics, a war of bases. These terms describe the accumulation of offensive power, rather than its application. We have not yet closed with the enemy. Just as it was necessary to win the Battle of the Atlantic before we were in a position to launch decisive blows at Germany, so the winning of the Battle of the Pacific will put us in a position where our strength can bear directly on the major defenses of Japan.

Since we seized the offensive in the Pacific, our campaigns have aimed at breaking the blockade of China and gaining access to the land mass of Asia, where we can meet the armies of Japan and attack the heart of her power. Our campaign in Burma is an attempt to establish an overland route for effective assistance to China, and our penetration in the Central Pacific, as Admiral Nimitz has declared, is aimed at giving us access to ports on the Asiatic mainland. All of this is in preparation for the final crushing attack on Japan itself.

No slowdown in Asia

The invasion in Europe should produce no slackening in the war with Japan. Now that we have painfully gained the initiative in the Pacific, military wisdom dictates that we not only maintain but intensify our offensive there. We had to do more than contain the enemy in this theater before we could launch an attack in Europe.

If we had embarked on an offensive in Europe while on the defensive in Asia, Japan could have affected the disposition of our strength and aided Germany by operations intended to divert our power. Our freedom to move in Europe would be controlled by the possibility of sudden demands in Asia, and our attack on Germany would be essentially a limited offensive.

True, we shall be unable to concentrate on Japan the strength that will be required to bring about her complete defeat until we have made a successful conclusion to the war against Germany. Shipping and landing craft especially will have to be freed. But we shall have immensely valuable and hard-bought experience in the business of invasion, and a large body of battle-trying troops and officers. Meanwhile we have ample targets to keep our strength busy in the Pacific and in opening a way to China. We have still to regain a good deal of the space we traded for time.

But our naval and air preponderance and the skillful use of the techniques we have evolved for applying that preponderance ensure us less costly and risky advances than Tarawa and Guadalcanal. We now enjoy comparative immunity from counterattack on the island bases we have seized. For Japan to attempt to eject us from these positions would require her to mount an amphibious effort equal to that we expended in their capture. So far the Japanese High Command has preferred to write off the garrisons.

Japan hoards her fleet

Japan has shown no inclination to risk her fleet in defense of these positions. She would be more likely to risk it in defense than in counterattack. A counter-attack would commit her to concentration on one sector of her defensive arc. Once committed at any point, she would leave other and equally vital areas vulnerable, since she cannot launch a counterattack that would develop into a counteroffensive.

The Japanese fleet is still a formidable weapon of defense, though its operations are restricted by the loss of bases, by Japan's inability to support it with seagoing air cover on a scale comparable to ours, and by the inability of Japanese shipyards to turn out the

huge tonnage of fleet auxiliaries that make up so important a part of modern sea power.

It is no longer true that Japan's fleet could "lose the war in an afternoon," because it is no longer true that Japan's fleet could win the war in an afternoon. The Japanese fleet might still deliver a heavy blow to our fleet. But a naval victory by Japan would not bring her a margin of power that could assure her victory, though it might postpone defeat.

A Japanese naval disaster would hasten, but not govern, the development of our strategy. Japan cannot hope for a naval victory great enough to give her command of the seas and enable her to destroy the sources of our military strength. That moment passed not so much by default as by the accumulation of losses in successive engagements, by the loss of bases, and by the growth of our own naval and air strength.

Stilwell's jungle-hopping

The tactics of our advance in the Pacific, and the conditions that made them possible, have been paralleled in land fighting. In Burma, we fought against isolated Japanese positions. Jungle and mountain wastes, like the ocean spaces, rendered Japanese positions hard to come at, but at the same time created difficulties of supply and reinforcement for the Japanese.

We brought to the attack against these positions something of the same technique we employed in the seizure of island bases, in a kind of terrestrial island-hopping. We used our air superiority to attack communications, and air-borne troops set down in thinly held areas gave us bases that lay behind Japanese strong points. We by-passed Mogaung and Kamaing to surprise Myitkina.

In these sudden and daring thrusts, we joined the most modern mechanical weapons with the most primitive military strength. We used the toughness and stamina of ground troops, and the ancient weapon of infantry, the forced march, in precise concert with the airplane. This coöperation between foot soldier and plane, a union of science and Indian fighting, is a sign that we are using our technological mastery flexibly and imaginatively.

"Vinegar Joe"

It is fitting that Lieutenant General Joseph Stilwell should lead this march back into Burma, from which he and his men were expelled by superior Japanese forces more than two years ago. He has manifested real greatness. He has exploited new and almost untried tactics and tools of war, and carried on the methods originated by another great general, the late Orde Charles Wingate.

But what is even more important is Stilwell's leadership of men. His Americans have fought successfully under conditions never known to American fighting men until this war. He has recognized and made full use of the magnificent fighting qualities of the Chinese soldier. And he has produced a harmonious military organization of Chinese and Americans and taught them to use efficiently and spiritedly all the armament of modern war.

Chinese, Burmans, Americans, and British are joined in fighting the Battle of Burma, which is not so much a battle for Burma as it is a battle for China. The Ledo Road is an artery that will pour new blood into China's many-sided war. It is not only part of the global war against militarism and aggression; it is also for China a war for the realization of her political maturity, and in that war too we have an interest.

China's long pull

For seven years China has been fighting Japan. During four and a half of those years she stood alone and virtually unaided. The struggle has devoured her military strength, throttled her economy, and given rise to potentially dangerous political currents. But paradoxically, as China has undergone these weakening hardships, she has approached an international position far stronger than anything she has known since Western imperialism began to sap her strength more than a century ago. Not only has she been welcomed into the war councils of the major Allied powers, but many of her rights of sovereignty have been returned to her.

For seven years China's war against Japan has not been her only war. She has had to fight the battle of internal reconstruction, the development of unity and new political forms, both of which must succeed if China is to attain her full political maturity. We have seen how perilous and difficult this kind of growth is in our own history, in the turmoils and differences that followed our achievement of nationhood.

Japan has been quick to take advantage of China's internal political situation. As it becomes more and more urgent that she destroy our growing offensive power in China and prepare to defend herself against us on the mainland of Asia, her military offensives have gone hand in hand with political offensives. She has sought to bring out of China's inner stresses a cleavage that would weaken China's will to fight, intensify faction, confuse the bases of Chinese opposition to Japanese ideas, and perhaps develop a peace party.

It is possible that the political scene in China will see changes, but those changes will not produce advantages to Japan. No realignment within the Kuomin-



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tang could find an adequate basis for power if it abandoned the struggle against Japan for strife with the Communists. But we can expect Japan to continue her attempts at exploiting Chinese internal differences, and at disrupting Chinese and Anglo-American coöperation. Japan well knows that a faction-ridden China can never be a strong China, and that a weak China means a relatively strong Japan both in terms of the immediate war and in terms of the peace to come.

Although China is unable to win a decisive victory against Japan in the military war, she has been winning the ideological war, an accomplishment potentially much more important. China's long fight against Japan has crippled Japan's attempt to depict herself as the savior of Asia and the liberator of Asia from Western imperialism. The political morality of Japan has been exposed for what it is, in the course of her seven years' attempt to impose it on China. Japan's inability to win the coöperation of China, as well as the rapacity she has shown, has revealed the ambition and unfitness of Japan's military mind for political leadership and frustrated her propaganda of "Asia for the Asiatics."

Japan's raw material

Japan's attitude toward Greater East Asia has been changed by the progress of the war. She has had to hasten her exploitation of its resources and obtrude her own needs and designs more nakedly. The honeymoon is over. The possibility that she may have to retreat from the southern regions has led her to create stockpiles at home — as much as her shipping difficulties would permit — of raw materials from those regions, on which the continuing efficiency of her military and industrial machine depends. The imposition of an artificial war-dominated and Japan-centered economy on East Asia is an unnatural dislocation of its previous structure, intensified by shipping shortage and the scantiness of overland transport.

Japan's attempts to institute local economic self-sufficiency have been dictated by her inability to assume the burden of sustaining Asiatic economy. Her promises of political independence to the conquered areas stem from an effort to foster economic autonomy as much as from an effort to lend verisimilitude to her pretense of being the liberator of Asia.

Liberators or imperialists?

But Japanese failure does not mean automatic success for the United Nations in the Far East. In Asia, as in Europe, the political aspects of the war and their relation to military activity become more important and more complex as the war advances. Decisions on the grand strategy of land operations — in terms of allocation of forces, coöperation of command, and

choice of objectives — are more difficult than those involved in naval operations of the type we have so far witnessed in the Pacific.

The relation between us and our allies in the Burma theater, for example, offers far more scope for differences than the problem of integrating naval command in our war on the sea. British national policy and our own do not always coincide in Asia. There we move among thickly inhabited areas and politically awakened populations. Contrast the political unconsciousness of the handful of Marshall Islanders with the active core of nationalists in Burma. It will become increasingly necessary for us to face our political problems frankly, a task made easier by the high degree of military coöperation the Allies have already achieved in all theaters of this global war.

The statesmanship and political wisdom of the Allies in Asia will be tested with increasing severity. We have accomplished military miracles in the Far East; we shall have to accomplish equally impressive political miracles if Asia is to become an integral part of a stable world order. The bankruptcy of Japanese leadership is apparent in China and the rest of Occupied Asia, but we must remember that "white imperialism," always unpopular in Asia, has been absent from some of its seats of power for two and a half years.

Japanese imperialism may not be welcome either, but Japanese propaganda and Japanese politics can be counted on to have created many difficulties for us in Occupied Asia. In 1944 many more Asiatics are conscious of the problem of India than was the case in 1941. The emptiness of Japanese-inspired "nationalism" will not dull the political aspirations of Indonesians. Will our armies be regarded in Asia as the destroyers of a hated occupation or as the restorers of a situation that may seem to Asiatics equally obnoxious?

In this light, Vice President Wallace's mission to China and Siberia was a shrewd stroke. It suggests some of the contrasts between what the democracies have to offer and the promises Japan makes. Mr. Wallace is identified with efforts to make science and technology the allies of agricultural economy in the battle against hunger; he is an advocate of aiding the industrialization of undeveloped lands, rather than viewing them as a market for consumers' goods; and he has offered "the Century of the Common Man" to oppose the imperialism of "the American Century."

It is high time for us to recognize the fact that in our diplomatic and political relations with the peoples of Asia we shall face problems even more demanding than those we shall meet in Europe. The kind of peace we hope for must shape our conduct of the war.

★ ★ ★ ★

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President of the Chamber of Commerce
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Eric Johnston

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It is because of these people—many of them men now actually fighting for America's future—that we must take steps to make sure we are not left behind in post-war competition for world trade.

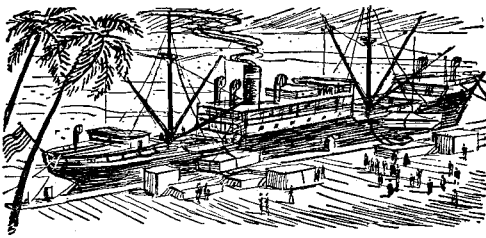
And our position in this post-war world market will depend to a large extent on a



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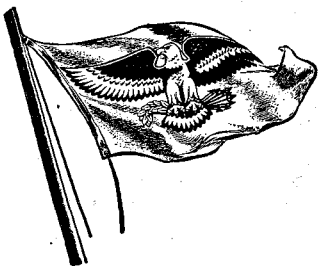
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American people to do their part in providing for post-war prosperity.

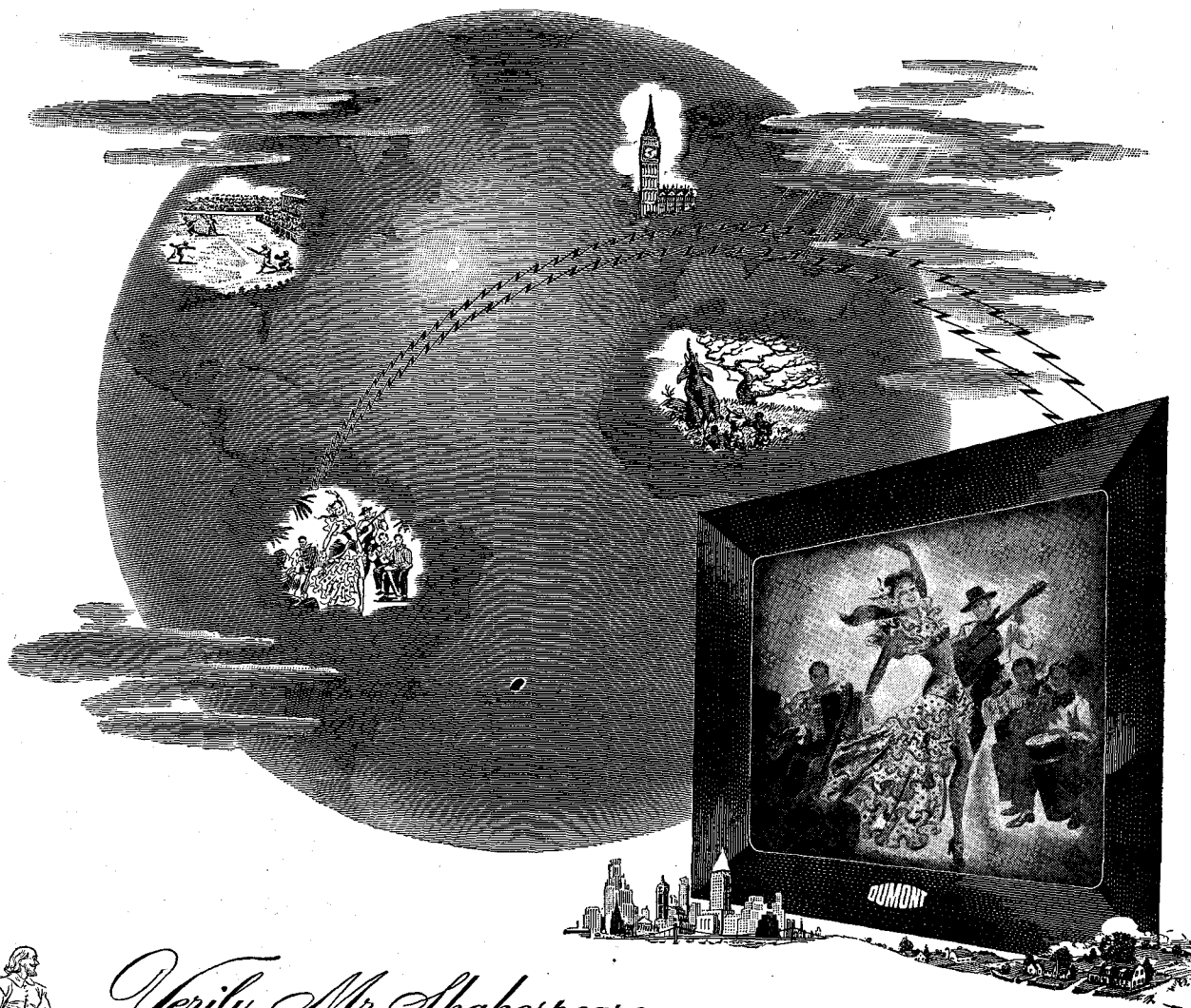
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THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

Latin America

FOR more than a month Washington's top question in inter-American diplomacy has been the recognition of Bolivia. Whatever the decision, — and the outlook early in June was toward recognition, — it is a highly important step in Latin America for the United States.

In deciding whether or not to recognize the present Bolivian government, the United States necessarily will be establishing something of a precedent. It will be making up its mind that it does or does not propose to extend its friendly support to essentially Fascist governments in the Western Hemisphere.

The present Bolivian government came into power through a "palace revolution," using the republic's highway police as its main spearhead, late in December. Its leaders were chiefly young lawyers, army officers, and university professors on record as holding totalitarian views of what the social and political organization of the country should be. Some of them had been open sympathizers with Germany or active collaborators in the Nazi propaganda in Bolivia.

The squeeze play on Bolivia

Washington denied the new regime recognition and, with considerable difficulty, persuaded all the other American republics, except Argentina, to make non-recognition an inter-American policy.

Bolivia's new junta soon discovered that non-recognition carried penalties. Lend-Lease arms and other shipments stopped. When Bolivia's antimony contract with the Allies ran out during the winter, it was not renewed. During the spring, intimations were given to La Paz that when a considerably larger wolfram contract expired on June 30, it might suffer the same fate. The Allies have continued to take tin from Bolivia, but with less pressure for heavy and

quick deliveries, and with frequent hints about mounting stockpiles and the development of tin resources in other parts of the world.

Under these pressures, the La Paz junta resorted to policies of "appeasement" toward the unsympathetic "Northern Colossus." They expropriated Axis properties in the republic. They fired half a dozen top members of the government who were smirched with Axis or Argentine connections. They announced the "democratization" of Bolivian society and called national presidential elections for July 2.

They went through the motions of improving wages and working conditions for Bolivian miners, especially in the tin mines, and for a brief time threw Don Mauricio Hochschild, head of the republic's second-largest tin syndicate, into a concentration camp. They proclaimed amnesty for the political opponents of the regime. Finally, they arrested seventy-nine known Nazi agitators and dispatched them on planes for internment in the United States.

Appeasement in reverse

Meanwhile certain inconsistencies appeared in the performance. A good deal of the Axis property expropriated seemed, for instance, to be that of small Jewish merchants of German or Austrian extraction. The notorious Axis sympathizers dropped from the cabinet and the top bureaucratic positions in the government still managed to maintain significant advisory connections with the ruling powers.

Miners' relief, as it developed, amounted to a few wage adjustments and a much closer subjection of the miners' unions to government control. Mauricio Hochschild spent a short time in jail, but shaking down the tin interests is routine procedure for new regimes in Bolivia.

Amnesty of political prisoners was advertised charmingly throughout the republic, but prominent prisoners like José Antonio Arze, candidate of the PIR — leftist revolutionary party — for president in 1940, were only released under a highly restrictive form of detective-shadowed house arrest. In addition, Señor Arze was prohibited from running for president in the July election by a provision requiring all candidates for office to be veterans of Bolivia's 1932-1935 Chaco War with Paraguay.

In short, the only positive gain the United States has made from this whirligig of Bolivian appeasement gestures is the exile of the seventy-nine top Axis agents — picked by Washington agencies — to American internment camps. Since they were also top members of the German commercial and educational colonies in a country starved for both commerce and education, it was a genuine, if forced, sacrifice of local leadership, and Bolivia will miss them.

Recognition of the Bolivian junta offers certain advantages over a continued non-recognition policy. Although they went along with Washington, most of the Latin American governments are suspicious of the non-recognition technique as a potential form of intervention in their domestic politics. Moreover, near neighbors of Bolivia, like Brazil, Chile, and Peru, are concretely embarrassed by it. They are being held up on various business projects they have on foot with Bolivia, because of the breach in relations. Quiet pressure from these powers, in fact, is supposed to have had a good deal to do with Washington's willingness to reopen the question.

Reopened it certainly is. During most of May the members of a commission headed by American Ambassador to Panama Avra M. Warren and Brigadier General Ralph Wooten were in Bolivia checking up on the situation and the junta's virtues. On the return of the commission to Washington at the end of the month, all the indications were that recognition would be recommended.

Churchill to Franco to South America

Possibly, though, in the Bolivian business Washington considers itself gambling for even higher stakes than are involved in friendly relations with the faction controlling a lone tin republic. Whether it was so intended or not, Prime Minister Winston Churchill's speech in the British Parliament on May 24, with its devoted and almost affectionate references to alleged services by General Francisco Franco's Spanish Fascist government to the cause of the Allies, was received by reactionary and domestic Fascist elements all over Latin America with joy. To these anti-American circles, intimations that Latin Fascist regimes might be welcomed into friendships with the British Empire were naturally cheering.

It is on such rocks, whether Mr. Churchill knows it or not, that the rather tenuous regional understanding between the American republics could be split.

Under these circumstances, it is natural that certain elements in the State Department would favor avoiding any possible Churchillian seduction of certain republics from the inter-American orbit by trying to appease Latin American Fascist leaders. For this purpose these elements would be tempted to look upon recognition of a more or less phony Fascist regime in a relatively harmless country like Bolivia as a diplomatic master stroke.

"Election" in Ecuador

Ecuador was due for a presidential election the first week in June, with the principal anti-administration candidate, former President Velasco Ibarra, a political exile in Colombia. But on May 29 there was a military revolt in Guayaquil which swept the administration of President Arroyo del Río from power. Dr. V. Ibarra returned from Colombia in triumph, and another tropical republic's election had been held in the traditional way, with bullets instead of ballots — not to mention a few Lend-Lease tanks and big guns which the revolutionists found useful.

Velasco Ibarra has a somewhat more liberal record in Ecuadorian politics than his ousted predecessor, and there are no Fascist taints in the disturbance. The only possible difficulty for Washington lies in the fact that some of the military elements joined the revolution in protest against President Arroyo del Río's acceptance of the settlement of a border dispute with Peru, which gave Peru a large slice of Ecuadorian territory. Our State Department was happy to draw out of the hat a statement made by Dr. Ibarra less than a week before the revolution, apparently also endorsing the border settlement. Ecuador is seemingly due for a quick passage through the recognition bottleneck unless its army chiefs sign up the new president for war threats against Peru.

Elsewhere, the inter-American front has enjoyed a relatively quiet month. The military junta ruling Argentina distinguished itself by outlawing a few more forms of pro-Allied propaganda and by arresting Federico Pinedo, former Treasury Minister and a leading financier, for pro-Allied activities.

In Mexico, there were worries about a general strike scheduled for early summer, and about the generally simmering state of national politics due to high living costs and *Sinarquista* agitations. But, except in Mexico, nothing has happened in the hemisphere to confront the Allied war effort with worse difficulties than it has so far survived — barring, of course, the long-term difficulties which could be created by the wrong decision about Bolivia.

THE ATLANTIC REPORT



ON THE WORLD TODAY

Washington

IT WAS with no clap of thunder that the news of the invasion of Hitler's Fortress spread over Washington. For more than a month little else had been discussed. But all the speculation was underground. The censor even rebuked a Washington newspaper for suggesting, in a clearly unknowing manner, that the invasion might occur at any time.

There was a letdown when the President celebrated the fall of Rome without at the same time announcing that it had rung up the curtain for the breaching of Europe from the west. Now the invasion dominates everything. Yes, it is still called the invasion, despite the President's last-minute effort to call it liberation, though this word is indubitably the meaning of the mightiest convulsion of all history.

The Supreme Court

The Supreme Court has made a great comeback. That is to say, it is back on the front pages, back as a tidbit of conversation in Washington salons, cafés, and taxicabs. People once more flock to the big marble palace on Capitol Hill and scan each Monday's output of opinions to see what the Court has been up to. The Court has again become a hotbed of conflicting ideas.

This ferment in the Court came to light at its first session of 1944. At first it seemed to be only a feud between Justices Hugo L. Black and Felix Frankfurter. For a single day the Senator-jurist from Alabama wrote two concurring opinions obviously designed to scorch the ears of the professor-jurist from Boston. That seemed to loosen pent-up antagonism in various other judicial breasts.

Justice Owen J. Roberts accused his brethren of destroying confidence in the law by upsetting precedents without good reason. Justice Frankfurter said

amen. Then Justice Robert H. Jackson, who was President Roosevelt's Attorney General before he went to the bench, drew upon his most biting judicial vocabulary to castigate the majority for rewriting the law from the bench to smack down a holding company. The Court, he said in a dissenting opinion supported by Roberts, Reed, and Frankfurter, was not upholding a policy of Congress, but was "competing with Congress in creating new regulations in banking."

And in dozens of other opinions the Court — which has been denounced as a rubber stamp for Administration policy — has been sharply divided. It will not be surprising if historians discover its dissents this year to be more numerous than ever before.

Today there is general agreement in the Court as to that area of constitutional law out of which the sharpest conflicts of the middle thirties grew. The Court has not declared an Act of Congress unconstitutional in the last eight years. The great contest over governmental powers has ended in recognition of a plenitude of power in the Federal government.

So the intellectual arena in which the judges are fighting out their differences today is narrower in scope. They are chiefly concerned with interpretation of statutes, review of administrative orders, and proper enforcement of law through the courts. Consequently the lines of cleavage remain much more fluid than they were in the "old Court." There is no well-defined liberal bloc or conservative bloc that always sticks together.

Yet certain combinations appear with increasing frequency. Justices Black, Douglas, and Murphy usually go further than their brethren in finding in the law what they wish to see there, and in over-

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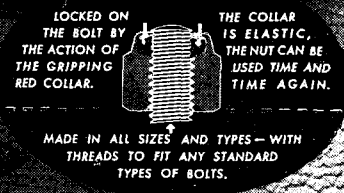
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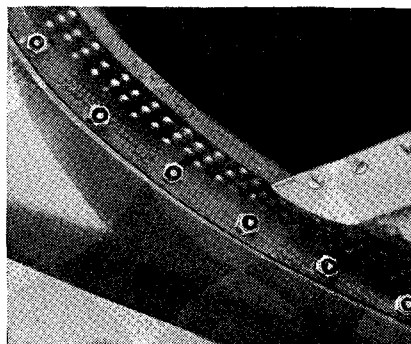
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throwing precedents if they stand in the way. Justice Roberts most frequently resists this trend. Immediately to the left of him stand Justices Frankfurter and Jackson, leaving Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone and Justices Stanley Reed and Wiley Rutledge as the pivots of the court. On a controversial issue their votes are likely to control the decision.

Does sharp division among the New Deal Justices again confirm the belief that the Court influences judges more than judges influence the Court? In some measure, perhaps. But there are many critics who say that the standards of legal judgment have been blurred — that interpretation of the Constitution and statutes is so loose nowadays as to give free play to individual views and predilections. The result is a period of confusion in the law — as the judges themselves clearly recognize.

Montgomery Ward vs. the Administration

Washington was deeply stirred by the Montgomery Ward controversy. It ignited smoldering emotions. Those emotions had only a remote relation to the conduct of Mr. Sewell L. Avery and the fate of the local CIO union representing the Ward employees.

As the case appeared from the banks of the Potomac, the chief issue was one of governmental powers. Ever since pre-war days a majority in Congress has been disturbed by the accretion of power in the White House. Often Congressmen have suppressed their feelings because they know that the delegation of enormous powers to the President cannot be avoided in wartime. But the Ward dispute gave them an ace that many could not resist playing.

Apparently the President and his advisers had similar reactions. A strike had broken out in the plant of a company with which they and the War Labor Board had had a number of difficulties. It gave them a chance to throw the War Labor Disputes Act back into the teeth of Congress.

That measure had been passed over the President's veto. It had been aimed at John L. Lewis, President of the United Mine Workers. To turn it around and make it do service in behalf of maintenance of union membership — a purpose which Congress had never intended — would certainly cause that body to squirm, and no one loves an ironic little joke more than Mr. Roosevelt.

But someone apparently miscalculated the tenacity of Mr. Avery's resistance. Borrowing a page out of Gandhi's book, all Ward officials in the Chicago store practiced non-coöperation.

Their attitude drove the invading officials, Attorney General Francis Biddle and Under Secretary of

Commerce Wayne Chatfield Taylor, into court, despite their previous reliance upon armed force in preference to a judicial determination of the issues. Before a decision could be rendered, however, the National Labor Relations Board had completed an employee election in double-quick time and the government had withdrawn from the plant.

What is a war plant?

It was the use of the troops in taking over a business not directly related to the war that threw Congress into a dither. Both branches launched investigations. Chairman Robert Ramspeck on the House side took testimony on what he called the "sit-down strike" of the Ward management as well as on the legal issues.

Senator Pat McCarran's Judiciary Subcommittee concentrated on the legal and constitutional issues and brought in a peppery denunciation of the manner in which the case had been handled by the Attorney General, the WLB, the NLRB, and the Labor Department's Conciliation Service.

Mr. Biddle had advised the President that seizure of the mail-order house was necessary because (1) it was engaged in activities essential to our war economy, and (2) an uninterrupted strike might spread to industries directly producing equipment for the Army and Navy. Orderly and peaceful means of disposing of the dispute, he said, had been exhausted. He concluded that the President had ample authority in both the War Labor Disputes Act and in his so-called general war powers to seize the plant if that appeared necessary to support the war effort.

To this the McCarran Subcommittee replied that the Federal District Court had recognized the War Labor Board's right to enforce its orders through the courts, so it had not been necessary to call in the Army; that the Attorney General had distorted the law enacted by Congress to permit seizure of struck war plants; and that he had claimed for the President war powers granted neither by Congress nor by the Constitution.

Here is the nub of the argument. Mr. Biddle had gone so far as to assert Presidential authority over "all phases of civilian life which contribute in any way to the prosecution of the war." Most Congressmen hotly resent that implied encroachment upon the legislative power to raise and support armies and control the civilian economy in wartime. The Ward dispute is only one round in what is almost certain to be an extended fight on this issue.

Regulated manpower

At last the end of the road in manpower controls appears to be in sight. With all schemes for com-



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WASHINGTON (continued)

pulsory home-front service abandoned, the War Manpower Commission will extend its "priority referral" plan to all males throughout the nation about July 1. The system has already proved its usefulness in twenty-six labor-shortage areas. Its extension will tap the turnover in labor-surplus areas for the benefit of industries suffering from an acute shortage of workers.

The essence of the plan is community pressure on employers, labor unions, and individuals to get specific war jobs done. Each local management-labor committee, in cooperation with local WMC representatives, works out a plan for its own area. Industries are listed in the order of their importance to the war effort and their need for workers. All employers are forbidden to hire men except through the United States Employment Service or its designated agents. By this means all men coming into the labor market are directed first to the plant where they are most urgently needed.

Employment ceilings for all firms hiring more than eight persons, even in labor-surplus areas, are designed to squeeze men out of nonessential industries for transfer to cities where shortages exist. To keep war production up to schedule, such transfers must be stepped up from 40,000 to 80,000 men a month during the summer and fall. Increasing pressure will be applied to local committees in areas with ample labor to meet their quotas of recruits for transfer to war plants in the busier cities.

The WMC insists that this entire program is voluntary, although men who leave essential jobs without permission, or who refuse to take any of the jobs offered, may find themselves deprived of work for sixty days. Some officials are eager to regularize these penalties by legislation, but no such action has been requested by the WMC or the President.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

The Capital is supremely confident of victory. How long it will take us to defeat Germany is no longer even hazarded, though only the cautious look beyond 1944. Even the military chiefs see victory this year. In political circles it is felt that military leadership, which has hitherto suffered from an excess of timidity, has absorbed the lesson of North Africa and Italy. As Lord Nelson said, success comes to the man who is a quarter of an hour ahead of the other man. Of late, military spokesmen have dinned into the ears of the Capital's observers the need of keeping the invasion fluid.

The real danger is not military, but political. Nazi Germany will now seek more strenuously than ever to pull victory out of the jaws of defeat by splitting the Allies, and all kinds of political maneuvers are expected. The Capital is steeled against those maneuvers; it is hoped the country is too.

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or storage areas, for example, than in offices or apartment dwellings. Thus maximum comfort is assured with minimum fuel consumption.

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ATLANTIC Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Thomas Mann and the Germans

Sir:

German propaganda, abetted by the *Atlantic*, goes on apace. Quoth Thomas Mann in "What Is German?" in the May, 1944, issue: "And yet there is one thing which many of them [German people] fear more than a German defeat: that is a German victory. . . . This attitude has become the destiny of uncounted Germans, and I can't help feeling that this destiny is of a particular and uncommonly tragic nature."

Said Thomas Mann in *Thoughts on the War*, 1914: "The militarism inherent in the German soul, its ethical conservatism, its soldierly morality, a demonical and heroic element — these are the factors which refuse to recognize the civilian spirit as the ultimate ideal of mankind."

Has Herr Mann made some discoveries about the "German soul" since he left the *Vaterland* in 1933? The hot spot of his recent *Atlantic* article is obviously: "That the common future should not be too heavily burdened by the decisions of the victors is the hope of liberal America."

W. W. PARKER
Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Sir:

Your issue of May, 1944, is a very good one. It is interesting to see Herr Thomas Mann expressing his faith in democracy and championing "the liberal tradition" — that is, "the claim of reason to dominate the dynamics of nature, of instinct, of blood, of the unconscious." Twenty-five years ago, however, in a big volume entitled *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen* (1918), Herr Mann violently attacked all the Western and liberal ideas, scornfully denounced humanitarianism and democracy; it would be most enlightening to his readers to have Herr Mann explain how and why he was converted from his former Pan-Germanist and pro-Nazi views to his present attitude.

An earlier volume of his, *Friedrich und die grosse Koalition* (1915), which has never been translated in

this country, provides horrifying but instructive reading. A few typical quotations, already made in the *Times Literary Supplement* (London) of August 21, 1943, may be in order: —

"War! It is purification, liberation, an enormous hope. . . . The victory of Germany will be a paradox, nay, a wonder: a victory of the soul over numbers. . . . The German soul is opposed to the pacifist ideal of civilization, for is not peace the element of civil corruption? . . . The greatest and most important contribution to the moral apology of war has been done by German minds. . . ."

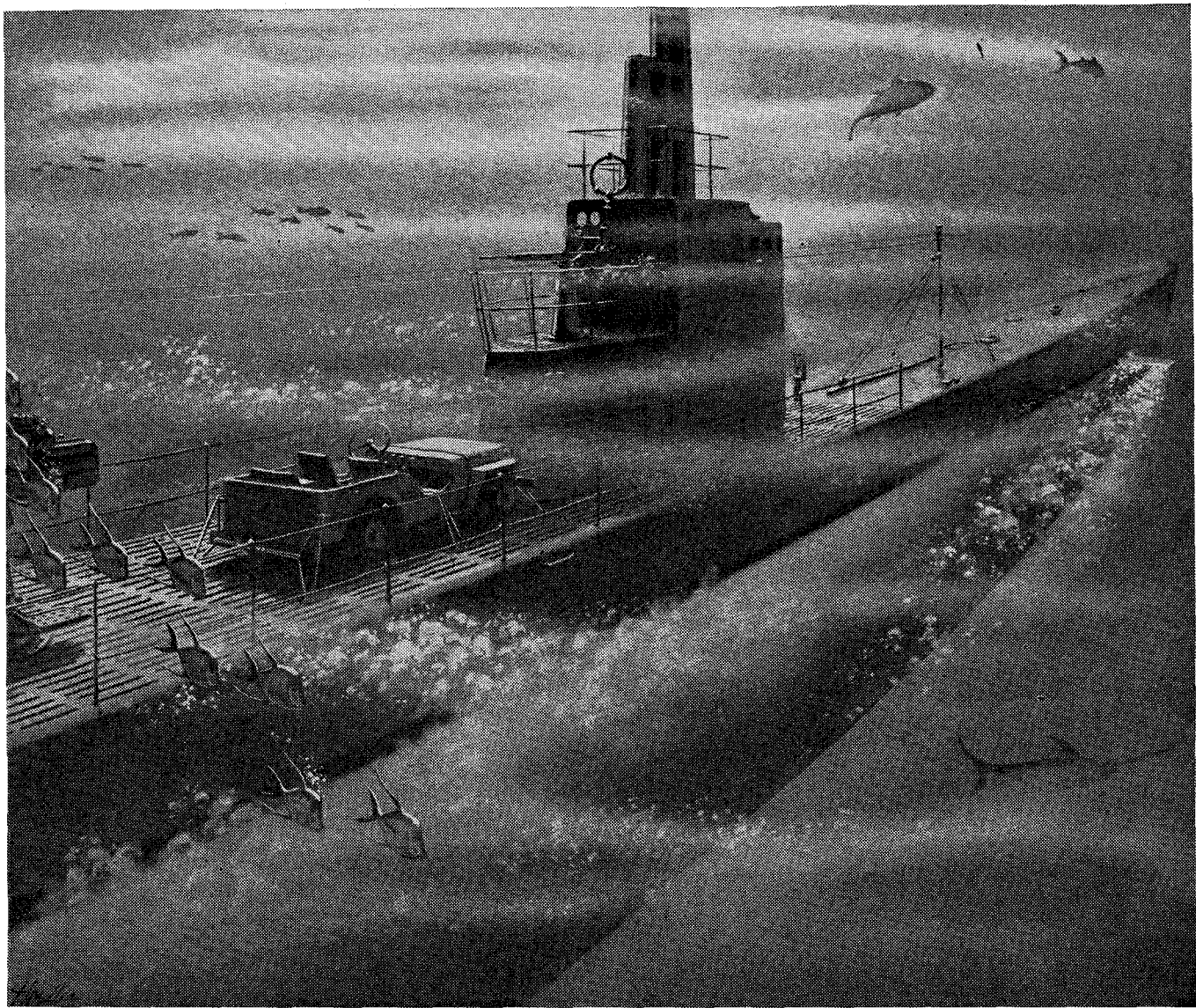
Commenting upon the bombing of Rheims cathedral, Herr Mann exclaimed: "Civilization! But first of all, Rheims cathedral has absolutely nothing to do with civilization. It is a monument of Christian culture, a flower of fanaticism and superstition. . . ."

The Allies were then already talking of re-educating the Germans. Herr Thomas Mann derided their naïve claims: "They want to make us happy. They want to bring on us the blessings of demilitarization and democratization, and as we resist, they want to make human beings out of us by force."

The great novelist held out slim hopes of seeing a democratic Germany arise out of a military defeat: "Only the victory of Germany will guarantee the peace of Europe. . . . If Germany fails in her fight, the Germans could and would not rest till they stood again where they are today, and in this unfortunate case the miseries and sufferings of Europe will not have an end for a long time."

No one suspects the sincerity of Herr Mann's conversion. But it is well to bear in mind that he wrote those pages, not in a youthful outburst, but in his forties, when he was already the respected author of *Buddenbrooks*, *Tristan*, *Death in Venice*, *Tonio Kröger*. If a man of his eminence and of his wide culture could think and speak thus in 1915–1918, can he now expect his readers readily to dissociate the German people from the Nazis?

PROFESSOR HENRI PEYRE
Yale University
New Haven, Conn.



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Asleep in the deep with a jeep!

Some jeeps fly and some jeeps float — but this one was a deep-sea diver.

The crew of a U. S. submarine took it from a pier at Pearl Harbor. They towed tires and engine inside the tub, lashed the rest to the deck, and ambled all over — and under — the Pacific. But with so little time ashore to enjoy the jeep, they finally swapped it to a destroyer for three gallons of ice cream!

Such a price for a prized possession shows how *much* service men like ice cream. Like the Marine who wrote from his jungle foxhole that he wanted ice cream three times a day *every day* after the war — or the report that

Americans in Tunisia rate ice cream as next best to a date with a pretty girl!

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Sir:

I have read with great interest and thought the article "What Is German?" I am convinced Mr. Mann is sincere in his love of democracy and his conviction that it is the only way of life.

But in this and other articles by him on Germany I detect a tendency to rationalize, a desire to apologize for his homeland. What could be more natural for one whose roots are there? He pleads for a return to reason as a brake on the dynamics of nature. He asks for frank and friendly discussion of and with the enslaved peoples of Europe. He would have us believe in their determination to resist the New Order. He would have us believe that they have the courage "once more to distinguish between good and evil." We must reason from a cause. What then is the cause of two world wars? What is the German responsibility for these two cataclysms? Through roundabout methods Mr. Mann leads to the fundamental admission of the deficiency of the German mentality in social and political matters.

What concerns American mothers is the re-education of German youth in the discipline of self-government and the ideals of democracy. Of this Mr. Mann has nothing to say. Nor has the newly organized Committee for Democratic Germany, made up of exiled professors who only caution us to leave the Germans alone, and do not welcome education by "foreigners." They have read, no doubt, of the still arrogant Nazis in our prison camps, but offer neither suggestions nor their services to begin the vital work of re-education here and now before the war is over.

I would remind Mr. Mann that there never was anything "banal" about freedom, democracy, or humanism in the United States. The disciplines of a frontier life and Puritan forebears have made the ability to distinguish between good and evil the motive force of a Christian democracy.

CATHERINE M. BOWKER
Milwaukee, Wis.

From Overseas

Sir:

At last I am in tardy receipt of the *Atlantic* (June, 1943) containing "The Hoover Frame of Mind," by Rebecca West. I confess that I found her remarks a little saucy, but I cannot agree that they seemed indicative of poorer reasoning and less noble feeling than the arguments of *The Problems of Lasting Peace*, which I have read.

The correspondence you published the month following still interests me and bothers me more than either the book or the magazine criticism of it. It is natural for a pair of elderly and conservative statesmen to write as Mr. Hoover and Mr. Gibson have done; it is natural and in order that they should seek to explain their actions in terms of their convictions and to pose the problems of lasting peace as they see them in the light of their particular kind of learning.

It seems also meet and right that a distinguished writer and thinker should be invited and agree to criticize publicly a piece of writing, obviously intended for public use, with whose content she happens to disagree and of which she happens to be disdainful. Indeed, that is the function of the public press.

But that a score of Americans, prominent because of their thoughtfulness and usefulness, should, when invited to express their opinions in the controversy, concern themselves with the *right* of an English lady to slam an American former President and with the substantiation of the *characters* of the authors of the book — that is appalling to a guy like me who has been forced by the exigencies of the martial situation to leave the public thinking to those at home. I expected a defense of intellectual *position*, not of character.

Judging from the critiques alone, the innocent bystander would have thought that Mr. Hoover had written a book defending his association with Quakerism and that Rebecca West had written a magazine article calling him a stupid —, and that neither had the slightest bit of concern for the problems of lasting peace. I am appalled because I want the accepted (at least by the *Atlantic Monthly*) leaders of America to think rationally about those problems and start doing something about them.

LT. R. E. LEE, U.S.N.R.
c/o Fleet P.O., San Francisco, Cal.

I Personally —

Sir:

Only a word to tell you how charming I thought Mrs. Finletter's latest piece, "From the Top of the Stairs," in the April *Atlantic*. It was a masterpiece in evoking ancient memories and a pleasant mood.

FRANK CROWNINSHIELD
New York City

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By Sol Bloom

Chairman, House Committee on Foreign Affairs

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

VOLUME 174



NUMBER 1

JULY, 1944

87th YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

FOR A FREE PRESS

The Atlantic \$1000 Prize Article

by ROBERT LASCH

LET us be frank about it. What the press in America needs is a constitutional revolution. It needs a measure of judicious abdication. It needs a transfer of power from publishers as kings to publishers and editors as prime ministers. It needs ownership that will give up the prerogatives of absolutism and function as a trustee recognizing direct responsibility to the people.

Freedom-of-the-press discussion is frequently barren and futile because it ignores two highly pertinent considerations: the historic social purpose of freedom, and the effects of economic development upon our freedom.

When these factors fall into perspective, the whole picture changes. Freedom is seen then not as something to be defended, but as something to be attained. The complacency and defensiveness that mark the traditional approach to the subject suddenly become pitifully inadequate. One realizes that instead of waging constant war against an imaginary enemy without, the newspapers would do well to take steps against the enemy within.

They would do well, too, to take warning from

The judges have unanimously awarded the Atlantic \$1000 Prize to ROBERT LASCH for his article on the Freedom of the Press. Mr. Lasch, who is now in his thirty-eighth year, was born in Nebraska, and was educated at the State University and as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford. He has been a member of the editorial staff of the *Omaha World-Herald*, and is today an editorial writer on the *Chicago Sun*.

the widening gulf that separates the conception of freedom held by themselves and that held by the people.

Nothing illustrates the divergence better than the government's antitrust suit against the Associated Press, now on appeal before the Supreme Court. Almost to a man, the publishers of America interpreted the filing of this action as a foul assault upon the First Amendment, and with frightening unanimity exerted all their power to impress upon the public that point of view.

"We see in this, not the end perhaps, but surely the gravest peril, to a free press in America," said the *Detroit News*. From the citadel of its monopoly position in a city of 600,000, the *Kansas City Star* cried: "This is the sort of thing that belongs in the totalitarian states, not in a free democracy." "In the event of a government victory," said the *New York Daily News*, "the press services of the United States will be under the thumb of the White House."

These were not extremist positions. They represented a fair sample of the opinion handed down by the press, sitting as a supreme court, long before the government brought its case to trial and won the first round in the United States District Court of New York. The Associated Press proudly published a volume of the collected editorial judgments for the instruction of the country.

The country rode out the storm with equanimity.

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Dimly or otherwise, the people perceived that the newspapers, once again, had proved unable to separate their commercial privileges from their civil rights. The AP suit did not suppress one newspaper. It threatened none with any form of censorship or restraint. It was a civil action, initiated under universally respected statutes of long standing, against the members of a newsgathering organization, on the charge that they had used the association for the purpose of discouraging or limiting commercial competition among themselves.

Of all the outcry that greeted the suit, almost none came from the uninterested public. In Peter Zenger's day, the people might feel that the defense of his rights was the defense of theirs. Now they sat jaded and silent. Perhaps they had witnessed too many invocations of the Bill of Rights to justify low wages for newspaper workers. Perhaps they had seen too many abuses of power by newspapers bent on spreading the ideas of an owner group. Or perhaps — and here is the ominous possibility — they had begun to regard the newspapers no longer as trustees of constitutional liberty, but as the beneficiaries of a special privilege tending to be concentrated in fewer and fewer hands.

2

THERE is much talk of freedom, but not enough of what freedom is *for*. The value of personal liberty rests not upon any putative divinity, nor upon the naturalness of "natural rights," but upon the plain fact of its social usefulness and, indeed, its indispensability in a democracy.

Freedom was not won by a newspaper lobby, though the proprietary interest claimed therein might make one think so. Like other civil liberties, this one arose from a slowly developed conviction among the people that when self-government was desired, freedom was a good thing. The press became free, therefore, not as a favor to those who happened to own it, but because men hoped by means of a free press to attain a desirable social end.

The end was unmistakable. It was to promote the widest possible freedom of expression. It was to insure the people unrestrained access to the means of expression. It was to set up an institution, separate from government itself, that would represent the people directly in public affairs.

Milton stated the faith: "And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew

Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?"

The purpose of a free press was to insure that Truth did grapple fairly with Falsehood. Give government power to license or prohibit, and force became party to the struggle — force that might be exerted on the side of Truth, to be sure, but that might just as easily sustain the opposite side. What the people wanted was a free and open encounter. Assured of that, they were willing to take their chances on Truth's winning out in the end.

It is precisely this foundation of a free press that the modern economic development of journalism in America has undermined.

Once liberated from government restraint, the press burgeoned and proliferated alongside democracy itself. Newspapers sprang up, flourished, died, and were replaced. Two and sometimes five grew where one had grown before. The tramp printer and ambitious editor marched in the van of westward migration. During the expansive period of the nineteenth century every party, every faction, had its own newspaper. A shoestring and the gift of gab were almost all a man needed to launch one. The press was free, enterprise was free, the land was free.

When the last frontier had been conquered, however, maturity wrought quick changes in the press as in the entire economy. Personal journalism gave way to the corporation and the chain. Consolidation and concentration supplanted individualist expansion. Simultaneously, Bennett, Pulitzer, and Hearst uncovered the mighty secret of "popular" (sometimes called "yellow") journalism — a talisman that shifted emphasis from information to entertainment, from opinion to titillation, from enlightenment to something like a daily variety show.

The resulting mass circulations not only enriched the owners, but estranged them from their readers. For the allegiance of readers could now be secured by manifold entertainment values, rather than exclusively by the paper's quality as a medium of news and opinion. Little Orphan Annie took over some of the functions of Horace Greeley. If the reader did not like the editorials, he could be held with the sports page or the sex stories. If he grew restive in the half-knowledge that his news was being poisoned with bias, he could be soothed with a comic strip.

In one sense the attainment of commercial independence brought the press a new freedom. At least it was now possible to escape the toils of party and factional obligations. No longer need a certain section of political opinion be placated in order to hold circulation. Newspapers ceased to be party

organs. "Independent Republican," or "Independent Democrat," or just plain "Independent" displaced on the masthead the once proud proclamation of party faith. Many an editor of a *Blankville Democrat-Times* had to explain to his readers that now this was just a name.

On balance, freedom from parties was net gain, an appropriate parallel to the growth of independent voting. Yet something deeper was involved. What had happened was that the press had driven the piers of its support down through the soil of politics to the bedrock of the economic structure. It had, indeed, become an integral part of the economic structure. Instead of reflecting a variety of opinions thrown out by underlying forces, it turned to throwing out opinions of its own, as one of those forces. Business had run politics and politics had run the press. Now the newspapers, as part of business, helped to run politics. They were in the big time.

The new position accentuated a natural drift toward the elimination of competition. Where on the old basis there might be ample room in one city for a Republican, a Democratic, and perhaps two or three other papers, the acquisition of economic power created urgent impulses toward monopoly. Why have two "independent" papers, when one might serve as well?

Other forces were working in the same direction. Competition for new comics, new features, new reader-lures, steadily increased the cost of publication and wiped out the marginal competitors. The emergence of radio as a heavy bidder for the advertiser's dollar set up the final strain that drove newspaper after newspaper into oblivion. From 2042 in 1920, the number of dailies declined to 1787 in 1942. Today more than a thousand cities are one-paper towns.

So extragovernmental forces accomplished, to a substantial extent, what government had been enjoined from attempting. The press was cut off from intimate contact with its readers, not by a royal licenser, but by bigness. No official censor, but the disappearance of newspapers from the field, came to diminish unrestrained access to the means of expression.

Not only did the number of newspapers in each community decline. The surviving owners took on more and more the monolithic character of a class. As businessmen, they reflected the prejudices and attitudes of businessmen. The newspaper in Topeka tended to share the political and economic philosophy of its counterpart in Providence, and both found more in common with the shoe manufacturer and the steelmaker than with the majority

of their readers. The era of the great editors passed, and the publishers took over: publishers who desired, above all, to make money, and whose social outlook could not escape domination by that purpose.

3

THE eighteenth-century conception of a free press assumed eighteenth-century economics. In those terms, the First Continental Congress in 1774 could appraise freedom of the press as consisting in "its diffusion of liberal sentiments on the administration of government; its ready communication of thoughts between subjects, and its consequential promotion of union among them, whereby oppressive officers are shamed or intimidated into more honorable and just modes of conducting affairs."

To promote union, however, to intimidate officers and act as a quasi arm of government, the press had to be competitive, not monopolistic; multifarious, not uniform; zealous and aggressive, not fat and satisfied. Answerable to nobody, it could check government only if it also checked itself.

In Adam Smith's world this seemed no problem. The free market, the inexorable laws of supply and demand, the dynamic energy of unshackled enterprise, appeared to offer sufficient security against the press itself becoming an "oppressive officer." If one paper failed to fulfill its function, another would inevitably spring up. Abuse of power would correct itself.

This natural law of free initiative, if it ever existed, has been repealed by twentieth-century economics. The high cost of modern publishing, the established monopolies in comics, features, and news enterprise, the overwhelming competitive advantage of the entrenched owner, all work against the rise of new ventures. It takes a millionaire with uncommon staying power to set up a new daily in any city over 200,000.

The typical entrepreneurs of the press since 1900 have been the consolidators and chain-makers like Hearst, Scripps-Howard, and Gannett, and the undertakers like Munsey, who bought newspapers to bury them. Journalism has thus developed its own structural rigidity, paralleling that of the great industrial corporations. At the same time it has cultivated a wondrous diversification. Rigidity keeps the threat of new competition at a minimum, and diversification enables the unscrupulous operators to get away with murder. People buy poisoned news, not because they have a real taste for news distortion, but because it comes wrapped in a palatable capsule of comics and features.

The effects are most serious in the smaller cities. Metropolitan populations can and do support some degree of competition, but the people of a thousand cities do not. In many a community the biggest single political fact may be the existence of a certain newspaper and a certain publisher. In a real sense this man is an arm of government, and a peculiarly irresponsible arm. Politicians of both parties crave his favor. Mayors, governors, legislators, and Congressmen drink at the well of his wisdom. Civic movements start or stop according as he nods or shakes his head.

Generally this man is not a sinister character. He often has a hazy notion of public service somewhere in the back of his mind, and convinces himself, at least, that he's doing the best he can. The point is that he exercises power. And with few exceptions he exercises it as the representative of a small but nevertheless potent group within the community. His cronies are the bankers, the manufacturers, the utility operators, the department store tycoons. The habitat is the Chamber of Commerce, the well-stocked clubs, and the suburban estates of the rich. The ideas he absorbs and the attitudes he reflects are those of the well-heeled upper crust.

Advertiser influence, as such, has probably been overemphasized. In real life industrialists and department store managers do not pound on the publisher's desk and demand favorable treatment. They do not have to. An owner who lunches weekly with the president of the local power company will always grasp the sanctity of private enterprise in this field more readily than the public-ownership ideas of a few crackpots. With the best of will, he may tell himself that his mind is open. Yet as a businessman whose concerns are intimately bound up with those of other businessmen, he has a vested interest in maintaining the status quo.

This attitude filters down, by well-defined channels, to his staff. In extreme cases it colors the news, and in others controls the selection and emphasis of news. Almost any newspaper will live up to the finest traditions of the press by campaigning for local tax reduction, but few fight with equal ardor for improved public services when the consequence is *higher* taxes for the publisher and his friends. Fewer still find themselves stirred, say, by the civil rights of workers in a labor dispute.

Without orders, without crude directives, city editors fall easily into the habit of saving their big type for safe topics like rape and burglary, and burying the "hot" (the ideologically dangerous) news in the back pages. Reporters learn not to scrutinize too closely the sacred cows of the com-

munity, and editorial writers husband their mightiest blasts for the remotest wrongs.

So the problem of a free press has changed with the times. Its chief antagonist is no longer government, — though indeed assaults from that quarter must constantly be fended off, — but ownership as conditioned by modern economic circumstances. Because they are big, newspapers overawe local and sometimes other governments. Because they are monopolistic, they do not restrain one another. Because they are organs of entertainment which thousands find interesting if not indispensable, they need recognize but a token *noblesse oblige*. Their principal function remains what it was, — to inform about and conduct a continuing inquisition upon public affairs, — but the discharge of this responsibility has gradually shifted from the people as a whole, adequately represented by many competitive journals, to a narrow and narrowing class of publishers who share the same ideas to an astonishing degree.

4

IN CANDOR, redress cannot be expected from a revival of competition. The clock does not turn back. Having survived one era of jungle warfare, and facing now a new kind of rivalry in radio, the newspapers will not tolerate a further division of the spoils. And save for a few venturesome souls, the prospective rewards are unlikely to attract new enterprisers. Except as it occasionally shrinks, the present structure of the business is likely to endure.

Nor can one look with much confidence to other forms of ownership. A national newspaper regionally published by the government would certainly sicken publishers everywhere with dread, and might for a spell delight readers who love nothing better than a fight; but the corruptions it would invite foreshadow more evil than good. Coöperative ownership, whether by staff or readers, offers some attractions, but the prospect of widespread development along this line in competition with the giants already in possession is not encouraging. Labor newspapers, farm newspapers, and their like offer little general appeal and no guarantee of genuine devotion to the general welfare.

The new birth of freedom, if any, must come from within. It must emerge, not from dreams of the press as it might be, but from the premeditated acts of those who have a stake in the press as it is: the owners, the staffs, and the readers.

Upon the public, it must be confessed, rests the smallest share of the responsibility. For, though the readers are the ultimate jury, and though they can

create or not the climate in which a truly free press may flourish, they exercise but a negative and tenuous control. It may be true that people get the kind of newspapers they deserve, but what they deserve, in the sense of what they demand, is largely determined by what they get.

That holds true particularly where one paper dominates or monopolizes the field. A steady diet of a monopoly paper blunts the critical sense and dulls discrimination. One forgets, reading the same paper every day, what kind of paper it might be. One tends to absorb, even while protesting against them, the attitudes and prejudices that shape the lineaments of the news to which he is exposed. We may rightly expect of readers, in time, a more articulate demand for decent journalism, but for the most part the initiative necessarily lies with those inside the business.

There are so many people (and so many kinds) inside the business that it is easy to shift responsibility from one to another. Leaving the front office out of account for purposes of this discussion, the responsibility borne by the men and women who make the newspaper is clear. The reporter, the copyreader, the news editors — all who have a hand in filling the news and editorial columns — owe to themselves and to the country a higher regard for the professional demands of their job.

No working newspaperman, I suppose, can honestly deny having at some time written something that at least bruised his conscience. There are skeletons in every closet: instances in which, from good motives or bad, stupidity or design, the great power momentarily vested in a (usually underpaid) newspaperman has been misused. Nor is the perfectibility of newspapermen any closer than that of human nature. And yet we of the working press have a duty to keep professional conscience alive.

I should define professional conscience as love of truth combined with zeal for the people's cause. To dispose of quibbling at once, I hasten to affirm, as an article of faith, that truth exists, even though apprehension of it varies; and to add that disagreement on what the general interest may be does not prejudice the fact that there is a general interest of all the people, as opposed to special interests of special groups.

This brings us to the perennial question of "objectivity." Both love of truth and zeal for the people's cause are essential to a satisfied professional conscience, and a proper balance between them equally so. One can respect facts, yet, lacking devotion to an ideal, fall into a quite barren and spurious "objectivity" that is impaired by the very absence of a point of view. To report with deadpan detach-

ment a Congressional debate composed of lies violates honest journalism as much as direct falsification. On the other hand, a point of view can achieve such dominance as to destroy fair reporting at the roots. In that case it does not matter whether news is distorted to the left or distorted to the right.

The newspaperman's problem is to reconcile heart and head: to discipline the impulses with an intellectual regard for truth, and at the same time to inflame curiosity with a social purpose. This marriage takes place when he sincerely represents, in judgment, in selection, in emphasis, in the responses of his news sense, the whole people and not any one section or class; and when he devotes the whole of his technical competence to the pursuit of truth as best he can perceive it.

Given such a union, differences of approach can be tolerated. Two copyreaders sitting side by side may differ violently on the manner in which a story is handled, but their disagreement becomes significant only when it involves literary prostitution — that is to say, only when professional judgment gives way to emotional prejudice, or to unseemly attachment to a set of preconceived ideas, or to an overweening desire to make good with the front office. One does not ask that the control of news content be divorced from human nature; only that it be free and pledged, in the broadest sense, to the public welfare.

True professional freedom combined with high professional competence constitutes the definition of a great newspaper. All great newspapers have had them both — the *New York Times* under Ochs, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* under Bovard, the *New York World* under Frank Cobb, and so on down the honor roll. These papers had objectivity, in the sense of fair and responsible reporting, and they had behind and above that technique an unflagging will to see justice done.

We cannot all be great. But we can preserve professional standards from corruption. We can attain the dignity (even though underpaid) of a good job well done. We can put aside the cynicism which slants the news to suit a dominant group in the community. We can justify our right to wield the mighty power of the printed word by proving our ability to use it in behalf of the people. So used, it becomes a free press.

5

IN THE last analysis the question of freedom limps home and settles down on the doorstep of ownership. The readers can boil with discontent, but their

immediate influence upon the newspaper of today is bound to be tentative. The working staff can glow with good resolutions, but in the end fulfillment depends not only upon the limitations of human frailty, but on the intangible atmosphere whose chief ingredient is the attitude of ownership.

What is required of ownership is the abandonment of its claim to the perquisites of absolute monarchy. If the request seems absurd, so to the possessors of power a challenge of their right to exercise it has always seemed unreasonable.

Under modern conditions the irresponsible control of newspapers in behalf of a narrow economic interest is incompatible with the social purpose of their freedom. That purpose is now, as it was in the beginning, to give the people at large genuine representation, not only "against" their government, but against the special interests that seek to gain their own ends through government. When newspapers become a confederate of those interests, the people are denied that free access to the means of expression which permits Truth and Falsehood to grapple in "free and open encounter."

Conditions that might have safeguarded this purpose in an earlier and simpler day have vanished. New enterprises no longer spring up overnight. One newspaper may no longer check and offset another. Competitive restraints upon the abuse of power have been diluted by the monopolistic consequences of competition.

Having taken on the character of semi-monopolies, the newspapers are affected with a public interest exactly as are the utilities, the railroads, the milk supply. Socialization or regulation, the appropriate remedies in the case of other monopolies, do not recommend themselves because the peculiar function of the press demands real separation from government. This we have achieved at the cost of a growing separation from the people. To close the gap, we now need a recognition by ownership that it is a trustee and not a dictator.

In practical terms such a constitutional revolution calls for a new kind of newspaper owner, and new methods by which he exercises his power. I do not hope for the voluntary reform of Colonel Robert R. McCormick, but it is obvious that his type of autocracy (somebody once called him the best mind of the thirteenth century) is ill-suited to the times. As

the older generation of publishers dies off, as new men assume their responsibilities, as a few working newspapermen worm their way into property, the opportunity arises for a change of outlook.

What a free press needs is an owner who recognizes that he is selling circulation and prestige, not an economic point of view or service to special interests; and who, above all, recognizes that selling something is not his first obligation at all, but is subordinate to his responsibility to represent the unrepresented. A man who can divorce himself from the associations and outlook that normally go with wealth; a man who can sacrifice even his own short-range interest as a business entrepreneur in favor of his long-run interest as the champion of a greater cause; a man whose passion for the general welfare overcomes his desire to impose his own ideas upon the community; a man of wisdom and humility, character and devotion, courage and modesty — here is the kind of newspaper owner who can make the press free.

Such ownership would develop new methods of management. It would exploit, and thereby stimulate, the professional instincts of the working staff. There is a streak of the actor in nearly every newspaperman. Nothing drives him like approval from men he respects, and nothing disillusiones him like doing nasty chores for men he does not respect. Good management would operate the newspaper as the great coöperative endeavor it must be. It would temper hierarchical authority with democratic participation, instilling in the newest reporter a sense of active contribution, and granting real power to the responsible editorial workers. In short, it would function as a constitutional monarchy.

Is it possible? Can newspaper owners so far subordinate their property stake as to serve the people rather than a class? Whether the press survives as a vital instrument of democracy will depend upon the wisdom and temper of its owners. Theirs it is to decide whether they shall rise above selfishness or remain representatives of wealth and economic power; whether they shall fight the people's battles against special interests or fight the people for the interests; whether they shall administer a trusteeship or exploit a privilege.

The press will become free when its owners permit it to become free.

Of the 700 manuscripts submitted to the Atlantic for the Freedom of the Press Award, approximately 500 came from members of the press, the balance from readers. The judges have recommended four of the finalists for publication: the prize winner by Mr. Lasch; "Slanting the News," by Michael Bradshaw of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette, and "The Press Is Free," by Arthur Bernon Tourtellot, both of which will appear in the August Atlantic; and "There Is Time Yet," by Ralph McGill, editor of the Atlanta Constitution, which will appear in September. — THE EDITOR

WHO PERSECUTES BOSTON?

by WALLACE STEGNER

1

TO MANY Americans outside of New England, Boston remains what the school history books left it — the home of the bean and the cod, of Cabots and Lowells and the Bluestocking tradition, Back Bay and the water side of Beacon Street and the nostalgic impotencies of H. M. Pulham. It is still partly that, fusty and archaic and tartly charming. But it is also probably the most class-bound of American cities, and the difficulties arising from its divergent racial groups are as much a part of modern Boston as the cowpath streets and the pigeons on the Common.

Boston has had race troubles for more than a hundred years. The street violence which broke into the headlines last autumn — and has broken into them periodically since then — was variously labeled “race riot,” “wartime hoodlumism,” or “kid stuff” according to the interests of the commentator. A recent incident on May 12, in which twenty hoodlums beat up three Jewish boys in a subway train near Shawmut station, was called a riot by most of the Boston papers, though previously they had been unwilling to admit that there was anything approaching riot conditions. But such outbreaks are neither new nor unusual. They are only one phase of the religious and racial animosity that has been smoldering in the Hub since the second quarter of the nineteenth century.

Probably it is not proper to call any of the troubles, even the subway fight, a riot. But it is proper to point out that cemetery desecrations, insults, beatings, property damage, and public demonstrations have occurred over a long period. The Ameri-

can Jewish Congress, the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, and the American Irish Defense Association have been collecting affidavits on such incidents for at least five years. The *Dorchester Record*, a little weekly published in the most troubled district, headlined them for years without being able to get support from any metropolitan paper. I have talked with Jewish boys from that section who were shouldered off the sidewalk, surrounded, and beaten bloody as early as 1939.

What Boston had, and still has, is a social situation of lower voltage than a riot, but with dangerous implications. It has in addition, even with most of the activities of native fascist groups checked by the FBI, an inherited persecution complex that can be worked upon subtly by Nazi and pro-Nazi forces.

It is that social situation, rather than the blood-and-stitches details of the recent beatings, that should be Boston's chief concern.

But let us look at these latest symptoms before working backward to the earliest ones. Who got hurt? The Jews got hurt, particularly the Jews of Ward 14, Dorchester, a section running along spinal Blue Hill Avenue in the southeastern part of the city. There was violence in other wards, but Ward 14 suffered worst because it is perhaps the most solidly Jewish neighborhood in the United States, with only 2 per cent of Gentiles in its population. Studies of similar outbreaks in other cities indicate that they occur in direct proportion to the concentration of Jews. In New York, for example, trouble was most frequent in the Bronx, the most heavily Jewish part of the city, and next most frequent in Brooklyn.

Sometimes, fairly clearly, the violence was the “kid stuff” that the Boston mayor and the police commissioner called it, and sometimes it was semi-organized warfare between neighborhood gangs. But very often it was a planned assault, preceded by the question, “Are you a Jew?” Gangs laid for Jewish boys coming out of Hecht Neighborhood House,

An American novelist, WALLACE STEGNER was born on his grandfather's farm near Lake Mills, Iowa, took his B.A. at the University of Utah and his Ph.D. at the University of Iowa. Because his father had “the pioneering itch” in his bones, young Stegner spent most of his boyhood on the last frontier. From 1914 to 1919 he lived in Saskatchewan and in between times in North Dakota, Washington, Montana, Utah, and Nevada.

Of Norwegian and Pennsylvania Dutch descent, he has lately been studying Boston in a general survey of racism in this country.

roamed Franklin Field and Franklin Park in search of cross-lot walkers. Sometimes they appeared in cars, which pulled up beside Jewish youths to disgorge half a dozen attackers.

Occasionally the residents of Dorchester had revenge, as when a Jewish amateur boxer, set upon by three toughs, wiped the sidewalk with the three of them. But generally the victims were boys from twelve to sixteen, and generally the odds were at least three to one, with the attackers both bigger and older. After Pearl Harbor, when the dimout made street prowling safer, the number of reported incidents increased. A careful scrutiny of the affidavits collected by various organizations shows that, from an average of two or three a month prior to the summer of 1943, they jumped in July of that year to eight, and in September to eleven. By October the residents of Ward 14 were living in a perpetual state of alarm. A good many incidents undoubtedly were not reported, because some Jews were afraid that airing the trouble would only make it worse.

The question, "Who did it?" is more difficult. The few arrests which were made invariably involved minors, and it is not customary in Massachusetts to make public either names or evidence in a juvenile court trial. Perhaps for that reason, the report which Public Safety Commissioner Stokes prepared for Governor Saltonstall had no findings on the identity of the gangs.

Still, there is some evidence. The identity of individual assailants is known to Dorchester Jews who were attacked. It is known that they came from outside Ward 14, since that ward is almost solidly Jewish. It is known also, from the implication of certain Roxbury and South Boston street gangs, about what sections the attackers come from. The Jewish section itself, a sociological island of approximately sixty thousand, is surrounded by suburbs largely Irish-American in population. The logical inference is that the gangs who raided Blue Hill Avenue (Jew Hill Avenue to them) were composed mainly of young Irish-Americans, and that inference is strongly supported by the fact that most of the boys identified in connection with the late subway beating bore Irish names.

These boys were minors, but what they were doing could not be dismissed as "kid stuff" or even as juvenile delinquency, though it was clearly both. When the victims are always Jews, we are dealing with a special kind of delinquency. And when, according to all the available evidence, according to the testimony of those who have been attacked, and according to geographical probabilities, the assailants are generally of Irish extraction, we are dealing with an even more special kind. Every ethnic and

religious division of Boston's polyglot population breeds its share of bad boys. Why is it that so many Irish bad boys turn upon the Jew?

The answer is that Dorchester's anti-Semitic violence is not really a Jewish problem at all, but is part and parcel of the Irish problem which has been with Boston all through its recent history. To understand why Jewish boys (and sometimes grown men) get their noses broken and their teeth knocked out in 1944, we must go back at least a hundred years. The present situation cannot be understood without some understanding of the history of the Irish in Boston.

2

PROBABLY no other large group of immigrants ever came to America with so little of the world's goods as the Irish. They came literally to escape starvation, and after 1844 they came in streams. For twenty years the flood continued; and by the time it had begun to dwindle, the city, which had reached its natural limit of growth in the eighteen-twenties, had thousands of new residents.

Unkempt, untrained, ignorant, and poor after the ageless British oppression, they took whatever work they could find, at whatever wages they could get. Employers exploited the unexpected cheap labor pool mercilessly; the mere fact of that pool changed Boston from a mercantile to an industrial city, and much of Boston's wealth was built with it. Yankee workmen whose jobs the Irish threatened disliked them heartily almost on sight.

Penniless, without friends except those as poor as themselves, they squatted along the docks near the places where they worked. They had come to Boston because that was where the immigrant boats landed; they stayed because they didn't even have carfare to the country. Between 1820 and 1860 more than 166,000 landed from Ireland; uncounted thousands more came indirectly by way of England and Canada. Most of them stayed in the Greater Boston area, whose population, though shrinking in terms of the Yankee native-born, jumped from 64,000 to 288,000 in those forty years.

There was little housing for them except rat-infested tenements and cellars. Because they were kindhearted people, they took in friends and relatives newly arrived, and overcrowded their unsanitary warrens even more. Quite naturally the results of their poverty followed them. They brought typhus and cholera to a city previously healthy; they created abysmal slums in a city noted for its civic pride. Among the Yankees they acquired the obnoxious tag of "shanty Irish," and a reputation

for lying, cheating, brawling, and drunkenness. Within a few years of the first mass landings, the sedate port of Boston found itself with totally unprecedented problems of open-sewer slums, epidemics, drunkenness, prostitution, and crime. The misfortunes of the Irish were widely construed as their vices.

It is little wonder that the Yankees disliked and feared the immigrants even while they exploited them. The miserable and driven Irish found reason to hate Bostonians almost as much as they hated the British. Boston found Irishmen useful as laborers, their wives and daughters handy as domestic servants. Otherwise they were snubbed, bought and sold in the labor market, segregated, and disliked.

To see how unhappy was the early history of the Irish in Boston one has only to follow the cool survey by Oscar Handlin in *Boston's Immigrants, 1790-1865*, a book which ought to be required reading for every Bostonian. But there was another side, as Mr. Handlin points out, to the difficulties they encountered: other immigrant groups readily adopted the institutions and habits of America; the Irish, with a suspicion of Protestants that went back to Cromwell, chose to segregate themselves and to build their own world within the American society which they found hostile and foreign.

They avoided Protestant asylums and almshouses and hospitals and the Protestant public schools. When the compulsory education law forced them to send their children to school, they painfully created their own system. So strong was the Irish solidarity that they would not even use for long the French and German Catholic churches then existing. Of all the immigrant groups, the Irish were the only people to insist on a separate and exclusive institutional life. In very definite ways, they chose to remain unassimilable. The result was to exacerbate the initial discrimination until antagonism became persecution and persecution became violence.

It was their Catholicism that set them apart, and it was as Catholics that they suffered. They were the target of rumors and libels and whispering campaigns. The stories of dark rituals and abominations that had been spread about the Masons in the 1790's and would soon be spread about the Mormons were whispered about the orders of the Catholic Church. As early as 1834 a mob of Yankee truckers burned down the Ursuline Convent in Charlestown while the firemen stood by and played their hoses on the houses next door. The poison pen did its worst in such sensational "exposés" as *Six Months in a Convent* (1835) and *The Awful Disclosures of Maria Monk* (1836).

Other attacks, such as those contained in Samuel

F. B. Morse's *Foreign Conspiracy Against the Liberties of the United States*, published in 1835, formulated the vague Protestant fears of Jesuit conspiracy and Catholic domination which ninety years later were still strong enough to swell the Ku Klux Klan to enormous membership and to injure the Presidential chances of Al Smith. Morse may have had some justification for believing that the Church was ambitious to grow in the United States, but the effect of his writings was incendiary. Bolstering the prejudice of men who were already fretted by Irish competition, it gave impetus to the rise of Nativism and eventually Know-Nothingism, and contributed to the bloody riots of the fifties.

Boston imbibed freely from that stream of anti-Catholic propaganda. The riots which disgraced Philadelphia, New York, and St. Louis had their counterpart in Massachusetts. In 1854, the same year as the street war in Philadelphia, John S. Orr led a mob which tore down a cross from a Catholic church in Chelsea, and a few months later a church in Dorchester was dynamited. Every Irish parade was an invitation to a brawl.

Only one result was conclusive: the Boston Irish, attacked on every side, developed a group consciousness hardly matched by any other group in the history of America. They had already had it when they came from persecuted and plundered Ireland, and their experience in America, far from leveling the old hatreds, built new ones on top of the old. From that time to the present, two cultures, with different premises and different traditions, have lived uneasily side by side in Boston.

3

BUT they have not remained in the same relative position. As early as the fifties it was clear that the mere numbers of the Irish constituted a serious threat to the status quo. One set of figures tells the story: from 1850 to 1855 the number of naturalized voters in Boston increased almost 300 per cent, while the number of native voters was increasing 14 per cent.

By the outbreak of the Civil War the Irish began to feel their political strength. By the seventies they had representatives in the legislature, in state and city posts, in Congress. By 1885 Hugh O'Brien was beginning the first of his four consecutive terms as mayor of Boston, and Thomas Talbot, a Republican but Irish on both sides, had served two terms as governor. And the Commonwealth census figures for the same year showed that children of Irish parentage in the city outnumbered the children of

Massachusetts parentage by almost ninety thousand. The persecuted minority had become a majority.

But it was, and has to some extent remained, a majority without a majority's privileges. Outmanned in the fight to control the city, the Yankees fell back, moved out of one district after another as the Irish moved in. They retreated, but they did not give up their conviction of difference and irconcilability; if they could not defeat the Irish at the polls, they could buy them or snub them. They have been buying them and snubbing them to this day.

Both Henry Adams, in the *Education*, and Henry Cabot Lodge, in *Early Memories*, testify to that gradual alteration of the old Boston and to the half-buried viciousness of the feelings it created. The Common, Adams recalls, was the scene of snowball fights between North-Enders and South-Enders — fights which were sometimes disguised gang wars, with stones concealed in snowballs and with sticks and slingshots operated from dark alleys. "Bully Hig" Higginson, the leader of the North-Enders, is a symbolic figure as he is led bleeding back to the Beacon Hill stronghold after being hit over the eye by a rock. The symbolism is underlined by Senator Lodge's rueful memory of how the tide of battle always turned against the Latin School boys toward the end. "What was more serious," he writes, "the ever-increasing numbers of our opponents gradually by sheer weight pushed us, and still more our successors, from the Common hills and the Frog Pond to seek coasting and skating in the country."

That sentence is the epitaph of an era.

As a majority, the Irish have done what one would expect of any group which suddenly found itself with power over its enemies. The principal virtue of many an Irish politician is that he defends and protects the interests of his race and religion. The Irish control the public schools they once despised, and the Yankees complain that the public schools are no longer fit for their children. The Irish run the Police Department and the city government. The birth-control legislation for which Protestant Massachusetts has been agitating for years has been repeatedly defeated by Irish-Catholic solidarity. They join forces with the reactionary Watch and Ward Society against the liberals of city and state, so that anything of which the Church disapproves is likely to be censored along with what the old guard thinks obscene. The hand of the alliance is felt by novelists (Lillian Smith is the latest), and by dramatists (Eugene O'Neill's *Strange Interlude* was forbidden production in Boston). The Old Howard and burlesque remain largely untouched.

It would be false to say that Boston in 1944 is an armed camp with the two forces glowering at each other across the Common. Many of the Irish have risen to positions of public esteem as well as power. There are plenty of firm friendships between Catholic and Protestant, and feelings of mutual trust are not unusual. Given another generation, without external irritation and with a political cleanup of the city machine, Boston might achieve something like internal peace. But the almost inflexible social barriers set up by the Brahmins and the persistent conflict of interest and belief between Catholics and Protestants have kept alive the Irish sense of persecution and the Yankees' defensive contempt.

At the bottom, among the frustrated and the embittered, these feelings find their most direct expression; there the age-old desire for a scapegoat breaks out with a vengeance. The entrenched Yankees are invulnerable. But the Jew is relatively impotent and defenseless. It is with the least privileged group of Irishmen, and a few individual demagogues, that any study of anti-Semitism in Boston must be concerned.

4

LACKING an adequate and complete official report on the Dorchester incidents, one may be excused for turning, in search of light, to the very able report of Investigation Commissioner William B. Herlands of New York on the similar outbreaks in the Bronx. In that district the Christian Front and the Christian Mobilizers held frequent meetings. Coincident with and following upon those meetings, bands of juvenile thugs began to go "Jew-hunting." Because New York's officials and police were not quite so ready to dismiss the incidents as "kid stuff," there were more arrests in New York than in Boston, and one can gain a clearer picture of the people responsible for the violence.

Of the vandals examined by Herlands, many were from Christian Front or Christian Mobilizer homes, or had friends who were. Almost without exception they were underprivileged children; all but one were stupid in school; many had records of juvenile crime and sex aberration; often their parents were chronic "reliefers"; common-law marriages were frequent among the parents, and a low scale of intelligence, social responsibility, and economic well-being was characteristic.

In other words, all the sociological causes of juvenile delinquency were present in the Bronx. The only thing new about the trouble was that the delinquency was concentrated against Jews. That

was the prime work of the street-corner fascists who worked the district over until they had its unstable elements aroused.

With some local differences, the same thing happened in Boston, and with even greater success for the agitators because of the strained racial situation. The meeting place of Boston's Christian Front, until it was closed by the police, was Hibernian Hall, in Roxbury, not very far from the Jewish district where the trouble was centered. At those meetings, attended usually by capacity crowds, anti-Semitic speeches and anti-Semitic literature (much of it stemming from that Flanders Hall Publishing House which was the organ of George Sylvester Viereck, Nazi agent) worked upon an audience already receptive to race poison and the scapegoat urge.

Though it is impossible to get accurate figures, three observers close to the Boston Christian Front have estimated the local circulation of *Social Justice*, before it was barred from the mails two years ago, at twelve thousand. Perhaps three or four times that many people read it. When the post office banned it from the mails the local Front tried defiantly to distribute the latest issue by truck. A *Boston Traveler* photographer, trying to nail this picture, reported that he had his camera smashed by the truck driver, while a helpful policeman pinioned the photographer's arms.

According to the *Boston Observer*, Father Coughlin himself testified in 1936 before a group of Internal Revenue agents interested in his income tax that he drew most of his funds from Boston supporters. And when he ran a Presidential team in the 1936 elections, his choice as a running mate for Lemke was Thomas C. O'Brien, a Boston lawyer.

Christian Frontism was powerful enough among Boston Americans to import Father Edward Lodge Curran, Father Coughlin's Eastern apologist, to address the annual South Boston Evacuation Day exercises on St. Patrick's Day, 1941. The next year it was still potent enough to ask Father Curran back, despite vigorous protests, and with him Hamilton Fish. Both of those celebrations were paid for by the city of Boston; at both the inherited Anglophobia of the local Irish was enthusiastically vocal.

The atmosphere of these tax-supported occasions in South Boston and something of the personalities concerned are to be found in routine press reports. The *Boston Post*, for example, quoted Father Curran as saying at the 1942 Evacuation Eve banquet that those who opposed him were "bigots . . . I don't care whether they are common bigots or Episcopal bigots. . . . I don't care whether anyone else likes

me here in Boston. You do and I'll come back any time you want me to."

Father Coughlin's deception of his ecclesiastical superior in regard to the proprietorship of *Social Justice*, and his failure to enter a defense at the Washington hearing on the publication, have not dimmed his local prestige. Speaking in George Brown Hall of the New England Conservatory of Music on March 11, 1944, Father Curran is reported by the *Boston Globe* to have opened his remarks by "bringing greetings from the greatest American priest and the greatest priest in America, Father Coughlin." There were no advance press notices of that dinner; yet seven hundred people attended and hundreds more were turned away.

Less than a week later, during the Evacuation Day parade in South Boston, violence broke out again. As the episode was reported by the *Boston Traveler* on March 17 and by the *Boston Globe* the next day, the junior band of the Malden Post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars was followed all along the line of march by a growing gang led by a red-haired youth. When the band members were boarding their special streetcar at Broadway and B Streets, they were attacked, several of them hurt, and a number of instruments smashed. Both Arthur Crosby, the director, and Jeremiah Lucey, one of the band committee of the Malden Post, were quoted to the effect that there were numerous anti-Semitic remarks before the gang attacked, and that individual band members, including a Jewish bandsman in the uniform of the United States Coast Guard, were jostled and heckled.

Both Father Coughlin and Father Curran have insisted publicly that they are not anti-Semitic. So has Francis P. Moran, former local leader of the Christian Front, with whom Father Curran has several times shared public platforms. Yet Moran, according to the *Providence Journal* of November 10, 1939, charged President Roosevelt with "treason," called him a Jew, pronounced his name "Rosenfelt," and railed against the Communist-riddled government of the United States. On June 10, 1941, according to the *Boston Globe*, he issued a pamphlet calling the war "just a racket for the Roosevelt-Rothschild-Lehman families and their associates." Twice he showed in Boston the German propaganda film, *Victory in the West*, and harangued his audiences on German invincibility. As for Father Coughlin, his tirades against the "international Jewish bankers," the communistic Jews, and the British are too well known to call for explicit quotation. It is notable that Theodore Maynard's *Story of American Catholicism*, a highly respected work of Catholic scholarship with the imprimatur of Arch-

bishop Spellman of New York, cross-indexes Father Curran and Father Coughlin with anti-Semitism. *Nihil obstat*. On page 596, speaking of Father Coughlin, Maynard says, "He might have done . . . valuable service, had he not, like Father Edward Lodge Curran of Brooklyn, virtually identified social justice with Jew-baiting (under the guise of attacking both Communism and the banking system) and with a form of fascism."

Father Curran's confessed admiration for Father Coughlin, and his close relationship with Christian Fronters like Moran, can leave little doubt of his attitudes and his influence. That influence is especially great in Boston, which has been and still is a pesthole of Christian Frontism. There seems no reason to doubt that the focusing of juvenile delinquents upon Jewish victims was part of the Front's work, and that the principal support of the Front in Boston has come from Irish-Americans.

For the past two years vicious propaganda, much of it couched in the vein of raw humor, has been circulated through war plants, navy yards, barrooms, beauty parlors, and subway stations. Much of it is calculated to give the impression that all the heroes of this war are Irishmen, all the chisellers Jews. Consider the snide little libel, circulated in various printed and mimeographed forms, called "The First American":—

First American killed in Pearl Harbor — John J. Hennessy

First American to sink a Jap ship — Colin P. Kelly

First American to sink a Jap ship with torpedo — John P. Buckley

Greatest American air hero — "Butch" O'Hare

First American killed at Guadalcanal — John J. O'Brien

First American to get four new tires — Abraham Lipshitz

The large body of the Christian Front is made up of the dregs of the Irish community. Its leaders are politically ambitious demagogues; but the long history of isolation and discrimination in Boston has built into the Irish-American mind such a sensitiveness to criticism, and so automatic an impulse to defend anything Irish and anything Catholic, that the vast majority of respectable Irish-American citizens find themselves used as a shield by the breeders of hate and disunity, their inherited persecution complex deftly manipulated by people whose whole purpose is to set American against American, race against race, religion against religion. Suspicion breeds counter-suspicion, charge breeds counter-charge. Father Curran, charged with anti-Semitism, charges his accusers with anti-Catholicism. A clever propagandist can manipulate those two antagonistic elements like the two glasses used

in mixing a Bromo-Seltzer, and get with each manipulation a greater effervescence of hate — which is precisely what Hitler and Goebbels, and their American admirers, want.

5

I HAVE found no evidence whatever that the Catholic Church had anything to do with the Dorchester trouble. If any blame attaches to the Church in Boston it would be for a lack of coöperation with other churches and other men of good will.

Protestant clergymen who, after the revelation of the beatings last fall, organized an inter-faith committee in the Dorchester-Roxbury-Mattapan district for the purpose of furthering good will among all racial and religious groups found some Catholic laymen willing to coöperate but most of the clergy inert and even aloof. While Protestant groups were clamoring that the racial issue be cleared up and that equal police protection be afforded all races and creeds, only two or three of the Catholic clergy raised their voices.

This lack of coöperation may have a number of explanations. The Catholic clergy may be honestly convinced, as they told the Mattapan committee, that there is no real problem. Some churchmen may mistrust their Protestant and Jewish neighbors, and feel that Catholics are under unwarranted attack for the outbreaks. Yet because of this aloofness there have been people who jumped to the conclusion that because the Boston Roman Catholics are not active in suppressing anti-Semitism, they must therefore condone it.

It is true that Father Curran, an influential priest and President of the International Catholic Truth Society, has never, at least as far as the public has been informed, been chided for his activities among the Christian Fronters of Boston and Brooklyn. The contention of apologists for Father Coughlin that his speeches did not involve questions of "faith and morals," and so were outside the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical authorities, is probably employed in behalf of Father Curran as well. Yet in September, 1939, Pope Pius XI told his audience:—

"Abraham is called our Patriarch, our ancestor. Anti-Semitism is not compatible with the reality of this text. It is a movement in which we Catholics cannot share. It is not possible for Christians to take part in anti-Semitism. We are Semites spiritually."

That is a completely unambiguous pronouncement from the ultimate spiritual father of all Catholics. It should make clear that any Irish youth from

South Boston or Codman Square who joins in a beating of a Jew is as bad a church member as he is a citizen. One is forced to the conclusion that if the hierarchy of the local Church were not almost solidly Irish, and were not affected by the history of discrimination and suspicion against Irishmen and Catholics, it might have made that point much plainer than it yet has, and might certainly have been more critical.

The tendency to react violently to criticism, even when criticism touches the Church or the Irish only by implication, was dramatically evident in an address by the Right Reverend Monsignor Lawrence W. Bracken before the Holy Name Society of the Brooklyn and Queens police on April 16, 1944. "Ten years ago," the Brooklyn *Tablet* reports him as saying, "if you failed to apprehend a desperate gunman or solve a complex crime you, as an individual, might be criticized unfavorably but that would be all. Today, however, if a child hits another child with a dead cat, at once some racial issue emerges and if you do not capture the offending child and find out what part of Ireland the dead cat came from, and if his old man was on Hitler's payroll, not only you but the whole force are apt to be denounced as anti-this or anti-that, or perhaps you will be accused of belonging to a subversive organization."

Here was a priest speaking before three thousand policemen, and openly belittling the racial beatings and the organized gang warfare against the Jews. It is impossible on any grounds to reconcile Monsignor Bracken's words with those of Pope Pius XI.

6

ONE highly important difference should be noted between the anti-Catholic riots of the nineteenth century and the anti-Semitic violence of 1943-1944. Where the advent of the Civil War effectually put the prejudiced parties out of business for a time, the present war has aggravated every group antagonism in America. The reason for that difference lies not in any psychological or sociological difference between anti-Catholic and anti-Jewish prejudice. The reason is simply that the Confederacy had no Goebbels. In the German propaganda machine lies the reason why the beating of one Jewish boy, the distribution of one anti-Semitic broadside, must be viewed, especially in Boston, with very great concern.

The bill of particulars filed by Attorney General Biddle against the thirty people now standing trial for sedition indicates how close a link there is between race hatred in America and the Goebbels

office. As that bill of particulars is reported in the *New York Post*, "German agents . . . were ordered to do nothing but ferret out what the Nazis called 'Kernels of Disturbance' in the U. S. They sent back reports on differences of opinion which were splitting political parties and minority groups, detailed memos on the frustrated ambitions of politicians, racial controversies, economic inequalities, and on petty jealousies in public life." Boston, with its closely knit racial groups and its history of religious antagonism, is such a "kernel of disturbance." That kernel was carefully nurtured by the Christian Front and its backers.

An interesting development, still unsolved as this is written, is the distribution during Holy Week and at odd times since of two scurrilous pamphlets dealing with the ways in which the Jews have "ruined" the areas of Chelsea, Roxbury, and Dorchester. The slogan, "Be American, Buy American," on each pamphlet, is signed with the initials "C.F." Those initials should stand for "Christian Front," and possibly do.

Whether they were put on the pamphlets as a blind or whether they are an arrogant challenge is a detective problem, not a sociological one. But it is clear, from the quality of the printing and the care with which cheap, unidentifiable lots of paper were selected, that this was a shrewd job and a job with money behind it. One remembers that Attorney General Biddle has characterized the Nazi propaganda machine in this country as a twenty-million-dollar industry.

Because it is a multi-million-dollar industry, and because racial strife has increased rather than decreased during the war, it is imperative that we cast about for some way of combating and ameliorating a situation which shows signs of growing extremely ugly. As a matter of fact, two or three promising ways have already been found. The Springfield Plans, the Good Neighbor Associations, are at the very least expressions of a will to tolerance among the large masses of Americans.

Yet in those movements the Catholic Church in Boston has not come strongly forward. With all its enormous prestige and power, it has chosen to speak little and late. Among Catholics there is a widespread feeling that if the Church fights anti-Semitism it lays itself open to the charge of having fostered it before. The uneasy relations between the Irish Catholics and other elements in Boston seem to lead the Church and its people to interpret any criticism of bad government as a criticism of the Irish, any criticism of religious intolerance as a criticism of the Church.

Though one can understand why that attitude

persists, one cannot agree with any part of it. No Protestant minister who throws himself into the fight against bigotry and violence is accused of covering up a guilty conscience. Even if a member of his congregation has been involved in Jew-baiting, there is no stigma which attaches to the pastor. The only stigma is the stigma of refusing to do something about a situation when conscience and good citizenship demand action. In Boston the Church is in a position of tremendous power, and the withholding of that power can only have the effect of encouraging such Catholics as are involved in anti-Semitism, while at the same time convincing people unfriendly to the Catholic Church that the Church for some reason finds its Father Coughlins and its Father Currans useful.

For the sake of religious peace in the city of Boston, for the sake of the American creed of diversity without disunity, it is high time Catholicism in Boston made very clear that it is not in sympathy with the prophets of dissension. There is no doubt in the world that the prestige of the Catholic hierarchy is greater than any personal prestige of Father Coughlin, Father Curran, or any of the Christian Front demagogues. But that prestige can never be effectively employed until the local Church sees fit to assert, and forcibly, its distaste for the aberrations of some of its members.

The Roman Catholic Church is not in the least responsible for the anti-Semitic outbreaks in Boston. But it could do more than any other single agency or institution to stop them, if it would.



THE WORD AND THE FACT

by ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

I

THE American people seem to be upon the point of accepting, without challenge and almost without debate, a proposition which may profoundly affect the future of the world they are to live in. It is a proposition more often implied than declared, but its essential elements are these: that Mr. Wilson started out to make a peace with his eye on a set of principles, expecting the facts to conform; that Mr. Wilson failed to make a peace; that we, therefore, should start out with our eyes on a set of facts, letting the principles do the conforming.

That the practical men of both parties approve the proposal is not astonishing. The practical men have never cared very much for a policy of principle. In Wilson's time they attacked the expressions of principle as schoolteacher's talk. In our time they attack them as "ideologies." They prefer facts. The facts are amenable; the principles are not.

The practical men, however, do not comprise the entire population of the United States. There are

men and women in this country who believe, and believe passionately, in a policy of principle. What is astonishing is the failure of these believers to challenge a trend which, whether declared or undeclared, they must have seen. Why have they not insisted that the approach of the Allied Nations to the peace should be an uncompromising approach, the first purpose of which is the establishment of the principles for which the war has been fought?

One explanation may be the difficulty which even the believers in principle now experience in putting the essential principles into words. The war and the uses of the war have affected the great words of the democratic tradition even in the mouths of those who need them most. The great abstractions of the democratic cause, the summarizing and identifying words which undertake to name, and so reduce to moral perception, the nation's experience as a nation — the generalizations by which men raise their thoughts above themselves — have lost a part at least of their usefulness and currency.

A hundred and fifty years ago, in the war of the American Revolution, the word liberty was a natural word, a word which came easily and without self-conscious effort to men's mouths. When noble

Speaking before the annual meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, ARCHIBALD MACLEISH, poet and Librarian of Congress, called into the clear that urgency which every American worth his salt feels today: "Give us," he said, "the words, the true words for which we are fighting this war."

lords questioned Governor Richard Penn of Pennsylvania in the House of Lords in November of 1775 as to the reasons why members of the American Congress levied and carried on the war, Governor Penn replied: "In defense of their liberties." When General Washington had occasion in the fall of 1774 to take a friend to task for his contemptuous reference to the rebelliousness of the people of Massachusetts, the General wrote: "But this you may at the same time rely on, that none of them will ever submit to the loss of those valuable rights and privileges, which are essential to the happiness of every free state and without which life, liberty and property are rendered totally insecure." When Mr. Jefferson was charged with the task of putting into words the reasons for the adoption of the Richard Henry Lee Resolution, he found it precise and accurate to speak of a God-given right of liberty. And when Patrick Henry spoke with a purpose to move as hardheaded and sophisticated a representative House as was ever seated on this continent, he did not hesitate to make liberty his cause.

In this war also, and of necessity, we have identified our cause with these abstractions. But no one who has gone beneath the official rhetoric to the general usage will believe that we have used them easily. On the contrary, we have escaped from them where we could, talking instead of the "American way of life," which, if an abstraction, is at least an abstraction which can be identified by homely and recognizable things — by cars, food, forms of address, habits on porches, manners in meeting. Or, awkward even with the "American way of life," we have taken refuge in "America the way it was before," as the refrigerator manufacturers and the home furnishing industry and the producers of automobiles are talking of it now in the handsome advertisements which beseech us to leave America the way it was for the boys to come back to. America the way it was is not an abstraction at all. It can be seen in four-color reproductions of paintings of charming village streets. It can also be seen, if one wishes to see it, in the mile after mile of unpalatable and unproved squalor which spreads from the Chicago airport, say, to the towers of Chicago's Loop.

2

NO ONE in his senses would suggest that our generation seeks to escape from the great words into these paraphrases, these equivocations, because of any lack of belief in the things for which the great words stand. The refusal of the American people in 1940 and 1941 to follow the treacherous propaganda

which urged them to trust their liberty and freedom and democracy to the width of the Atlantic Ocean is proof enough that the American people continue to value democracy and liberty and freedom. What many in our generation doubt is not the thing itself but precisely the words in which the thing is said — precisely the Word. As inheritances from our forefathers, carrying the emotions of an entire history, a great people, a noble past, we accept the words for liberty and freedom as we accept the battle flags in the armories. But as words for ourselves, words for our present, words for our own time, we find it difficult to use them. It is not because Wilson's oracular declarations were untrue that we have neglected them so strangely in this war. History has proved them truer than even Wilson knew. It is because the phrase, "a world safe for democracy," is, in its words, in its rhetoric, a phrase we cannot easily or naturally make our own. We believe in the intentions of the words, but the words themselves embarrass us, leaving us conscious of the silence into which they fall.

For the most part our embarrassment is felt rather than reasoned. The revolt against the Word — and "revolt" is too explicit and dramatic and precise a term — is a revolt not so much of the head as of the heart. There were a few attacks, during the generation of the literary belittlement, on the abstract words of the democratic tradition, and at least one professor of psychology has been able to attribute the perpetuation of modern warfare to the prevalence of such "fictional" and "unreal" "catchwords" as freedom, liberty, equality, humanity, and tolerance — a proposition which would have interested Thomas Jefferson. But the uneasiness of the people themselves in the presence of these particular abstractions is not based upon any such intellectualism. It is not indeed based at all. It exists. And it exists for reasons which are not too difficult to state.

Any word becomes unwieldy and overconscious of itself when its meaning in action is inferior to its meaning in emotion — when its spread of emotional sail overbalances the lead and oak that ought to carry cargo. And any word which is used repeatedly to evoke emotion without the evocation of an action to which emotion can attach loses the balance upon which its seaworthiness depends. Even the great abstractions which attempt to translate experience into idea cannot altogether break their continuing derivation from experience without reducing their ideas to tags and slogans.

Freedom from the present interference of an arrogant, ill-advised, and ill-bred British king, named George the Third, is a good word, hard as an axe-

head, and as useful. Liberty to live as General Washington and Mr. Jefferson meant to live, in spite of Lord North and the Tory gang, is a word to put in a speech in a Chamber of Burgesses, or on the parchment of a Declaration, or in the words of a song, or on the walls of a tavern — as good and as natural and as precise in one place as another. But freedom and liberty as abstractions with no present application in this time are banners without staffs to fly from.

I do not suggest that the whole reason for our present uneasiness in the use of words we desperately need is our failure to state in positive and revolutionary language the purpose of this war. The revolt against the Word, and particularly against the abstract terms that bear the burden of an impotent emotion, had grown of itself in this country, and long before the war, under the pounding of a press and radio which, year after year, used greater and greater quantities of less and less precise and relevant words to persuade the American people to buy, or to eat, or to vote, or to wear, or to love a book, or to live in a suburb, or to hate a particular public official, or to accept a special theory of economics, or to purchase a lot in one cemetery rather than another. But though the communications industry must carry its heavy share of responsibility for the degeneration of the Word, the immediate responsibility for the loss of meaning of the words we now need most lies elsewhere.

The immediate responsibility rests with the governments which have declared or not declared the democratic purpose in this war.

3

TO USE freedom as the definition of the cause opposed to fascism, but to be unwilling to define the terrible and immediate danger fascism presents in every country — to be unwilling even to use the word for fascism over months of time — is to make drafts upon the credit of historical emotion which the word freedom had gathered from the lives of earlier men, without giving it a present point and meaning which can make its passion ours. To talk of liberty without declaring, with the precise and revolutionary ardor of those to whom the talk of liberty comes naturally, what liberty we mean to have, and for what purpose, is to trade upon the nobility of men long dead, and, worse, to spill and waste the virtue of the word they left us. Freedom, liberty, democracy, equality, are revolutionary words. They are revolutionary words always, and whenever used. They cannot be employed to arouse

men's minds to fight defensive wars for the protection of the status quo or the preservation of a society "the way it was" without destroying their vitality and meaning.

Words are not lists in books. They are shapes in men's minds, sounds on their lips, parts of their lives. Men will reject, and should reject, the words that do not relate to the things they do, the words they cannot truthfully use of themselves, of their own actions. But the danger is that when the vitality and meaning of the words of principle are destroyed, the way will be opened to those who wish, as they put it, to "go behind the words to the facts." The danger is that men will say, as the hard-headed men are saying of peace in this country today and in England and elsewhere: "This time we will get down to facts. This time we will make a peace on the facts, not on the rhetoric. This time we will deal with the factual situations, not with the moral precepts or the high purposes — a world safe for democracy, and all that. We will deal with the actual facts, not with the words — and the facts will speak for themselves."

The facts *will* speak for themselves. And what they will speak will be facts. The facts about civil aviation will speak in terms of civil aviation. The facts about oil and gold and shipping and markets will speak in terms of oil and gold and shipping and markets. They are already speaking, indeed, in just those terms. And the peace we shall make, the peace we seem to be making, will be a peace of oil, a peace of gold, a peace of shipping — a peace, in brief, of factual situations, a peace without moral purpose or human intent, a peace of dicker and trade about the facts of commerce, the facts of banking, the facts of transportation, which will lead us where the treaties made by dicker and by trade have always led.

Those realists who believe that facts will produce of themselves their human significance, those who believe that if you take care of the facts the principles will take care of themselves, are realists of a poor reality. A human society abandoned to the logic of facts is a human society which only an old-style Marxist philosopher could contemplate with satisfaction. The whole history of civilization is the history of the effort, successful sometimes, sometimes unsuccessful, to compel the so-called logic of fact to conform to a human — which is to say, a moral — purpose; to compel the consuming logic of fire to conform to the purpose of light; to compel the murderous logic of force to conform to the purpose of order. To renounce the expression of purpose, to renounce the abstractions of speech in which the history of moral purpose is summed up,

and to trust instead to the "facts" to secrete a purpose of their own, is to be guilty of something worse than folly. It is to be guilty of the crime against humanity, the crime our generation knows so well, the crime of abdication of moral and intellectual responsibility. The sickness of our day is the sickness of increasing intellectual chaos — the sickness of disordered and multifarious phenomena, undisciplined, unorganized, and uncomposed. Our need, our desperate and terrible need, is to impose upon the world of chaotic phenomena an order of understanding, a moral order, a humane and human conception. Our need, that is to say, is to extend, and not to narrow, the hold of word on fact — to extend over the chaos of inarticulate experience the order and the government of the Word.

It is not, surely, an impossible labor. It is not impossible — it cannot be impossible — to hold against the encroaching ocean of disorders the great democratic conceptions which our fathers brought to words. Words, however those who write of words may treat them, are not objects of fashion. They are living things, real things. They go in and out of meaning, not of taste. They alter as men alter, and for similar reasons. Treated with honesty and courage, they will live forever. Deprived of meaning, they will starve and die. Freedom waved as a banner in a war which does not breathe of freedom droops because its meaning has been taken from it. Democracy used as a distinction without a meaning has no meaning left. But democracy and freedom, in the mouths of those who dare to speak them and to mean the things they speak, are living words again: new, clean, fresh in the sun, natural and simple.

4

THIS year is the year of an anniversary of the Word which has been strangely overlooked. It was three centuries ago this year that John Milton addressed to the Parliament of England a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, which he called his *Areopagitica*. That famous book has been cited many times — and by some who had no right to call John Milton to their witness — as authority for the negative and narrow proposition that a publisher may publish what he pleases. Those who have read the book as it deserves know very well that Milton had no such narrow purpose.

It was not the right of the publisher to publish for

his pleasure or his profit that Milton had in mind, but the right of the nation to read. And the right of the nation to read was important, not for amusement or news, but for the truth. And the truth was in books because they were living things. "Who kills a man," wrote Milton, "kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. . . . 'Tis true, no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse." "For books," he said, "are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them."

What is true of a good book is true of a good word. For what are the good words, the great abstractions of a nation's speech, but the nation's inward understanding of the thing it needs to be — the coinage into purpose of the lives that made it? And how, if the meaning of these words is taken from them by the meaningless condition of their later use — how shall the nation know what it can be?

Praise alone cannot protect the power of the Word or, lost, restore it. Only the people can give life to language; and only they when language draws its life from theirs. If the great words of the American purpose are to recover the vitality and power they once had, they must take their part in this war and in the peace that follows — their actual part, not their formal part. The war must be a war truly and visibly for the freedom of mankind, and the peace must be a peace for liberty in fact, not liberty in speeches. It is possible perhaps to compromise with men. It is never possible to compromise the meaning of the words, for the words become their meanings.

If this war for freedom, this war against fascism, ends without the destruction of fascism, the triumph of freedom, more will have been lost than victory in a war. If the peace that ends this war of freedom against fascism is a peace of arrangements, a peace of adjustments, a peace of facts, of trades, of balances, more will be gone than the chance to make a peace. If even now, even at this late last moment, the great abstractions of democracy can take their honest meanings and have their truthful way, more than a war will have been fought and won.

A LIKELY EXCHANGE

by JESSAMYN WEST

I

IT WAS an October morning, and in the kitchen on the lamplit table an October breakfast was set out. Jess gazed at the meal of leave-taking; the red tablecloth gone rosy with many washings, the food itself, ham and quince jelly, cream gravy and soda biscuits, rosy beneath the clear flame of the lamp.

The kitchen was sweet with the smell of wood smoke. It was dark in the kitchen, but the light from the fire in the cookstove moved like a morning tide across the scrubbed floor-boards. The lamplight deepened the wide-awake gleam of Eliza's black eyes, and put a kind of hoarfrost glitter on Enoch's straw-colored stubble.

Jess smelled and looked. He chewed and swallowed. He gave the table a lick that lifted the half-filled cups out of their saucers. He gazed from wife to hired man.

"Tell me," he asked of each, "what makes a man leave home? What'll I find in Kentucky better'n here? What's the sense of traipsing off? Leaving my home? Crossing the boundaries of my own state? A fool notion. I've a mind to stay."

Eliza knew this was a way her husband had of being two places at once; of keeping his knees under the breakfast table, and at the same time feeling wheels moving him along some lonely pike. But she could never answer him from a like duality. Her feet, and mind too, were one place at a time. Here, this October morning, they were in the kitchen of the Maple Grove Nursery.

"Jess," she reminded him, "thy valise is packed. Thee always goes to Kentucky this time of year. How'd we make out if thee didn't sell thy nursery stock?"

"Make out?" asked Jess affronted. "Why, when the Lord made me, I hope He didn't say, 'Here's

Jess Birdwell, a little nurseryman.' The Lord," said Jess, taking a fine long draught of Eliza's good coffee, "said, I don't misdoubt, when He made me, 'Here's Jess Birdwell, a man.'"

Eliza looked about with dismay. This talk of what the Lord had or hadn't said could, and like enough would, last till midmorning. Jess, perhaps, didn't have any set time for reaching Kentucky, but time for a woman was no such pliable commodity as it was for a man; time for a woman was rigid, and marked with the names of duties.

The hired man reared back in his rush-bottomed chair, squinted his green eyes. This was a fine way for a morning to start: a little speculation, a little tossing about before you settled down to the hog wash and wood splitting.

"The Lord," Enoch said, addressing Eliza, but squinting beyond the lamplight as if Omniscience itself might be planted just a little to the left of the cookstove, "brings forth possibilities. A raw lump—a man. But whether a nurseryman or not, He don't say."

Eliza loved the name of the Lord, but hearing it in Enoch's mouth at this time of the day didn't add a thing to it. Jess picked his hired men for two reasons: to help with the work and to forward the talking. Sometimes he'd get a man who could do both, but mostly they favored one or the other. Enoch leaned considerably toward talking.

"Jess," worried Eliza, "if thee didn't sell thy nursery stock —"

Enoch interrupted her. "Play on a flute," he told her. "He's got a wonderful turn for music. Raise silkworms. Concoct pieces for the paper. Train horses."

Jess looked at his hired man. "Train horses." Was it a dab? A reminder? Was the fellow laughing up his sleeve at the way Reverend Godley's Black Prince had run circles round Red Rover?

"Train horses," repeated Eliza, happy to have

A Hoosier, a birthright Quaker, and a graduate of Whittier College, JESSAMYN WEST makes her first appearance in the *Atlantic* with a story of the most Friendly persuasion.

the conversation veer, without her turning it, to a point where she could put in, offhand-like, further advice about that animal Red Rover. "Jess is finished with fast horseflesh," she told Enoch. "Red Rover gave him his fill of that."

"Red Rover wasn't so plaguy fast," Enoch reminded her.

"Fast-looking," said Eliza. "A constant temptation." She turned to Jess. "Thee keep thy eyes open for a likely exchange," she told him once again.

Jess grew restive. What Red Rover had done wasn't a thing that chewed well early in the morning. He pushed back his chair. "It's getting on," he said. "I ought to be to the Ohio by noon. Sun-up," he complained, "and my chin still in the gravy bowl. Enoch, thee hitch while I get my traps together."

"Thy traps," said Eliza firmly, who hadn't finished on the subject of Red Rover, "are together. Thee promised," she began, and her husband nodded soberly.

Jess aimed to please his wife whenever it was humanly possible, and getting shut of Red Rover would be one of the most satisfying ways of doing so he'd been offered in a coon's age. Ever since he'd disgraced himself, after that unseemly brush with the Reverend Marcus Augustus Godley's Black Prince, by lighting into Red Rover with his hat in front of all the Bethel Methodists, the sight of Red Rover in his stall was no salve for *his* eyes, either.

And for another thing, he didn't plan always to move up the pike a tail to Godley's comet. But if he was ever to get out in front of that procession it would take another animal than Red Rover to do it. No horse had ever looked so much like traveling and had traveled so much like standing still. With one trade (exchange, Jess called it talking to Eliza) promising thus to give two people so much pleasure and for such different reasons, Jess didn't have, as far as he could see, the slightest call for considering himself married to Red Rover.

Outside, the big red gelding let forth his great conceited neigh. Jess listened wryly. "Never knew a nag promise so much and perform so little."

"Thee get shut of him," Eliza urged again. "There'll be no end of brushings and clockings so long as thee's got such a racy-looking animal."

"He can clock," Jess conceded, "but he sure can't brush. Got a sup more coffee, Eliza?"

"Thee won't reach the Ohio till doomsday, at this rate," Eliza said, but poured the coffee.

"Banks of the Ohio on doomsday morning," Jess ruminated. "Couldn't pick a prettier place to be. The Indiana side just below Madison."

Eliza put an end to that. She leaned across the

table and blew out the lamp. It was no longer night in the kitchen now. Together, Jess and Eliza walked out into the gray fall morning, laden with paraphernalia of the journey.

2

Jess journeyed Kentuckyward talking — talking to himself, talking to his horse, remarking on this and that to the absent Enoch and Eliza.

Saying to Eliza: A clump of Chiny asters set in star shape, deep colors in the center and lessening toward the edges — just outside of Madison; *there's* something thee would fancy.

Saying to Enoch: This Red Rover's nothing to depend on, I grant thee. Running against Reverend Godley's Black Prince, he had less get-up than a gourd vine. But he carries me along like a chip now, nobody pressing him.

Saying to himself: Landscape foams up round about me like a painted picture where every brush stroke's got meaning. Meaning bursting out of weeds and fence rails. Full of meaning I can't read. What's the message? What're they saying?

Saying to the horse: Friend, thee's taught me a lesson: come to say to me, "Jess, don't let appearance be thy god."

He traveled through the tissue-fine day, through sunshine, fine but thin. Lean against it and it would give way, he thought. But it was real. No alloy. Pure gold leaf.

He crossed the Ohio a little after noon and thought of doomsday and smelled fried ham. In midafternoon he still could hear the whistle of the steamboats passing down the broad Ohio, and as he drove between rows of shocked corn saw, instead of the corn, that great surge of water and the boats it bore: white-pillared swans, floating verandas.

He turned in at driveways, sent the buckboard up known lanes and under admired trees. Patted growling dogs until porch floor-boards resounded beneath their thumping tails. Talked to women churning outside at the close of day, tasting the last of sunshine. Rang the bell that brought the farmer up from the fields. Spread out his order books and showed them the pictures. The churn, with the butter half-come, and the wagon, half-filled with husked corn, waited while he showed the pictures and said the names.

"Shaffer's Colossal — bids fair to eclipse anything in the raspberry line. Gooseberries — Smith's Improved, grown from the seed of the Houghton; sweet. May Duke — fine for dwarfs and pyramids. Flemish Beauty. Grimes Golden. Fall Wine."

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"Give me five of those," they'd say. "Nothing so pretty as a cherry in bloom, fruit or no fruit."

"And the fruit, too," the wife would add, leaning on the churn dasher. "Puts me in mind of home — in Pennsylvania. Cherries on each side the driveway, red among the leaves."

They'd shake his hand at leave-taking. Friend Birdwell — a good man, notional, a Quaker, a plain-speaker.

He drove on. At nightfall he pulled up his big red gelding at a driveway he'd never turned down before. Not that it didn't look to be a likely place for selling first-class stock; a fine, big farm well kept up, mostly corn and tobacco, but some thrifty fruit trees, too. What had kept him from turning in was the sign on the barn. A man who'd spread his history out so publicly went against Jess's grain, both as Quaker and as man.

But that gold evening Jess let the reins go slack and leaned forward peering at the red barn and the white painted sign that ran from gable to gable above the big double doors.

"Otto Hudspeth," the sign said. "I was borned in 1817. I was married in 1837." Jess read the sign aloud, tickled to think of the big know-nothing farmer who'd had it painted.

"Know-nothing," he said to himself after a while. "By sugar, thee's come to let appearances be thy god, Jess Birdwell, for sure. Judging a man without ever setting eyes on him." He slapped the lines lightly across Red Rover's glossy rump. "Thought thee'd cured me of that, friend," he said, and turned the red horse into the driveway.

3

THE big farmhouse was set at the end of a long double line of locusts, and there wasn't a thing about the layout that wasn't up to Maple Grove standards. Before Jess could light down, the Hudspeth hired man came out. The family, he said, was off to a shindig, but Jess had better stay the night. Mrs. Hudspeth had just bought a forty and she was figuring on putting in some orchard stock.

"Mrs. Hudspeth?" Jess asked.

"The old man passed on a couple of years back," said the hired man, who looked himself to be straight out of Genesis — certainly no nearer than Leviticus or Deuteronomy. "Mrs. Hudspeth and the girls run the place."

Jess was staring up at the sign.

"Yep," said the hired man, "the old man had that painted there."

"Mite touched?" asked Jess.

"No more'n you," said the hired man. "Not as much, maybe. I ain't acquainted with you, mister." The evening wind parted his beard. "What's the most important thing's happened to you, mister? Getting born. Without that, where'd you be?" He paused to let it sink in. "What's next? Getting married. If you married the right woman. Maybe you didn't — like me." His look got more humane, quite full of fellow feeling.

"Thee's wrong there," Jess said, not wanting any slight put on Eliza. "I married the right woman. Pretty as a Summer Sweeting. A Quaker preacher."

The hired man gave a squint and moodily combed his patriarchal fringe with his fingers. "Well, every man to his fancy," he continued. "You agree them's the first things. Gettin' born. Gettin' married. Got any objection to a man's saying so with his own paint on his own barn? Got any remarks you'd like to make to me about it?"

"Nope," said Jess, fighting being against his principles as a Quaker and, Quaker or no Quaker, not being of a mind to be laid out by a hired man over a sign painted on a Kentucky barn.

Calmed, the hired man was as clever as could be: helped put up Red Rover, cooked a tasty supper of fried grits and side meat, and out of pure courtesy, having eaten earlier himself, kept Jess company at the table with a jug of corn whiskey.

Jess had a fine night of sleep in the spare chamber on a clean tick full of rustling cornhusks, but was awakened early next morning by a sound he couldn't place. Clack, clack, bang . . . bang, it went. Jess knew farm noises inside and out, forward and backward, but this one stumped him. Clack, clack, bang . . . bang. It was too much for his curiosity. He scamped his morning prayers to get down to see what was taking place. The minute he opened the back stairs door into the kitchen he saw what it was.

An old lady sat at the kitchen hearthside — a big old lady, thin as a siding, but wide in the shoulders and so tall her head stuck up above the tidy of the rocker she was sitting in. The old lady was smoking a pipe, and she kept her makings in the Dutch oven which was built in one side of the fireplace. Every so often she'd knock her pipe out on the side of the fireplace, open up the iron door of the Dutch oven, get out her tobacco, bang the door shut, fill her pipe, open the door, bang it shut. Clack, clack, bang . . . bang.

Jess went up and paid his respects to her. Mrs. Hudspeth was an old lady like a stove poker, stiff, straight, and black; but she had the same look the stove poker has of having spent a life near the fire and of being tempered by it.

Jess breakfasted with Mrs. Hudspeth, the hired man, Jacob, and Mrs. Hudspeth's four daughters.

"Make the acquaintance of my girls, Mr. Birdwell," Mrs. Hudspeth said. In respect of sex, Jess allowed, they were girls, but in respect of age and size he couldn't have found a more unlikely name for them.

"Meet Opal, Ruby, and Pearl, Mr. Birdwell," said Mrs. Hudspeth. Fifty-carat jewels, every one of them, Jess calculated.

"Meet Bertha," said Mrs. Hudspeth, "my baby." Jess wondered at the shift in naming. After three, he figured, girls maybe didn't seem so precious.

The girls were all so big, so hearty, and such powerful smokers that before breakfast was over Jess felt himself wizening up like a cabbage leaf under a hot sun.

He was the first one at the door when Mrs. Hudspeth said, "Let's have a look at my forty, Friend Birdwell, and see what stock you think'd do best there."

As they stepped toward the barn Mrs. Hudspeth announced, "We'll drive my mare Lady. Give your animal a rest after traveling. I had a look at him this morning. As pretty a looking horse as I recollect seeing. Got style."

"Well," said Jess, giving Red Rover his due, as he would the devil, "he's a treat to the eyes, that's certain."

4

HE SAW why Mrs. Hudspeth was so appreciative of handsome horseflesh when her hired man came out leading Lady. Jess looked that mare up and down, and being a man with a pretty turn for words, he began assembling some that might do justice to her when he came to recount the meeting to his hired man, Enoch.

Lady! She didn't look like any lady and it was much as a bargain to say she looked like a horse. It wasn't that she was poor or run-down or spavined or wind-broke, or bloated or had the heaves or was wall-eyed or balky, or was a stump sucker or blind in one eye, or sway-backed or galled or tree-shy. No, Enoch, she was none of these things — nothing so easy to lay the tongue to. It wasn't anything thee could say in one word, or two.

But that mare wasn't hung together right. She looked like she had cow blood in her, or moose blood, or buffalo blood. She was an oddity and she looked like she knew it. She had a long thin neck with a head hung on the end of it like a club. Had a body like a barrel, with muscles on shoulders and haunches like clumps of sweet potatoes. When they

worked she looked like she had moles burrowing under her hide. She was rangy for a Morgan; for that's what she was — half Morgan. Thee couldn't miss the Morgan color of her, nor the Morgan look out of her eyes, gentle and proud all at once — and kind of shamefaced, too for being put together the way she was. Looking in her eye, thee was all for her — otherwise not. Otherwise, Enoch, like seeing something in a distorting glass.

Putting together this how-it-looked for Enoch in the future, Jess forgot to be civil then and there. The old lady reminded him.

She said to him sharp, after watching him stare a spell. "Ain't you people over'n Indianny ever seen a Morgan mare before?"

Jess saw the staring didn't set well, but the best he could say was: "Morgans. Thee's a favored woman, Mrs. Hudspeth. Morgan's always been my favorite breed. Never had the good fortune to own one, but I always hankered to."

That smoothed Mrs. Hudspeth over so that when they started for the forty she was in a good humor, smiling broad, and holding the reins like a born driver.

Soon as that mare Lady struck her hoofs to the pike, Jess knew the Lord was going to particular pains to teach him a lesson he needed learning: not to judge man or beast by outward show. He reckoned the world turned round a mite faster when that mare swung into her stride, started pushing the pike from underneath her big, ugly feet. She stepped out like Going was her mammy's name, and Fast her pappy's.

Jess kept his talk where it ought to be — on nursery stock — and he found the old lady mighty near as knowledgeable as himself. When he talked Maiden Blush, Grimes Goldens, and Wealthies, she came right back with Winesaps, Winter Pearmains, and Rome Beauties. When Jess mentioned the Pewaukee, Mrs. Hudspeth matched him with facts about its pedigree; knew it was a seedling from the Duchess of Oldenburg.

They were talking fruit at a 2:40 clip when a rig drew up from behind them. Jess looked around and saw a big roan hitched to a light spring wagon with his driver urging him on like he's Dan Patch himself with the record at stake. Jess figured the man's wife must've had a sudden seizure and he was off hell-bent for the doctor.

But the old lady muttered, stiffened her arms, and leaned back on the reins. "Can't get out on the road without this happening," she said. "It ain't dignified. Gives the men the idea my girls ain't nothing but jockeys in skirts."

Mrs. Hudspeth planted her long, bony legs

against the dashboard and leaned back hard, but Lady took the bit in her mouth and lit out. Her long neck stiffened like a ramrod, the muscles started running up and down her hams as smooth as sap, her stride lengthened until she was skimming the road like a swallow.

Jess was gathering up information faster than he could salt it down.

"Let her out," he yelled. "Thee's holding her in. Loosen thy grip. Thee's hanging round her neck like a millstone, Mrs. Hudspeth," he bellowed. "Loosen up, loosen up."

"I got no mind to," the old lady snapped, still leaning back, and still sawing. "I'm going to learn this mare she's got no call to be always out in front. She's a good beast, but she's got to learn to be passed. She's got a fancy she's Maude S. Me and my girls always hittin' it down the pike like the devil's on our tails. No style. It don't appeal to the men."

Lady was running like she'd rather split her mouth in two than be passed, and Mrs. Hudspeth was leaning back like she'd rather have her arms pulled out of their sockets than not have her way, and the wind was whistling past Jess's big Quaker hat like he was riding the whirlwind. But the roan was gaining. Jess hung on to his hat and ventured a backward look. The roan looked to be a natural runner, and he was getting encouragement from a buggy whip.

That decided Jess. It went against his principles to see an honest trying horse so punished: it would encourage the spread of evil in the world to let a man win by any such means.

He took the reins from Mrs. Hudspeth's hands. The old lady was strong, but so was Jess and he had the considerable advantage of knowing what was up. He had the reins and was doing the driving before she'd got the lay of the land.

Soon as Jess had loosened Lady's reins and spoken to her with admiration, she distanced the roan; she sped away from him like she's the arrow and he the bow. With the roan behind her, Lady settled down to a nice Sunday pace. You could see she was feeling mighty good.

5

Jess wasn't. It would have pleased him greatly to have got the reins back in Mrs. Hudspeth's hands — but he didn't see any way of doing that without reminding her of how she'd lost them in the first place.

He figured the tactful thing to do was to go on talking fruit, as if nothing had happened. "Thee's a

wide choice of apples, Mrs. Hudspeth," he said. "Thy soil and the climate hereabouts would be favorable for Jonathans or Winesaps." But the old lady was of no mind to talk apples.

"For a man," she said, "that's a suitable thing to do — best another man in a race on a public road. But it ain't a fitting action for a woman. Not for a marriageable woman like one of my girls, anyway. Men ain't got any heart for courting a girl they can't pass — let alone catch up with."

"Thee say this mare's never been passed?"

"One time only," the old lady answered truthfully, "with two of my daughters on the reins at once. They couldn't stop her, but they slowed her down enough to get passed — but the man who distanced them was Sheriff Bascom. A married man. Grandpappy to boot. It didn't get 'em anyplace. I been figuring for some time to get a fitting animal for those girls of mine to drive. Something a degree more maidenly acting."

Jess drove in silence, thinking.

"You own a stylish animal, Mr. Birdwell," said Mrs. Hudspeth finally. "It got racing notions?"

Jess shook his head. "No ma'am," he said. "Nothing to worry about on that score. Not that it can't pick up its heels, but racing's a thing it's got no stomach for. None whatever," he said with the emphasis of remembering.

They were both thinking the same thing, but the old lady said it first, as a woman will.

"How'd a trade strike you, Mr. Birdwell?"

It struck Jess as being well-nigh providential. "It's something could be thought on," he replied cautiously.

"Lady ain't got but that one fault," Mrs. Hudspeth told him, "and you seen that. A forceful man like yourself, Mr. Birdwell, could learn her better in no time if you's a mind to."

Jess agreed. "If I's a mind to," he said.

"She won't be passed. Otherwise she's fault-free — half Morgan, a prime healthy animal, just turned four and a willing worker."

Jess hemmed and hawed to hide the way his heart was beating.

"Thee'd oughtn't be hasty, Mrs. Hudspeth. Thee's never seen my gelding in action."

"I'm a judge of horseflesh," said Mrs. Hudspeth.

"Thee can't rightly say," said Jess, feeling for his words and trying to be delicate, "that thy mare's a handsome animal."

"Well, no," the old lady allowed. "There might have to be a little to boot."

That finally was the way it was. Next morning Jess had Lady, and he had a little to boot and an order for nursery stock that filled three pages in his

neat account-book handwriting. He drove out under the big sign he'd stared at so many times in passing. "Otto Hudspeth," he said. "Thee's done me a good turn, Otto. I wish thy daughters well — and if getting passed will help them, they've got the right animal."

The fine weather held right through the trip home, cloudless and serene. Jess proved more than once, and to his pleasure, the rightness of Mrs. Hudspeth's claims that Lady wouldn't be passed. She wouldn't and she wasn't — not by anything Jess encountered homeward bound, anyway.

As he was drawing near the Ohio once more, Jess began to think of Eliza. He'd just had a satisfying little brush with a fast iron gray — nothing very lasty, but satisfying — and he was recalling Eliza's parting words.

"Thee get shut of that racy-looking animal," she'd said, and here he was coming home behind a mare who had more racing sense in one of her lop ears than Red Rover'd had in his four legs, two hams, and handsome mulish head. *Racy-looking*, he thought. That's what Eliza said. That's what she's set against.

Jess slapped the reins over Lady's back. "Thee may not," he told her, "fulfill the spirit of the law, but Eliza can't say thee don't fulfill the letter. Never saw an animal less racy-looking in my life."

Jess was smiling very contentedly when from a hilltop he caught sight beneath him of a shining loop of the Ohio, and beyond it saw the blue hills of Jefferson County.

"Home tonight, Lady," he said, and Lady moved along as if the words pleased her.



HEART AND MIND

by EDITH SITWELL

SAID the Lion to the Lioness, "When you are amber dust,
No more a raging fire like the heat of the Sun
(No liking but all lust) —
Remember still the flowering of the amber blood and bone,
The rippling of bright muscles like a sea;
Remember the rose-prickles of bright paws
Though we shall mate no more
Till the fire of that sun, the heart, and the moon-cold bone are one."

Said the Skeleton lying upon the sands of Time,
"The great gold planet that is the mourning heat of the Sun
Is greater than all gold, more powerful
Than the tawny body of a Lion that fire consumes
Like all that grows or leaps . . . so is the heart
More powerful than all dust. Once I was Hercules
Or Samson, strong as the pillars of the seas,
But the flames of the heart consumed me, and the mind
Is but a foolish mind."

Said the Sun to the Moon, "When you are but a lonely white crone,
And I a dead King in my golden armor somewhere in a dark wood,
Remember only this of our hopeless love:
That never till time is done
Will the fire of the heart and the fire of the mind be one."

MY HEART'S IN MY MOUTH

by EMILY KIMBROUGH

1

LAST spring an organization in New York asked if I would like to go on tour under its management. I had never gone lecturing in my life. Nevertheless, writing on assignment for a good many years has induced me to accept practically any job — and thank the person deeply for having offered it.

So I went to New York and told Mr. Long, the head of the organization, that I should be delighted to go on tour for him. What would he like me to lecture on? That, he said, was entirely up to me. Would I submit to him a list of subjects with provocative titles for them? I had written a book with Cornelia Otis Skinner, and another by myself. Therefore he would like me to speak about anything I pleased. Lecturers evidently are not people who lecture. Their qualification for professional public speaking is that they have done something else. So I signed a contract.

After all, I argued with myself all the way home to Philadelphia, it was just like an editor's asking you for ideas for articles: you would supply the ideas and if they were approved you would write the articles. This time, instead, you would speak them. It was really just the same thing. But I was not fooled for one moment by any such specious argument. There was all the difference in the world, the pit of my stomach told me, between a reader's turning past, in a magazine, an article in which she was not interested, and an audience's walking past, or out of, a lecture which did not appeal to it.

But the irrefutable fact remained that if I did lecture I should be paid; so as soon as I reached home I got to work. By the following morning I had a list of five subjects, really three — three subjects about which I cared enormously and about which I had been wanting to write for some time: "Women Selecting Professional Jobs," "Women

Doing Volunteer Work," and "The Education for a Profession."

Then, just as I always make up a big number to put at the top of any blank check which I make out in a shop, in order to give the impression that I write thousands of checks and have an enormous bank balance, I added two extra subjects, to make the number bigger. I thought, too, that they would point up the worth-whileness of the other three. So I put down "An Amateur Goes to Hollywood" and "Confessions of a Scapegoat."

Once, long ago, when I had a job with Marshall Field and Company in Chicago, I gave a fashion show, with comments, on "Clothes for the Platform." I worked out a series of precepts which all came back to me now. "Do not," I had said sternly, wagging a forceful and admonishing forefinger at an audience whose youngest member was certainly twice my age, "wear any ornament which might distract attention from what you are saying — pins which catch the light and glitter, jet which moves and quivers, beads which can become tangled or break if fingered. The attention of an audience can be distracted by the slightest unusual movement or light" (I had learned that from people in the theater).

"Do not," was another of my warnings, "wear clothes which carry much detail. The audience will spend its time figuring out how the detail was applied and will go away with a lasting memory of it and a knowledge of how to copy it, but without the slightest inkling of what you were saying at the time. And do not," I told them primly, and blush now to remember how smug I was, "wear clothes that are too short. Have your clothes for the platform made a little longer than those you would ordinarily wear on the street, because the height of the platform from the level of the audience makes a foreshortening."

Then I shocked them. "Use make-up," I said boldly, "whether you are accustomed to putting it

The author of *We Followed Our Hearts to Hollywood* and, with Cornelia Otis Skinner, of *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*, EMILY KIMBROUGH found time for a lecture tour between her trip to the movie capital and her work on a new book.

on or not. You will have a stronger light on you than that in which you move about ordinarily, and your face will fade out. This is the time, on the contrary, when your face must be emphasized because your expression gives more point to what you are saying. Emphasize your eyes with eye shadow, eyebrow pencil, and eyelash make-up. Rouge is not so important as lipstick. Highlight your mouth like the spot of red in a Corot picture." That, I thought, was a touch of culture that would bowl them over.

"And," I had harried them, "do not, if you wear a hat, select one with a brim; what features it does not entirely conceal, it will throw into an impenetrable shadow. Most important of all," I had concluded with a grand sweep, "whatever clothes you wear, *leave alone*. Do not fuss with your shoulder straps, your belt, the chain of your lorgnette, pin, beads, or bracelet. Stand still, look up, and speak out."

2

THERE were other injunctions, of course. I had been asked to show clothes for forty minutes — but these were the high-lights. And remembering them, I thought they were still good. I bought clothes accordingly: two simple black daytime dresses, all line and very little trimming, — one wool, one crepe and satin, — and two black evening dresses — one black velvet, the other black crepe. The black velvet followed every precept. It was entirely without decoration and had a black net yoke, the velvet beginning with a fold just below the shoulders.

The crepe I was a little dubious about. It too was off the shoulders; but it had a red rose at the waist and another at the shoulder. I worried a little about the possible distraction of those red roses, but decided eventually to attempt to rise above them, rather than sacrifice them. Since I wear, at all times, hats so far atop my head that once in Hollywood I took a shower with one on, I was not troubled by an elimination of brims which might hide my features. Such as they were, my features were accustomed to exposure.

For make-up I went to my long-trying friend Cornelia Skinner. By this time I was carried away by my own advice, and assured Cornelia that I really thought you could not use too much make-up. "Yes," she said, "you can," and vetoed artificial eyelashes. She agreed about everything else, however, from eye shadow to a brush in lieu of a lipstick — in order to make the line of the mouth smoother and more precisely where I wanted it; though, she

said, it took practice to get it there. I bought the accoutrements and I practiced. That completed my equipment. I was now ready, I felt, for the platform. I lacked only provocations.

And presently these came. They were printed contracts, heavy with legal phraseology, acknowledging the personal element only by blank spaces into which were typed the name of the particular organization desiring me, the date of the occasion, and the title selected from the list which I had provided. And the only titles selected were (a) "Confessions of a Scapegoat" and (b) "An Amateur Goes to Hollywood." If anyone was interested in my earnestly considered opinions, he was not represented in these contracts.

He was, however, — that pronoun is sheer fantasy on my part, for it was always a she who figured, — interested in details which surprised me. I would not, she requested, speak less or more than an hour. I would not read my speech or, if I could help it, use notes. I would be prepared to use — if necessary — a microphone, or be able to speak without one.

My social life was tabulated too. I would, so some contracts read, lunch with the ladies of the committee. According to others, I would have a tea after the lecture, a reception if it was at night, or a dinner before the lecture. I might have instead, according to the contract, supper in my room at the hotel on a tray. "Of course," I said with pretty humor to Mr. Long, "I don't suppose they mean literally supper on a tray in my room in the hotel. I *could* go down to the dining room."

"You could not," he told me firmly. "If they say they want you in your room, they want you in your room. You see," — he looked a little apologetic, or perhaps I only imagined it, — "some of these organizations feel that if the lecturer is seen before the lecture, it spoils the surprise. People might even turn in their tickets." That seemed to me a drastic reaction to one look.

After that I did not even inquire as to a possible leeway in the choice of clothes. The typewritten memoranda read, "Afternoon clothes," "Street or day clothes," "Formal," and there I was ready for them. Formal would be, for me, the black velvet, or all-out with the red roses. Day clothes were the very simple but molded creations in wool and in satin and crepe.

But afternoon clothes troubled me. I had not thought of these as something apart. In my normal life, I would wear in the afternoon approximately the same thing that I would wear for "street or day"; but, for this division in time, I scurried out and bought an "afternoon" dress. It had a pink bow, but I overrode the principle of no decoration,

with the hope that it might make the dress look farther along toward evening.

My preparations were made, my designations were in my hand, and I started out.

The fact that I forgot to take along my contract to the first engagement is, I think, irrelevant. I was, it is true, rendered ignorant of the name of the place where the lecture was to be held, the name of the organization holding it, and the name of the hostess running the affair. This lapse forced me to canvass timidly the hotel lobby, which I did remember was the place designated for my meeting with the committee for the luncheon, and inquire of each female citizen established there if she was looking for a lecturer. I was fifteen minutes early, the committee ten minutes late. By the time we had established contact I had compiled enough answers to make up a Gallup poll — all of it negative.

But this was not what caused my sensations when the moment came and I was standing on the platform about to lecture. I had had an excellent lunch in the meantime. I was in suitable day clothes without ornament. My hat was without a brim. My make-up was just right, except that insufficient practice with mascara reduced my vision to that of an old English sheep dog. The trouble came from my hands and my heart. My hands were eerily cold and disagreeably moist, and I found swallowing troublesome, because my heart seemed to be in my mouth.

At that moment I, who would rather be given a chance to talk than play any game, — and I cannot, further, *play* any games, — should have preferred to be on a galloping horse with a polo mallet in my hand than standing there and *having* to talk. But the high romantic ideal which has sustained me through so many crises came once more to my aid. "You're being paid to do this job," the still, small voice informed me. "Go ahead and do it."

3

AND so I began to speak, haltingly, and then, I think, with greater sureness, until I forgot about having to swallow, and was interested in my audience instead. I wanted those people to be interested. I desperately wanted them to be amused. The only excuse in the world that I had for being there at all was to divert them for a little while from the gravity and tenseness that surround all the rest of our waking hours.

There was a ripple of laughter. Never again let anyone tell me about peaks on which he has stood, Alpine or Darien. I was on them all. By the time

the lecture was three-quarters through, I was so far above myself that I decided to try something else — something I wanted particularly to tell, because it had made a very deep impression on me. It was not funny, but I would try it.

I wanted, I said, — if I could, — to recapture for them the opening day of the shooting of the picture, *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay*. I had not, I explained, known what scene was to be taken first, because, as I was sure they all realized, the scenes were not done in sequence. All those that took place on a particular set were shot, followed by those that took place in another background.

I had heard that the opening day of shooting, however, was a little like a first night in the theater. The executives came over to wish everybody good luck, flowers were sent to the players, and there was a general air of tension and excitement. I anticipated this as I stumbled along through the enormous, dark warehouse which Hollywood, in a unique moment of understatement, calls simply a stage. Finally I made out a circle of lights at the far end, and when I came at last into its radius, I found the executives and the flowers there.

But I found also that the scene was to take place in the cabin of the ship in which the two girls were sailing for Europe. And I found that it was a cabin which duplicated the very one in which Cornelia and I had set out. Perfect in every detail, down to the water bottles tilted in the little wooden containers, the narrow white upper and lower bunks. Obviously we were traveling in the most modest circumstances.

In the center of the room Diana Lynn, who plays the part of Emily, was waiting for the word to begin the picture. She was dressed in a costume which to the last stitch was the replica of one I myself had worn. Just as I stepped within hearing, the director said, "Ready, camera. Roll 'em." And Emily spoke the first words of the picture as it was shot. They were the words which I myself, standing in that very cabin, dressed in that very suit, had said to Cornelia twenty years ago: "Oh, Cornelia, I can't believe it's true that Emily Kimbrough is going to Europe."

For one blinding, electric moment I was the young girl standing there. Nothing that had happened to me since that time was real at all. Europe lay ahead with all the excitement, beauty, and adventure that being young could bring to it. It was all to come — and I was on its threshold.

That had been a shaking moment, and I tried to capture its quality for this audience, telling of it falteringly and stumbingly, as one does when speaking of things which lie very close. Suddenly I was aware that something an actor had once told me

about was happening to me. A response was coming up from the audience, so vivid and actual that it was as if someone had put a hand on my arm and said, "I know how you felt. I had a trip of that sort when I was young; and if I should see it recaptured I think it would be almost too sharp to bear." As I went on with my story, I looked about to find, if I could, from what particular person this emanation could have come.

I found her sitting on the end of the second row, watching me with an intentness which made me know at once that she was really moved, that she was living again in her own mind some such voyage. As I found her I saw, by the reflection against the footlights, the shimmer of tears in her eyes. Then she closed her eyes and leaned her head against the wall, overcome by her emotion. And her head pressed the button which set off the fire and burglar alarms.

There was no instruction in my contract, for all its explicitness, to cover this tattoo. So I stood there while the braying, jarring clamor swelled. It must, I thought, stop at some time and I would be ready, when it did, to go on as if nothing had happened. This, I had understood, was the law of troupers and I would prove myself one. It did stop and I started; but it turned out to be an intermittent alarm, one which died down only long enough for me to hurl two or three words into the quivering silence before it caught up with me and passed with a yell. I suppose it stopped eventually. I only know that when the firemen, the police force, and the insurance representatives came pouring into the back of the hall, I left the stage with a curious bow, which aimed at a gesture of farewell to the audience and a welcome to the civic authorities.

I have never since then been so confident in a lecture, or so nervous before one. I acquired the conviction, in those few but thundering moments, that nothing so appalling could possibly happen to me on the platform again. (I tremble, as I write this, and pause to knock on wood.) I did feel that other things might, and probably would, happen, but nothing on so wide a scale — and that is a very calming thought. And that is the way it has been — so far. Other things *have* happened, but not of such grandeur. They have been of a more personal nature, resulting principally from that lecture wardrobe which I had assembled through such splendid precepts.

4

THE first of these lesser occasions was at an afternoon lecture when I wore the black wool street dress,

which was so devoid of distracting ornaments that even the buttons were down the back. One of these buttons capriciously and without precedent twined itself into my hair, which I wear in a somewhat Victorian knot low on my neck. I could have borne the discomfort more placidly had my head been in a normal position, but in some fashion the button had gathered to itself individual, and evidently very young, tendrils when I put back my head to see the clock on the balcony. To lower it again severed these tendrils excruciatingly. Therefore, lest I break into a yell of sudden pain, I was forced to finish out the lecture with my head held so high that I could encounter my audience's eyes only by looking cautiously down my nose with unexpected and idiotic archness.

It never occurred to me to give a trial lecture in my bedroom wearing the black velvet evening dress. I had tried it on, but I dare say I stood still in the fitting room. I do not, as a matter of fact, whirl about on the lecture platform; but I did reach forward, the first night I wore it publicly, for a glass of water on the lectern. I could not, however, pick up the glass — because I was not able to lift my arms. The velvet band which ran around the base of the net yoke below the shoulders was as inflexible as the iron bands of Mr. Longfellow's blacksmith. I could put my hand on the glass, but I could not lift it. And that fascinated the audience. Everything I had once said about the distraction which clothes can cause was being proved — with humiliation.

I was also wearing a pair of combs trimmed with brilliants. I thought *that* much ornament in the back would not be distracting. It was distracting, however, to have one of them fall to the floor. In all the years I had worn them, that had never happened before. The audience divided itself into titters and cooing noises of sympathy over my effort to pick it up and my inability to put it back in my hair. I should of course have left it on the floor. "Whatever clothes you wear," I had said, "*leave alone*. Do not fuss." But I was so surprised that I stooped spontaneously, and certainly I held the audience spellbound.

Nothing untoward happened the first day I wore the black satin and crepe afternoon dress. This was the model which depended, entirely, upon line and was of platform length. I was depending a good deal upon the dress too, and at the end of the lecture was rather pleased the way we had both come out.

It was then that a woman from the audience came up to shake hands and said: "How different you look off the platform, Miss Kimbrough. I wonder if it could have been the lights? Up there, you know,

you looked the way people do in front of those broadening mirrors at amusement parks."

That is another aspect of lecturing to which I am not yet accustomed — "The Things People Say!"

"We are glad to have you." A luncheon hostess and president of a club turned and smiled graciously at me, as I sat on her right. "We were so upset over Colonel Rommel's not being able to come that we should have been glad of *anybody*, and we *are*."

"Tell Miss Skinner," a woman called out across the crowd at an after-lecture tea, "that if I had gone on the stage, as I had wanted to, I might have been her mother. I often think of it." She sent a little twittering wave of her hand to me, and left. I find myself thinking about it often too; but I have not, as yet, told Cornelia.

I did tell her and Roland Young, however, when we were talking about "The Things People Say!" of the woman who told me I was a *nice* person. "I said to myself," she had asserted, pressing my hand with real affection, "all the time I was listening to you, 'Now that is not what I call funny, but she seems a nice person, and I am just going to tell her so.'"

That, Cornelia said, was one of the unanswerables, and we matched samples. She remembered a large woman who approached her at the conclusion of a performance. Taking one of Cornelia's hands, she held it against her very ample bosom and patted it, saying over and over, "My dear, my dear, my dear." Cornelia challenges me to find a response to that. Furthermore Cornelia insists the gesture itself was not easy to answer. How long should she have left her hand there for patting? Should she perhaps have brought the other one up, of her own volition, to keep it company?

I remembered, too, the inspired introduction which the chairman of the evening gave, years ago, to an early performance by Cornelia. "Due to the exorbitant price of Admiral Byrd," she had said, "we have with us this evening Miss Cornelia Otis Skinner."

Roland submitted for our estimate a man who came up to him in a hotel lobby and, placing his hand upon Roland's shoulder, looked him up and down from head to foot, and ejaculated with obviously the greatest pleasure and friendliness, "Yes *sir*, yes *sir*." Roland is a careful and deliberate man, and he is still deliberating over the courteous reply to that expression of recognition.

That is the kind of imponderable which I face at every lecture, with unallayed trepidation but with anticipation too. I was once standing by the hostess, after my speech, meeting the guests as they came in. One of these, a pleasant-looking woman, spoke to the hostess and shook hands with her conventionally. Then she turned toward me. "This is Miss Kimbrough," the hostess told her, and the guest shook my hand with equal conventionality. But instead of speaking, she unexpectedly closed her left eye in the most debonair wink, tossed her head, and made an extraordinary clucking noise three times, as if she were urging on a horse. Perhaps I should have winked and clucked back at her. I did not, however, make any response whatever except to continue shaking her hand in a mesmerized fashion. And I do not yet know what I should have done or said.

I am far from complaining about this form of social communication. I have the deepest gratitude to anyone who comes up to speak at all, and a feeling of sympathy which I can scarcely restrain myself from expressing. I have been a member of an audience so much longer than I have addressed one, that my feelings are entirely below the platform.

There are few things more distasteful to me than going to the speaker, or the actor, after his performance. I have not the slightest idea what to say. If I tell him that I liked his performance, the remark sounds to me lukewarm. But if I say I adored it or "loved every minute of it," I seem to be gushing like a girl — which I am not — and therefore am once more confounded by my own awkwardness.

I have a deep conviction that the performer is scarcely going to alter his work according to whether I liked it or not; that his indifference, in fact, to whatever I may say or happen to think about it is cosmic in proportion. Brooding over these conjured-up reactions I am, by the time I have reached the object of my disagreeable pilgrimage, in such a state of sullen gloom that it must be only too apparent to the performer how desperately I wish I were anywhere but facing him. No wonder then that as a performer my heart, that unstable organ, goes out in sympathy and gratitude when anyone from an audience overcomes his reluctance and marches along to say to me anything at all. Certainly his heart is in the right place.

PLAIN FACTS ABOUT PRIVATE PLANES

by W. T. PIPER

1

THERE is no doubt in my mind that eventually the plane will change man's way of life on this planet. The commercial plane will alter our system of marketing and distribution. The private plane will alter our individual way of working and living. Both together will enable us to open up undeveloped regions, with unpredictable effects on what we eat and wear, on our knowledge of one another, and on our hours of leisure.

Eventually, I believe, the speed of transportation and communication created by air travel, radio, and television will bring about a global form of government. When a man can get around the world about as fast as his great-great-grandfather could get around the county, changes in forms of government are inevitable.

The misconceptions in the public mind about aviation are mainly misconceptions about how soon these changes will arrive. They will not come overnight. The human mind is not so flexible as that. Furthermore, too rapid change would dislocate the complex organization of our present way of life and cause more harm than good.

One popular misconception is that the aviation industry is comparable in size to the automobile industry. It is not. At the beginning of the war, there were in the United States only about 25,000 licensed non-military airplanes, of which fewer than 400 were air liners. In the seven years from 1935 to 1941, production was only 23,820 planes — a total output which equaled about two days' production of automobiles.

Under the stress of war, it is true, the aviation industry has grown from one of our smallest to one of the largest industries in the world. The normal

output of automobiles is dwarfed by the twenty billions yearly production of the aircraft plants.

But this increase is temporary. All kinds of plants, from canning factories to those making pipe organs, have been drafted into plane-making. Many of these will return in peacetime to their normal businesses. Guesses as to peacetime production vary from 5000 two-place planes in the first two post-war years up to 100,000 helicopters or light planes a year. New alloys, new materials, high-octane gas may bring unforeseeable changes in design and pricing. Only one thing is certain: supply will not exceed demand, and demand will not exceed practical utility.

A second popular misconception is that the private plane will replace the private automobile. This is not possible. You cannot fly over to the milkman's for an extra bottle of cream, or take the children to school in a plane, or fly down to the corner for a soda. There is no place for the smallest plane to sit down on such errands. It cannot be flown at night by amateurs, or landed except at well-marked fields. It cannot carry the family furniture when you move. The capacity of the popular-priced plane is two or three passengers only, and you cannot crowd it with your family and friends and go flying on Sunday afternoon in it. The balance of a plane is delicate and should not be disturbed by overloading.

The private plane does make it possible for two or three members of the family, with minimum luggage, to go in three or four hours to places that would take many hours or even days to reach by any other kind of transportation. In the post-war world a man and his wife will be able to hop from a Texas ranch to Chicago to hear an opera. Or a couple of friends can fly into the north woods to fish an unknown lake. Or a housewife can fly from a small community to a large one for basic shopping where stocks offer wider choice. Or she can fly her husband in half an hour to work in a big city while her children live in the peace and quiet of a country place.

Before the war the Piper Aircraft Corporation, of which WILLIAM T. PIPER is president, was producing almost two thirds of the light planes sold in the United States. Today on the fighting fronts the Piper "Cubs" are the jeeps of the air. As we look at them, how much can we predict about the use of private planes after the war?

But for many years the private plane will be an adjunct to the family automobile, not a replacement. And it will be useful only in good flying weather. This limitation affects its market considerably. Relatively few families in the United States can afford two cars, let alone a car and a plane.

Another popular misconception is that the small private plane can be set down anywhere. While it is true that expert flyers have done miracles in setting down "grasshopper" planes in remote spots to pick up injured men and fly them to base hospitals, the ordinary operator needs a smooth landing strip 100 to 250 feet wide, and 1500 to 2500 feet long, with well-marked corners and a wind sock, for safe and satisfactory results.

At present a private plane is limited to large communities with big landing fields — fields already busy with high-speed commercial traffic.

Before there can be any great popular demand for private planes, there must be thousands of small landing strips in cities, towns, villages, hamlets, farming communities. Compared to roads, they cost very little. Where a road may cost from \$30,000 to \$1,000,000 a mile, landing strips cost \$1000 up, depending on the price of the land and on the terrain. If such strips were set alongside a main highway, near a thriving metropolis, a man could land his plane and get a bus into the business district. Built as the nucleus of a filling station, restaurant, and tourist cabin establishment, they would pay their way as a business venture. Municipalities should now begin to include money for landing strips in their budgets.

It is easy to see that if there are 10,000 places to which a private plane owner can go at will, he will be far more likely to own a plane than if he can go only to a few dozen within his cruising range.

It is also easy to see that it is wiser for a community to spend a small amount of money for construction and maintenance of landing strips that will accommodate many private planes than to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars to build airports to accommodate traffic that will not come for many years.

A fourth popular misconception is the belief that post-war planes will replace trains and buses. They will not. The big, fast commercial passenger-carrying planes cannot afford to handle local traffic. It is a matter of simple arithmetic. A plane traveling 180 m.p.h. and carrying 20 passengers at 5 cents a mile cannot afford to sit down frequently to pick up small fares. A train can stop three to five minutes at a station, pick up passengers, and go on again without great loss. But a plane has to come down, load, and get up again to a high altitude, using con-

siderable time and gas in the process, and delaying mail and express. The faster the plane, the higher it flies, and the more passengers it carries, the greater its loss when it stops to pick up local fares.

There will undoubtedly be feeder lines and short-hop lines. Scores of companies are applying now for permission to fly such routes. There is some talk of covering America with such feeder lines. But the arithmetic of it has not yet been worked out to show that it is a profitable venture, as compared with carrying passengers short distances by bus or train.

2

OBVIOUSLY, many of the plants now making planes will continue to do so after the war. A month's output would probably equal a year's demand. Donald Douglas, asked what he intended to do after the war with his big plant in Oklahoma City, said briefly, "Put a padlock on it."

Still another popular misconception is the belief that at the end of the war there will be thousands of military planes convertible to civilian use. This is not so. A large number of these planes will be needed by the Army and Navy for defense work — planes designed for one specific job, such as combat, bombing, interception, pursuit, and so on. Those that are not needed for defense will be too heavy, too expensive to operate, and too fast for any commercial use. Their engines, propellers, wheels, tires, and instruments can be salvaged for installation in commercial planes, but the rest of the plane will have only junk value. Nobody could afford to buy the gas to fly such planes at their terrific speeds.

There is also a popular belief that the helicopter will be almost immediately and universally available in great numbers for post-war private use. Its ability to hover, fly backward, and land in a small space has captured the imagination of the public to an extraordinary extent. To date, however, only a few have been built, and many problems remain to be solved before the helicopter will be safe and economical for the ordinary citizen to fly.

Others foresee amphibians in general use. But amphibians are expensive. Some prophesy the roadable aircraft, with wings that can be folded back like a beetle's and with tires that can run on the highway. But again this is expensive. Also it is unsafe to drive a car in traffic without heavy bumpers, which are impracticable for use in the air. Further, it does not seem likely that the owner would enjoy coming out of the theater in his good clothes, finding that there is a fog, and engaging in the messy job of retracting his wings for a slow road-trip home. We

Americans like to turn a key or press a button and say "Let's go" without any more bother.

These misconceptions are mainly the misconceptions of a public which knows little, firsthand, about planes. But after the war we shall have probably some three million citizens who have flown, studied, or actually worked with planes.

Several hundred thousand pilots will have been trained by the Army and Navy, plus 2,500,000 people trained as mechanics, radio men, traffic men, field workers, and other ground force workers. There are about 150,000 civilian student pilots now in training, plus a tremendous number of high school students throughout the country taking theoretical courses in preparation for private pilot licenses. The last year of the war will see some 100,000 young men who have been accepted by the Army and Navy for flight training, but who will not have had combat service. Thousands of girls and women will have been trained by the WASPS, and let us not forget that before the war there were 100,000 licensed private pilots.

Many of these three million will want to fly and to own their own planes. Many firms that have engaged in wartime plane manufacture will wish to continue building planes for this market. Many communities will feel themselves behind the times unless they furnish adequate landing fields for plane owners to use when they come to town to trade. Supply will follow demand all along the line. Population will tend to fan out from the cities, for you can't own a plane if you live on a fifty-foot lot, nor can you take off from a busy street.

The plane they will mostly want will be an expensive high-speed super-duper. But the plane they will actually buy will be a popular-priced light plane. Usually, it will have some business value in their way of life. Too few planes have yet been manufactured for us to know how our ingenious Americans will use them to do things in a practical way to make them earn their keep.

3

SOME of the uses of planes in civilian life are to dust crops with insecticides, to control grasshoppers at the point where they are emerging from the egg, to act as fire patrols and inspection patrols of power lines and oil lines. Game wardens use them on inspection trips; trappers use them to run trap lines. In Texas, oil men use them to visit their widely spaced wells. Cattlemen with big ranches use them to run their fences, to inspect the condition of their cattle, and to kill coyotes. Cattle buyers use them

to speed up their trips, not only between ranch and ranch, but in judging the value of bunches of cattle in distant pastures.

Planes have been used to carry light perishable merchandise to market — eggs, for instance, or flowers. They have been used for crop surveys and studies of insect migration. News photography, advertising-banner towing, and rescue and supply work during and after disaster are other civilian uses.

At the present time, the military use of the "cub" or "grasshopper" type of plane is the best illustration of its adaptability to post-war civilian use.

These planes are used for air ambulances. When adequate care cannot be given to the injured man on the spot, the cub plane flies to the location and lands where a larger plane could not maneuver. The casualty, comfortably enclosed in a specially designed turtle-deck compartment, is then flown to the base hospital.

They are also used as winged couriers to fly important maps, papers, and personnel between field headquarters and the base. And they are "the eyes of the Artillery." Their nickname of "grasshopper" was derived from the way they swept in and around hills and trees finding the range for the artillery.

This extreme maneuverability and ease of flying will adapt them in civil life to a thousand uses. They will be used as air taxis, as ambulances, and for mail and express pick-up and delivery jobs. They will, eventually, enable people to live in more healthful country surroundings and to bring up their children in sunshine and quiet. They should also be valuable in police patrol work.

Given sufficient landing strips, they represent the most flexible transportation the world has ever seen. Trains must stick to tracks, cars to roads, but planes can go anywhere. And when you figure the cost of roads and railway lines, in both construction and maintenance, planes are the least expensive form of mechanical transportation as well.

Probably there will be fly-it-yourself services, to carry men in a hurry, men delivering valuable papers, men who need to get to some point difficult of access by present transportation. As fields are developed outside more cities, the traveling salesman will find it a great timesaver to rent a fly-it-yourself plane which he can leave when he is through with it at any branch of the service, returning to the home office by train.

Just what is such a plane like? How big is it, how do you garage it, what will it cost, what will it carry, how much gas does it take, how do you get it serviced, how do you insure it, how do you get a license to operate it?

Well, the cub trainer now being used by our armed forces is a tandem two-seater 65-horsepower plane with a fully enclosed and heated cockpit. The commercial version is powered with a Lycoming, Continental, or Franklin engine with stainless steel exhaust muffler and dual magneto ignition. Its overall length is 22 feet 4½ inches, its overall height 6 feet 8 inches, its wing span 35 feet 2½ inches.

Its gross weight is 1220 pounds, its empty weight (no passengers, fuel, or baggage) 680 pounds. Its useful load (passengers, fuel, and baggage) is 540 pounds. Its baggage compartment is 10 inches wide by 10 inches deep and 24 inches long, with a capacity of 20 pounds.

With a full load it climbs at the rate of 450 feet per minute. It cruises (level flight) at 75 miles an hour. It has a landing speed of 38 m.p.h. and a cruising range (one continuous hop) of 206 miles. Its ceiling altitude is about 14,000 feet. Its gas consumption is 4 gallons per hour, and its gas tank capacity is 12 gallons.

Another model, popular with civilians before the war, now in active military use, has seating for three persons, faster speed, higher ceiling, longer cruising range.

4

EITHER of these planes could be put into production for civilian use, probably within a week from the time the government releases the necessary materials after the war.

The cost of such models is difficult to forecast. We do not know the future cost of labor or materials. Based on current figures, it seems probable that the light private plane can be made to sell F.A.F. (fly away factory) at about \$20 to \$25 per horsepower, or from \$1300 to \$1625 for a 65-horsepower plane. This is slightly higher than pre-war cost. But the automobile industry has recently announced that the 1942 models which they will produce immediately after the war will sell about 20 per cent higher than the original 1942 price.

Prior to the war, 50 per cent of all the personal planes sold were purchased on the time-payment plan. This financing followed about the same plan as automobile financing, and rates were not very different from those charged for cars. They were 6 per cent plus insurance, and amounted to about 10 per cent of the unpaid balance. A minimum of one third down and the balance in twelve months was usual. It is reasonable to assume that post-war time payment plans will be similar, arranged through banks or finance companies.

Pre-war insurance also followed the pattern of

automobile coverage. The major insurance companies issue a comprehensive policy that includes or excludes crash coverages just as collision insurance can be included in or excluded from an automobile policy.

The consumption of gas depends on the skill of the pilot and the flying speeds he uses, as in an automobile. The 65-horsepower plane uses about 4 gallons an hour in level flight and travels about 75 miles. At 25 cents a gallon, this makes the private plane owner pay about 1½ cents a mile for fuel.

There will be plenty of trained airplane mechanics available to service planes. Automobile service stations will undoubtedly add a landing strip for planes to their installation. Prior to the war, a number of repair and replacement plans were instituted by manufacturers, finance companies, and insurance companies. These will unquestionably be resumed. Prefabricated lumber or metal hangars will be available at reasonable prices. Hangar rentals should average \$8 to \$15 a month.

Getting a license to operate a private plane is not so simple as getting an operator's license to drive a car. While almost any able man or woman can learn to fly a plane in a few hours, the government regulations are strict, and considerable study is necessary before Washington will issue a license. Rules are being revised to make it simpler to get a private pilot's license. (Some wag has remarked that the Civil Aeronautics Board is the only place where a man who wants to commit suicide must get a government permit to do it.)

Usually the civilian who purchases a personal plane receives free flight instruction from the dealer who sells it. There are also many reputable flight schools. At present they are on war work, but later they will be available for civilians.

To get a pilot's license from the government at Washington, the applicant must study and pass stiff examinations in aerodynamics, meteorology, navigation, and civil aeronautics regulations. He must also pass a physical and a rigid flight test where he has to demonstrate his ability to handle a plane under all conditions. He must have 35 hours of solo and 8 hours of dual flying. He must be a citizen of the United States, and at least 16 years of age. On the day of purchase, he must file application for registration or send written notice of the purchase to the Civil Aeronautics Administration. Once a plane is registered, the owner must then apply for an airworthiness certificate to entitle him or any other certificated pilot to fly it.

Good flying technique is based on the proficient performance of four basic fundamentals of flight: (1) straight and level flight; (2) the climb; (3) the

glide; (4) the turn. These, plus take-offs and landings, are practiced in the eight hours of flight instruction preceding the solo. Both sexes and all ages can learn to fly a light plane. There are records of a ten-year-old boy and an old man of seventy-seven who learned how to fly. I myself learned to fly at the age of fifty.

Once you have learned to fly your plane, it is far less fatiguing to fly than it is to drive a car. You don't have to watch every second for cats, dogs, children, lights, road signs, ladies with baby carriages, and citizens who dive out into the middle of the block against the lights. Your hands and feet are light on the controls, you cast an occasional glance at the map to make sure where you are, you keep track of your instruments to see that your engine is functioning properly and that you are holding your course, and you relax. Nobody who has not been up in the sky on a glorious morning can possibly imagine the way a pilot feels in free heaven.

5

THEN you come down. And that's where we Americans must stop kidding ourselves that the age of aviation is right around the corner. Because we have not the places to come down. Astronomical amounts of money have been spent by Federal, state, county, and local governments for roads on which to drive cars, but practically nothing has been spent for places to land planes. That's where the block is. Manufacturers can make the planes, people can buy and fly the planes, but until provision is made for landing them there will be no wonderful multi-billion-dollar aviation industry to bring jobs and prosperity to America.

That matter should concern governors and mayors planning budgets to take care of demobilized G.I. Joes. They should build, not the big-city commercial airports, but the little landing strips parallel to the highway, preferably within walking distance or where a bus line gives ready access to the business district.

Several states have aviation commissions that are functioning in this way. They have drawn up plans and ideas for every community of 5000 population

and over. This is a step in the right direction, but it is still far short of what we should aim at in the future. These communities should buy now the land for a centrally located airport, for development as air traffic grows.

Satisfactory landing strips consist of a straight sod strip adjacent to the highway, equipped with a wind sock and corner markers and preferably handy to a fuel pump. Later this strip, built to run into the prevailing winds, can be expanded into an L- or T-shaped strip, thereby allowing planes to take off and land from four directions. Then, as the traffic at the landing facility grows, more runways, hangars, service stations, and even a small control tower can be added.

With each of these air strips properly marked for identification, including direction pointers and air-marker numerals, a civilian flyer can travel in any direction to any part of the country, following his air map as a motorist follows a road map.

A system of checks on weather and wind conditions should be developed so that every principal municipal airport will have information available for the civilian as well as the commercial flyer.

Night flying is a more serious problem. It is very easy for a pilot to pick up lighted cities or villages from the air at night, but impossible to pick out a smooth spot for a forced landing. Proper facilities for night landings are expensive to install and to maintain. Let us first provide for civilian flying by day.

It is great fun to kid ourselves. But kidding does not pay dividends. Let us face facts. Let us not oversell the American people by promising them an airplane in every back yard as we promised them two cars in every garage twenty years ago. Let us not picture the air age as just around the corner when actually only time can bring us its benefits. It is no kindness to our people. It is no kindness to the aviation industry.

Intelligently considered, and properly handled, the private plane will help us to economize. It offers the maximum of transportation at the minimum of cost. Let us begin now to provide this inexpensive means of transportation by adding landing facilities for planes to our post-war road construction plans as integral parts of the highways we construct.

MARK TWAIN, BUSINESS MAN

Letters and Memoirs

Edited by SAMUEL CHARLES WEBSTER

WHEN Sam Clemens began his training as a river pilot, he made his home with his sister, Pamela Clemens Moffett, in St. Louis. Pamela's daughter Annie, five years old at the time, fell in love with her dashing, chestnut-haired uncle Sam. When Annie grew up, she married Charles L. Webster, who for many years was to be Mark Twain's publisher, man of business, and close friend. Annie's recollections, the hundreds of Mark Twain letters to her husband, and the earlier Clemens letters which she inherited have been skillfully edited for the *Atlantic* by her son, Samuel Charles Webster. None of this correspondence has been published before. This is the second of several installments. — THE EDITOR

1

MY MOTHER, Annie Moffett Webster, is the only person alive who was at Mark Twain's wedding in Elmira, New York, on February 2, 1870. The ceremony was scarcely over before the bride learned some of the troubles involved in being the wife of a celebrity. A certain woman in town had not been invited to the wedding because there was no particular reason why she should be invited. The Langdons had ignored hints on the subject from her relatives, a man and his wife, who had been invited. When the wedding hour came the invited man arrived minus his wife, who was ill, and with his relative in tow.

After the bride and groom had received congratulations and were still standing together, the uninvited guest barged up and asked Uncle Sam to promenade around the room with her. Uncle Sam was rather stumped, but in his dazed condition he complied. Later on he came to, and had a lot to say on the subject in private. My mother remembers the bride, Aunt Livy, standing alone. Even her sweet nature was in danger of disintegration.

My mother, who was eighteen at the time, cannot remember what the bride wore, but she does remember they served boned turkey. Her story of the trip to Buffalo the next day is full of details:—

"A small company of guests accompanied the bride and groom to Buffalo, where Uncle Sam was to join the staff of the *Buffalo Express*, in which he had bought an interest. A private car was furnished by Mr. Jervis Langdon, the father-in-law. Uncle Sam was singing a great deal of the time:—

There was an old woman in our town,
In our town did dwell.
She loved her husband dearly
But another man twicet as well,
Another man twicet as well

which does not seem particularly appropriate for a wedding trip.

"The minister who married them was Mr. Thomas K. Beecher, the half-brother of Henry Ward Beecher. Uncle Sam had already paid him a liberal fee. However, on the train, Uncle Sam went around the car and borrowed small change until he collected \$1.00. This he took to Mr. Beecher and handed it to him as the wedding fee. Mr. Beecher accepted it. He said, 'Thank you, Mr. Clemens. If you feel that that is all it is worth I am satisfied.' Then Mr. Beecher went to Mrs. Beecher; he said: 'Mrs. Beecher, until January 1 you received the salary and I had the wedding fees, but since January 1 you have had the fees and I have had the salary. Here, Mrs. Beecher, this is yours.'

"There was a great secret known to everyone on the train except Uncle Sam, my mother, and myself," says my mother. "Mr. Langdon had bought a house on Delaware Avenue. It was completely furnished, Aunt Livy having selected everything. It had required great caution and watchfulness to keep this from Uncle Sam. They did not let us into the secret, for they felt that we might betray it.

"When we reached Buffalo Mr. and Mrs. Langdon, my mother, and I were hurried to a carriage and rushed, as we supposed, to the Tift House.

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Although there was no longer any point in keeping the secret, they forgot to tell us, and we were so much surprised to be taken to this beautiful house that it was a long time before we could understand it.

"In the meantime, to give us plenty of time, the rest of the party were placed in carriages and sent to the hotel. Uncle Sam could not restrain his indignation. He said he never knew anything so badly managed in his life. The idea of keeping the bride and groom to the very last! When the bride and groom arrived the four of us were in the hall ready to greet them. Uncle Sam was so overwhelmed that it seemed impossible for him to understand; he kept asking for 'Mrs. Howells,' a fictitious name given him as the keeper of the boardinghouse.

"The next morning the rest of the party came. They ran all over exclaiming at the beauty of the drawing room, all in a lovely shade of blue, the coziness of dining room and library, and so on. At last all gathered in the drawing room. Mrs. Beecher insisted we must all sing together: 'I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger.' She said they would never remember it, in that charming house, unless we sang this. Mr. Beecher lay down on the floor and rolled over and over. Mrs. Beecher exclaimed, 'What are you doing, Mr. Beecher?' He said, 'I am trying to take the feather edge off.'"

Mark Twain was soon hard at work on the *Buffalo Express*. But he had other literary plans, as the next letter shows. The *Galaxy* was a New York magazine. His family had sent on from the *Virginia City Enterprise* a trunk of his newspaper material, which he was soon to use in writing *Roughing It*.

Buf, Mch 26 [1870]

DEAR FOLKS —

The coffin of "Enterprise" files has come — expressage \$9.50. Nothing unright about that, but I had had a sort of a general idea that it would come as slow freight along with Annie's piano. However, it would not have been as safe.

Livy got Annie's letter yesterday, & both of us were pleased with it — I, chiefly with the just remarks made about Livy's comeliness & other attractions. I thought it showed a profound judgment & a mature appreciation, & thus was remarkable coming from one so young. (I will endeavor not to let Livy meddle with that sentence.)

I am going to edit a ten-page department in the "Galaxy" Magazine. The berth is exceedingly easy & the salary liberal. I am to *rent* the matter to them, not sell it — & so I can use it in book

form afterward without sharing the proceeds with them. . . .

But I am in a hurry — so I will say good-bye and love to all —

SAM

In 1872 the Clemens family moved to Hartford, Connecticut, where Mark Twain's publisher was located, and where both he and Livy had congenial friends in the large literary colony. At first they rented the Hooker house. Mrs. Hooker had been Isabella Beecher, half-sister of Henry Ward Beecher. Livy, who had known Thomas K. Beecher, another brother, from her childhood, said to Annie, "You'd know this house was built by a Beecher. It's so queer." Very soon Uncle Sam bought a lot in the neighborhood and started to build.

The little section of Hartford where Mark Twain settled was a Valhalla for intellectuals. Six or seven houses with no fences separating them were grouped together, and in them lived Harriet Beecher Stowe, George Warner (brother of Charles Dudley Warner), Mrs. Francis Gillette (Mrs. Warner's mother), her son William, who was just starting his stage career in secret, Thomas Hooker, his wife Isabella, strong advocate of woman's rights, and their two daughters, Mrs. Day and Mrs. Burton. There was a sociability about the life. People went in and out of each other's houses without ringing the bells.

Not far away lived a little devil named William Lyon Phelps — not far enough for Uncle Sam's peace of mind. Phelps himself told the story of killing some of Uncle Sam's prize ducks. If Uncle Sam had told it, it would probably be his children that the boy killed. Uncle Sam found the tall young William Gillette a more useful neighbor. Mr. Gillette said that Uncle Sam once called over to his mother, "Is your stepladder around? I need him."

When a dramatized version of *The Gilded Age* came to Hartford in 1875, Uncle Sam helped William Gillette to get his first real part in the theater. It had to be done surreptitiously because his mother didn't know that her "stepladder" was going in for this very questionable profession. My mother was visiting Uncle Sam at the time and she remembers the opening night and how disturbed she was because Colonel Sellers looked so unlike his original, Cousin James. She remembers also the luncheon given next day for the principals, John T. Raymond and Kate Field. They had pheasants, and the maid forgot to pass the currant jelly.

Uncle Sam loved being a host to congenial people. My mother remembers a dinner given for Mr. and Mrs. Howells, the Twitchells, and Charles

Dudley Warner, and she can see Uncle Sam following George, the butler, around, a napkin on his arm, pouring out the wine.

William Dean Howells often came when my mother was there, and he was taken as a matter of course, but for some reason Mrs. Howells was treated formally. My mother remembers all kinds of special preparations when Mrs. Howells was coming.

The Hartford house was of course well stocked with cats. The particular one that my mother remembers was never called anything but "Stray Kitty." Uncle Sam was very fond of this cat. He would ring the bell, George would appear, Uncle Sam would say with dignity, "Bring in Stray Kitty." Presently George would return with Stray Kitty under his arm and Uncle Sam would get down on the floor and play with him. He took after his mother in his love of cats.

2

BUT Uncle Sam was a good deal like Adam in the Garden. The Tree of Knowledge, hung with beautiful inventions, grew by his door, and he couldn't keep his hands off it. For the next twenty years he was hopefully picking the fruit to find one that was sound. He wrecked himself financially in the process.

The Kaolatype mentioned in the following letter is the patent Uncle Sam bought from Dan Slôte, his old friend who had been his roommate on the voyage to the Holy Land: —

HARTFORD, Nov. 27, 1880

MY DEAR BRO:

... *Private & Conl.*

My contract for the "Little Prince" is made — & *this* time it is no fool of a contract, I assure you. I want nothing said about book or contract to anybody — keep it mum, for I have changed my publisher — a thing which I do not want the Am. Pub. Co. to suspect for some months yet.

Private (not to be mentioned)

I wrote you last March that I believed I had invented an idea that would increase the value of Kaolatype a hundred fold. It was to apply it to the *moulding* of bookbinders' brass stamps, in place of *engraving* them. Ever since then I have been trying to find somebody who could invent a flux that would enable a body to mould hard brass with sharp-cut lines & perfect surfaces.

But every brass-expert laughed at the idea & said the thing was absolutely impossible. But at last I struck a young German who believed he could do it.

I have had him under wages for 3 months, now, night & day, & at last he has worked the miracle. In the rough, it is true; but all new things are in the rough. His flux, & his method of using it, are marvelously original & ingenious, & are patentable by themselves. He & Slôte came up yesterday, bringing six specimens of moulded brass stamps, & I contracted to pay him \$5,000 when he is able to put his patents into my hands & assign me a one-third ownership in them for America & Europe, & pay him \$150 a month to go on & perfect his methods, & also the attendant expenses. I never saw people so wild over anything (Dan is to own one-third) as those two fellows are over this invention — and they might well be if the thing were absolutely *proven* — I mean for *fine* work. Perhaps it *is* proven for wall-paper stamps, stamps for calico-printing, & stamps for embossed work on leather. If these are proven — but we shall see, by & by. I promise nothing.

Our moulded stamps are sharp-edged & smooth-surfaced. That excited the wonder of the stamp-printers, but they said "Of course this is an alloy — it won't stand our presses — we shall mash it like dough." Young Sneider said, "Don't mash your *press* — that's all; I will be responsible for the stamp." So mighty a pressure was applied that the letters are raised on the back of the leather — but the stamp wasn't affected.

Love to you both.

Affly,
SAM

It's a revealing letter. These are the same emotions Uncle Sam formerly had out West when he looked at a hole in the ground and began figuring up how much gold it contained.

The next letter is to his married sister, Pamela Moffett. She was living at the time in Fredonia, New York, with her daughter Annie, and had evidently proposed an investment in a local enterprise. Uncle Sam explains what he does with his money: —

HARTFORD, Mch, 16, '81

MY DEAR SISTER:

To-day we bought Mr. Chamberlain's greenhouse & 100 feet of land adjoining our east line (to stop Mr. C. from building a dwelling house there); we have also set architect & builder to work to tear down our kitchen & build a bigger one; in June we shall tear out the reception room to make our front hall bigger; & at the same time the decorators will decorate the walls & ceilings of our whole lower floor.

Now also I am putting up a building in New York

for my brass-casting works (Twain-Sneider patent). These things, taken together, require quite a generous pile of money — added to which, high-priced artists & engravers are already at work on my new book (which I am going to issue at my sole & heavy expense & take all the profit myself — if any). Wherefore, much as I like the watch-making scheme, I've got to stay out of it, for the reason that the enterprises above mentioned are going to call for the most of our ready money. . . .

All our tribe are well & happy & send love & greeting to you all.

SAM

He got into the watch-making scheme eventually, either by taking over his sister's stock or through buying some himself. The stock was sold all around the town. At the same time that he was writing to Pamela he was giving Dan Slote an account of how he had spent his profits before he had them: —

[HARTFORD, Probably *March 16, 1881*]

DEAR DAN

Those handsome impressions came just in the nick of time. When I telegraphed you a week ago, to tell me Beck's opinion of the Twain-Sneider plates, I had an object in view, to wit: If the utility of our invention was *doubtful*, I would allow my neighbor to go on digging his blamed cellar, & build a house right in our faces & shut off our eastward prospect — & in effect, block up the front of our house. If the utility of our invention was *not* doubtful, I could afford to say to him, "You can't build there — discharge your workmen immediately; deed me the land; & send in your bill." Well, his terms were twelve thousand dollars — rather too much, but he had me where the hair was short. I waited — keeping a good grip on my patience — & allowed the cellar-digging to go on, deeper & deeper — but you see I wanted to be pretty *certain*. Those impressions arrived an hour ago, while we were at breakfast. Well, the land is mine now & he has gone down town to draw up the deed!

Old Kaolatype is a bit expensive; but if it hadn't been for K., we shouldn't be in the bully brass business, you know.

Yrs ever

SAM

But optimism came down with a jolt. At the end of a letter to Slote, written from Hartford on March 31, 1881, Uncle Sam wrote: —

I hope that before April is over we shall see palpable & demonstrable (not theoretic & imaginative)

reasons for going on; but my hopes are not high — they have had a heavy jolt. I feel pretty sore & humiliated when I think over the history of the past few months. The book I was at work on & intended to rush through in two months' time, is standing still. One can't write a book unless he can banish perplexities & put his whole mind on it. . . . However, that "goes without saying," as they say the French say.

Yrs ever

SAM

[P.S.] . . . Will forward those contracts to you as soon as they are witnessed. We must get up our pluck, Dan — but let it be on a basis of demonstrable fact, this time.

The next communication, to the world at large, speaks for itself: —

HARTFORD, *April 29, 1881*

MR CHAS. L. WEBSTER:

This is to confirm to you the complete authority over Kaolatype & its concerns already vested in you. You will take entire control of the property & employes of the Company; you will hire whom you please, discharge whom you please; all moneys received & disbursed must pass through your hands, & you will be held responsible. No money of the Company is to be paid out in any circumstances without your distinct authority.

S. L. CLEMENS

3

WE NOW start on a long series of letters to "Dear Charley," covering a period of seven years. From them you get an impression of Mark Twain's boundless energy and mental activity that you cannot get in any other way.

Charley was Charles L. Webster, my father, who in 1875 had married Mark Twain's niece Annie. He came of a Connecticut family, was connected with the usual New England families, and was descended from three governors — Winthrop, Bradford, and Endicott. Before Uncle Sam brought my father to New York to look after Kaolatype, he was a civil engineer in Fredonia, New York, and doing pretty well. He had done some public speaking, too, because Uncle Sam wrote from Paris in 1879, "I read Charley Webster's lecture with a lively interest — it was a right down good talk." I find in one of my father's scrapbooks a lecture he gave on ancient and modern engineering, which is probably the one Uncle Sam refers to.

The first four letters concern the liquidation of Dan Slote's management of Kaolatype: —

HARTFORD, May 1, '81

DEAR CHARLEY —

Suppose you get an interview with Nealey, & if you like his looks & his talk, ask him what he will give for a tenth or a fifth of the stock (part cash & the rest on time), & upon what terms he will take the foremanship under you (in case Raubs turns out to be unsatisfactory to you). He must not talk about this.

. . . Send me the Company's interest-bearing note (3 months) for the six hundred I gave you.

Let Dan sign it as V. Prest. If he declines, sign it yourself as Superintendent of K. E. Co. & send it to Chas. E. Perkins, 14 State St. Hartford & ask him to endorse his approval upon it as Secretary.

Yrs

S. L. C.

[P.S.] Run up here & report progress when opportunity offers.

Private

May 1, '81

DEAR CHARLEY —

I have a large plan laid out. The first division of it is this:

I want you to manage to give Dan the impression (& it will be true), that I have often wondered why he confined himself to *saying* that the \$5,000 borrowed of me in '78 just before failing, being a debt of honor, he should eventually see that it was paid in full, instead of 20 or 30 cents on the dollar like the rest of the firm's debts. I have wondered at his merely *saying* this, & never offering me the firm's *note* ante-dated to the early part of '78 (inasmuch as his *saying* it would not protect me if he died suddenly). It has half-way made me doubt him, sometimes. The moment you hear him say he is willing to furnish that note (as he *will* say, if you do your part neatly & with grace,) make him furnish it *on the spot* — don't let him put it off till next day.

That is the first move. One at a time. I think I see my way clearly for some distance ahead of me.

Yrs

S. L. C.

May 2 [1881]

DEAR CHARLEY —

Let Dan *furnish money* to pay bills with, just as long as he will; (am sorry I didn't think of that sooner). Maybe it is not too late, yet.

Yrs

S. L. C.

May 6 [1881]

DEAR CHARLEY —

All right — am mailing that letter to Slote. For our lawyer's information, I will state that in it I propose to "arrest Sneider on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses," & ask Slote if he is willing to bear one half the expenses of the suit. — adding, that he ought really to bear a larger proportion than that, because if he had stood to his part of the agreement & run the business himself, instead of taking Sneider's word for everything, the transparent swindle would have been detected long ago & the outlay stopped. I ask him if he will pledge himself to advance some money now & put up dollar for dollar with me till the suit is ended. I also say to him, "You need have no fears as to the result, the case is perfectly plain, & the penitentiary is perfectly sure." I tell him to go to my lawyers (*when they send for him,*) & give them every assistance he can in preparing the case.

Yrs

S. L. C.

I approve your action in the matter.

P.S. That contract of ours with Sneider was *based* upon a lie & a fraud — viz., that Sneider had *already* invented the process. He brought the (apparent) proofs of this, & exhibited them. If the process could be protected by patent, there would be no question of its *value*. Therefore, the \$5,000 & \$150 a month were to be paid for simply the two things — the delivery to us of *patents*, & the *development & perfecting* of a process already shown to have been accomplished. But it was all a lie, for Sneider had invented nothing new; he was working by old methods — & at the same time not succeeding with them. He pretended that the specimens he brought were made by the process described in the patents afterward issued to him, but such was not the case. It was exactly as if he had contracted to furnish me a process of making silver out of sawdust for a specific sum, & then claimed the sum on specimens of silver produced in the regular old time-honored way.

S. L. C.

P.P.S. I enclose the letter which I am proposing to send to Slote — it is best that the lawyers see it & approve or disprove it. If the former, return it to me, & I will mail it. Or, if preferable, you can send it to Slote yourself.

Here's that young genius Sneider already in trouble. Webster had been in charge one week and already Uncle Sam is starting a lawsuit. This is the

first of a long series of suits and threats of suits. In Mr. DeVoto's *Mark Twain in Eruption*, Mark Twain complains of Webster's habit of running to lawyers. In the letters that follow, Mark Twain will answer that charge himself.

4

WEBSTER must have been on the jump. He is put in charge of a business that had been losing a thousand dollars a month for some time, based on a patent that was no good, and in the first ten days he is asked to make the trip from New York to Hartford twice: —

HARTFORD, May 7, '81

DEAR CHARLEY —

The fact that we are into Dan near \$900, reconciles me to the other things. He must never have a cent of that while he lives.

Come up here Monday — we can get through our talk before 6 p.m. — I leave then, for South Manchester to be gone till midnight — or, come Tuesday, if you prefer.

While you are here you must buy my scrapbook patent of me. Do not forget this. . . .

Yrs

S. L. C.

Concerning this patent my father was to buy, Mark Twain says in *Mark Twain in Eruption*: "I invented a scrapbook — and if I do say it myself it was the only rational scrapbook the world has ever seen. I patented it and put it in the hands of that particular friend of mine [Slote] who had originally interested me in patents and he made a good deal of money out of it. But by and by, just when I was about to begin to receive a share of the money myself, his firm failed." Uncle Sam's scrapbook invention was a good idea, and the books were very popular. The mucilage was spread in columns down the pages and all you did was to moisten it. In a postscript to a letter written June 5, 1881, Uncle Sam wrote: "The scrapbook gravels me because while they have been paying me about \$1800 or \$2000 a year, I judge it ought to have been 3 times as much." And later on he says that as many as 50,000 a year had been sold.

HARTFORD, May 16, '81

DEAR CHARLEY —

Yes, if we snatch Snider up before the court he will weaken & be glad to sign the documents & get out. . . .

I wish you had taken a detailed account of stock when you went in there. I am curious to know what the \$3000 worth of "plant" which I bought of Slote for 120 shares consisted of. . . .

I want you to be able to show a flattering contrast, at the end of 3 months, between your management & Slote's, & I think you will.

I enclose \$400 which I got for a magazine article. This, like stock speculations, is money got for nothing, so to speak. Send Perkins the Co.'s note for it.

Ys truly

S. L. CLEMENS

Being a nephew-in-law and a friend complicated my father's job. Sandwiched in with Kaolatype are other matters: —

BRANFORD [CONN.], June 21, '81

DEAR CHARLEY —

Please go to Tiffany's (you or Annie) & have a silver chatelaine-watch sent here by express. I think the price is \$16. I want your aunt Livy's monogram, O.L.C., engraved on it. I have been trying a long time to remember to make this order — now don't *you* delay.

Tell them to send the bill to me here.

Yr truly

S. L. CLEMENS

The next letter refers to that land adjoining his Hartford house which Mark Twain bought with his nonexistent profits. The enlargement of his house naturally followed. The "ombra" referred to was the wide veranda, a feature of the house: —

ELMIRA, Aug. 12, '81

DEAR CHARLEY —

This is a perplexing & irritating business, & I hardly know where to begin.

You seem to find no important fault with Garvie's details — but possibly you may when you come to scan them particularly. This remains to be seen. Use this rule, then: Wherever he makes an overcharge, *make him reduce it*; if he won't, don't pay him. I mean, on the work already done.

His estimate for future work seems too large, in 3 particulars — to wit:

Joiners	\$1,000
Masons	400
Paint & labor	350
	\$1,750

First, audit his work already done, & if you find it fair, we will pay — where it is not fair, require him to reduce. Then —

If he will not knock \$1000 off the estimate for remaining work, or show you to your entire satisfaction that he is not overestimating, *let that remaining work out by contract* — Alfred H. Thorp, 31 Union Square, can assist you in this, *if necessary*, with specifications. You might ask Mead (who is building Whitmore's house — &, I think, Chamberlin's) to compete.

If you do not call in competitors, but manage to agree with Garvie, pin Garvie down to a distinct sum *in writing*.

It doesn't seem reasonable that there can be \$1000 worth of joiner work left, or \$400 of mason work, or \$350 of paint & labor. As to the latter, —

1. We don't want the stable painted.

2. We don't want the ombra painted at all, now — that is, the *floor* of it — but we do want the rest of it painted now.

I would have put this whole thing under contract in the first place if I had supposed Garvie was so untalented in the matter of estimating.

Now go ahead & do the best you can with this bad business — act fearlessly & with decision.

Mem. If Ahern charges more for black walnut than Garvie does, why don't you strike the over-plus out of his bill? —

Now pin Ahern down to a distinct sum (in writing) for the rest of his work. (But with the understanding that it shan't bar you from requiring him to make good any overcharges that may be discovered in the former bill.) The former bill *must* be reduced in three respects:

1. Overcharges in such things as walnut.

2. A mile of old pipe unaccounted for — for if he has put a mile of new pipe in, he must have taken a mile of old pipe out — & if he hasn't taken out about as much as he put in, he has certainly charged too great a quantity against us.

3. He has charged for the patent closets — they were not to be paid for till after a year's trial.

Get Dr. Hooker to go over Ahern's bill carefully with you & give his opinion — tell him the sum paid & the sum proposed both seem extravagant to me. I was going to write him, but I reckon this will do.

Especially we want to know what that new bill for \$290 is made out of — and why \$80 for joiner work which has not been done.

Mem. Charley, don't order soapstones or anything without consulting your aunt Livy — an order from me, unendorsed by her, ain't sufficient.

We don't find fault with the premiums Garvie charges on the wages of his men — that's all right — also his own salary.

Yes, we want a *new* closet in the cellar.

Also, ask Dr. Hooker about the trap in the yard; & if it is necessary, put it in. All along we have considered that *very* important — but it ought not to cost a *third* what Ahern estimates it. Ask Dr. Hooker.

I don't believe Garvie's new estimate is more than a third or a fourth too large — I want to leave you a good deal of liberty in deciding upon that — but whatever decision is arrived at, have it in writing.

And rush up these right away, else he & the plumber will bankrupt us in the meantime.

I do hope we are nearing the end of this confounded business. We'll be the laughing stock of Hartford yet, with our kitchen — but it would have been much worse if you hadn't come in.

I enclose only \$500 for Garvie — I want matters settled before I send more.

Hope you can arrange to your satisfaction with G. & A., mainly because we would prefer not to have new workmen in the house if it can be righteously avoided — but turn them out promptly if they are intractable.

Yr truly

S. L. CLEMENS

P.S. Now keep this letter by you — for it's my last will & testament — I couldn't write another.

And when you have agreed upon terms *close* the agreement without referring the matter to me unless there is something that absolutely requires my sanction & endorsement.

And continue to watch those folks & hurry them up, all the time.

P.P.S. Your aunt Livy is so set against having new men in the house, that she says "Arrange with Garvie & Ahern *if you possibly can* — getting the easiest terms out of them you can." Very well, I can be content with nearly anything, if only I can get the thing off my mind & get at my work.

P.S. Scan that mason's bill *sharply*, for that mason is an infernal thief, I'm afraid. He is a prominent politician.

No work has been done, worth speaking of, *except* by masons; so how is it that that naked shell of a little kitchen has cost nearly \$4000?

5

WE NOW return to Kaolatype.

ELMIRA, Aug. 15

DEAR CHARLEY —

There is no fault to find with the brassman's charge, but there is very great fault to be found with

K charges. The same man who engraved the P & P¹ picture in the catalogue in one day can take an ice-pick & engrave this wretched piece of butcher-work in less time. If not, *why* not? It can be engraved on *wood* for less than K-charges. I said that the K-work on this thing was worth \$3. Not so; it is not worth \$1.50. That beautiful P & P picture cost just \$1.50 — not \$5, as you say. The K-work on this thing cost \$15 or \$16 too much.

The whole thing, brass & all, should not have cost over \$8 — & here we have paid \$23 (formerly \$28) for it. Once we did a hatfull of plates, for 2 or 3 colors — first in spelter, then in brass. I have the figures by me; & they shame this slab of coarse prentice-work in *spelter*, for cheapness. Eighteen dollars is wild — perfectly wild. Give me the details of this expense, & explain them to me.

Yr truly

S. L. C.

[P.S.] The postal [advertising Kaolatype] is beautiful. They should be sent out by the thousand.

A letter dated August 17 looks as if my father had advised closing up the Kaolatype business: —

DEAR CHARLEY —

. . . Yes, that is the sort of report I want — all written out, that way. Only, I want the two sorts of expenses separated (K kept separate from my outside matters.) Now that the business is growing & promising well, I feel an interest in it which I have not felt before — I mean an interest in detail. So when Marsh returns, he may make me one big comprehensive report which shall cover everything & get me started right; & after that he may send me a weekly abstract, containing pay-roll, work done, work & money received, &c, just as he would do for any other President of a Company.

You wish to know when I shall "close up?" When the business pays me \$5,000 a year clear profit. Not before. . . .

When I consider that Dan Slote knew everybody in New York & most other cities, & made a pitiful failure of this thing, it seems to me that you, a stranger & unknown, have built this business up in a quite surprising way.

Yes, it will cost some money to make it pay — but it *shall* pay. I shall retain the privilege of complaining over the money-drain; a privilege which I seldom exercise, whereas any other man would abuse it.

Yr truly

S. L. CLEMENS

¹ P & P means "Prince and the Pauper."

By mid-November Uncle Sam had developed an enthusiasm for copper.

HARTFORD, Nov. 17, '81

DEAR CHARLEY —

A simple electrotype *won't* do, because the *hard* part of it is no thicker than paper; the entire *supporting* material (type metal,) is *soft*, & would mash, under heavy pressure. But if you cast the whole thing in copper, it will answer; & besides, if your matrix was not injured you could cast two or three, at trifling cost, & these would outlast all the wear & tear likely to be inflicted on them.

I wonder if we couldn't make copper *pictures*, for ordinary printing, as cheaply as one can make (& afterwards electrotype) a spelter cast?

What is the melting point of copper?

My idea about California is to repeat the New Orleans contract there (with a sum & time named for outright purchase), if you can agree upon one.

Or, I am willing to sell outright at once. And I should want the purchaser to do work for the Pacific coast *in general*, (paying us a royalty on *that*) until we sell the districts outside of California.

I judge California is one of the best territories we have got. It is far away; there can't be much competition, the region is very populous; business is well concentrated, with a great & growing city for a centre. Copper-cast patterns for foundries ought to be a good trade there. I should think California ought to bring as much as \$5,000 if sold outright. Don't you?

I can't call Payton to remembrance.

Yr truly

S. L. CLEMENS

6

THE worm started to turn, about this time, having received the following telegram: —

HARTFORD, CONN. Nov. 22, 1881

To Charles L. Webster

K Engraving Co.,

104 Fulton St. N. Y.

Perfect the english patent. my brass patience is running low. put a hundred men on it and telegraph me a result of some sort or other in twenty-four hours.

S. L. CLEMENS

Webster composed and revised his answer on the back of a letter from Mark Twain dated November 17, which was probably lying on his desk: —

"So is mine. It's just as hard to report results you can't get as to get 100 skilled men in twenty-four hours."

A letter seems to have gone with the telegram, for we have Mark Twain's reply:—

Thanksgiving, HARTFORD, Nov. 24, '81

DEAR CHARLEY —

Nobody who knows you, would ever think of charging you with either slowness or absence of energy. But don't you understand that it is *not* sufficient for a doctor to be wearing himself out & doing his level best over one's sick child in a distant city: no, just as essential a thing is, that he shall tell the anxious parent, every single day, *what* he is doing, & *what* the effect is, upon the patient. Now what I have felt the want of, in *you*, the doctor, is, *reports*, REPORTS, man! I haven't doubted your diligence or your capacity.

You were going to ask Dean Sage about Denver & Rio Grande. He doubtless told you that *the combination exploded* when the stock reached 86, & that a heavy fall was bound to follow. But you forgot to *tell* me, don't you see? Consequently I only learned it this morning, when the stock is down to 78—which means a loss of \$1600, if I were forced to sell now—which I ain't.

I was very anxious to know the daily prospects for brass, because if brass succeeded I wanted to keep up the English patent; otherwise I should lack confidence & be half inclined to let that patent go. But the time kept wasting away, until at last we *couldn't* wait any longer; we *had* to pony up the £55 on an uncertainty. You say, "We have demonstrated, I think, that the steel plates will stand the heat, also that the clay will stand the heat." That is *plenty* to risk £55 on. A telegram to that effect would have made my course plain & easy.

I don't want to require *long* reports—a remark like the one just quoted is plenty for a day: it keeps the parent posted as to the condition of the sick child.

Don't you see, it would have been a shame in me to betray impatience, if I had known you were pegging away there more than half of every night? Of course it would; & I should have said "Modify those hours—health is more than brass." And I say that *now*—& repeat it.

You have wrought admirably from the beginning,

in everything you have undertaken—nobody realizes that so well as I do, for nobody has had my *chance* to realize it, since nobody has had so much to do with Slote as I have had. And although I *do* lose my temper 30 times a day, on an average, you will observe that it is not my habit to let it out on you.

Now do as I wanted you to do the other day: throw brass aside for a while; & try *copper*. Let me call your close attention to one fact, viz., that the reason why *electrotypes* are not used for book stamps is merely because the spelter *under* them is too soft. *The copper face is hard enough*. A copper stamp is just about as good as a brass stamp; it will stand all the wear & pressure that is ordinarily going to be required of it. *After* you have tried copper, then we will try brass again.

But *make me a copper stamp*, now.

If we succeed with copper, *brass stamps will never be used any more* in the Christian world.

Copper costs less than brass, I think, & is just as good.

I have a project. (This is private.) It is for you & me to go to England & put Kaolatype (after buying controlling interest,) into good hands there—with copper or brass attachment. . . .

Make me a copper stamp, Charley.

Yr truly

S. L. C.

In 1881 Mark Twain had spent or invested—much the same thing, as it turned out—over a hundred thousand dollars. This included about thirty thousand which went into repairing the house and buying the extra lot. Forty-six thousand more represented "investments"—in such things as a patent steam generator, a steam pulley, a new method of marine telegraphy, an accident insurance company, and other bright ideas. A lavish household with plenty of guests took most of the rest.

This expenditure was a good deal more than his current income, but his natural optimism kept him from undue worry, though one feels the undercurrent of anxiety in his letters. Fortunately the idea of publishing his own books came to him at this time, and the year 1882 was a definite step forward, although the publishing was at first an indirect venture, with Osgood manufacturing the books and Uncle Sam furnishing the money.

» Ever since 1940 the British in our midst have suffered in silence from the thoughtless or malicious criticism of Anglophobes. Here at last is an Englishman who speaks out, to strengthen — not weaken — the understanding of allies.

NO HARD FEELINGS

by JAMES LANSDALE HODSON

I

SOON after I came to the United States, somebody spoke to me of those who are “homesick on both sides of the Atlantic.” I am about to join their ranks. I return to London, but not all of me will return. A few months ago when my ship sailed into New York I had a curious feeling that I had been there before, that I was coming home. I do not account for it; I do not try. But I know that the strange feeling is a little rationalized because America has endeared itself to me.

Why? There are a score of reasons — quick, warm friendship, a variety of scene, climate, and terrain that is superb, a zest for life and living, a democratic style that is typified by the drugstore at the street corner but above all by the acceptance of people of almost every race without much stopping to think who they are. I have begun to feel that the United States, with all its imperfections, is mankind’s most hopeful experiment up to date.

But I am not writing to set down compliments, deeply sincere as they are. My view, as a result of visiting twenty American cities on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, in the Middle West and the South, is that we British would get along better with America and Americans if we were franker and more outspoken, and, from time to time, critical. For Americans do not hesitate to be critical of us British, and especially of us English. (The Scots, the Welsh, and the Irish are less often the targets.) No Englishman can come to the United States for the first time — as I have done — without being surprised. That surprise will often be linked with delight; it will sometimes be linked with despair: despair at the

lack of understanding between us, despair at the deplorable ignorance of basic facts.

When I came to America last December, not one American in a hundred knew that the British casualties in the Tunisian campaign were nearly twice those of America — 35,000 to 18,000. (I did not myself know that, of the three divisions which landed at Salerno under General Mark Clark, two were British and one was American. This last fact had been withheld from us.) Conversely, very few English folk know of the mighty and valiant part American ships have played in the Russian convoys to Murmansk and Archangel. I was lately at the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Virginia. The students of political economy had been asked to mark places on the map where United States troops were fighting *unaided*. A fair number ringed Italy, Burma, and New Guinea.

How easy it is for disunity among the United Nations to feed on such ignorance as I have noted. Those of us who write bear a heavy burden of responsibility — a responsibility equal, or nearly equal, to that of governments or politicians. For if we do not speak out, who will? It is not our job to be Yes-men to the Powers That Be. And again, if we do not interpret our peoples to one another, who will?

The average Englishman would open his eyes very wide if he read some of the editorials in the *Chicago Tribune* or the Hearst Press or glanced at some of the full-page advertisements that have been appearing in New York newspapers denouncing the White Paper on Palestine. I have one of these advertisements in front of me now. It is addressed to the British government and it cries: “Stand back from the door of salvation, lest in the eyes of mankind and history you make a sham and a mockery of the exalted purpose to which we are together pledged and for which our sons together fight and die on the field of battle. . . . Open the Gates of Palestine.

English author and playwright, JAMES LANSDALE HODSON served in the infantry in the First World War. Today in his middle fifties, he has earned a new reputation as a war correspondent. He has reported on the war in France, in Burma, and in the Middle East. He has written the history of the British Merchant Navy. He wrote the commentary which was used with the film *Desert Victory* and collaborated in the preparation of the new Anglo-American film, *Tunisian Victory*.

... Open the one near and practical sanctuary to the handful of bleeding refugees who clamor at its gates."

There is no mention in this advertisement that Palestine's doors are not shut and that there is no question of shutting them till a further 30,000 Jews have been admitted; no mention either that the doors of the United States are shut to Jews, or that this problem is one for the whole world to solve and not Palestine alone — that we in Britain and you in America have an equal responsibility.

I am not opposed to criticism; I am in favor of it. But it should have facts for its foundation, and between allies it had better be tempered and responsible. I have no quarrel with Voltaire's dictum: "I disagree with every word you say, but I will fight to the death for your right to say it." Only, if there is to be criticism, it must — like Lend-Lease — be a two-way affair. Colonel Robert McCormick's paper described Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten the other day as a "playboy." I wonder what the Colonel would have said if an English newspaper had pointed out, when General Eisenhower became Supreme Commander, that he lacked combat experience? I imagine the gallant Colonel would have been excessively pained.

In moving about America I have devoted some time to asking why those who are anti-British are anti-British. I think it well that we should know the facts; good relationships are rarely founded on legends. I have been given a variety of reasons why we are not liked better: the English are high-hat and arrogant; Britain is going Red; Britain, on the other hand, is not a democracy, for she still has royalty, and the Old School Tie weights the scale in favor of fools when appointments are made; Britain has the smartest diplomats and businessmen in the world and their subtlety and Machiavellian methods outwit Americans; Britain always fights her wars with other folks' blood and treasure; Britain draws great revenues from India and, despite what she has said, has no intention of getting out of India; England governs Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa — the suggestion that they are independent is just baloney and, anyhow, what did Mr. Churchill mean by saying he had not gone into office to liquidate the British Empire?

The English have no sense of humor, I have been told; the English accent is awful — nobody can tell what they say; the British didn't pay their war debts last time — they'll never be forgiven for that; for the second time the British have dragged Americans into war — they sold the United States a bill of goods last time and they've done it again; the

British have Mr. Roosevelt in their pocket, and now they are meddling in the Presidential elections; Lord Keynes, the British economist, put over on Roosevelt a system of financing deficits which American bankers know is unsound and which British bankers know is unsound and with which the British government would have nothing to do.

Britain won't help America fight Japan, I have heard people say; as soon as the war in Europe is over, she'll pack up, and she'll be using the machinery America has given her under Lend-Lease to capture foreign markets while the United States is still fighting. They ask why Churchill said, "Give us the tools and we'll finish the job," and why Roosevelt said that not a single American soldier would be sent to fight on foreign soil, when both knew that what they said was not true.

2

A FURTHER complication exists: precisely where anti-British feeling is integrated into feelings that are anti-Negro, anti-Jew, anti-Communist, anti-Russian, and anti-internationalist is extremely hard to say. And how far Axis agents are responsible, how far it is they who play on the normal hatred of Americans — and especially of American mothers — for war, is even harder to judge.

We all want peace at the earliest moment consistent with winning what we fight for; we all think war monstrous; we British (in my personal view) can endure the slaughter of our young manhood even less than America can, for we have fewer men and we have endured the slaughter two years longer — our casualties in proportion to our population are nine times yours. But we had better beware of the use the enemy makes of our loathing for war, our desire for peace, our anxiety to be just. A job left half done will have to be done again. Unless we convince Germany and Japan that war is a mistake and does not pay and had better not be embarked on again, we shall have failed.

At home I call myself a radical; I have never voted Conservative; I am one of those who occasionally remind Mr. Churchill — who commands my admiration and affection — that he is not God; it would not break my heart if the House of Lords were abolished — quite the contrary. May I, then, say a word in reply to some of the criticism of us? I speak for nobody but J. L. Hodson. Have you met any English who are high-hat? What proportion are they? Did Shakespeare never make you laugh, nor Charles Dickens, nor Gracie Fields? Britain is not going Red. Britain is deeply conserva-

tive — with a small c. We are not going violently in any direction, although I hope and believe we are going to have a goodly part of the Beveridge Report recommendations and a greater measure of social security for our workpeople than hitherto.

We have royalty but we also have Labor cabinet ministers — Herbert Morrison, Ernest Bevin. We have had a Labor Government and in due time we shall have another. We English do not think our businessmen and diplomats so smart. The businessmen do not keep slumps from putting millions out of work, and our diplomats have not kept wars away. As for fighting wars with others' blood, the British Commonwealth had a million dead and two and a half millions wounded in the last war. Your figures were trifling by comparison.

We don't draw a darned ha'penny in taxes from India, and we shall depart from India as soon as this war is finished and Indians can agree among themselves on the Constitution they want; we are pledged to do it. Mr. Churchill could hardly have said he had become Prime Minister to liquidate the British Empire. Why should he? Would you concede that without our Empire this war would have been lost? And would that have been a good thing? How could we take our leave of India while the war was on and hand that continent over to the Japanese? Does anybody suggest that Russia or the United States should emerge weaker from this war than when it started to fight? And if not, why should the British Commonwealth be weaker? Where does our sin lie?

If we had gone down in 1940 when we stood alone against Hitler, would not the world have been lost? Our accent may be annoying to American ears, but, after all, we are the original talkers of English. Would you tell a Frenchman that his French accent was offensive? Sure we didn't pay all our war debts last time, but we paid them up to 1917 — and Edward Stettinius points out in his recent book on Lend-Lease that we could not have paid the lot because America would not accept payment in the only coin that we could use — goods. Moreover, far more war debts were owing and unpaid to us than we failed to pay America. And — if I may be excessively blunt — would you, anyhow, pit your lost dollars against our English dead? For that was a war in which you finally decided it was right to fight — and you reached the starting line two years late.

The charge that we are meddling in your Presidential elections was made — and has recurred since — when the *Yorkshire Post* in January this year and *The Church of England Newspaper* a fortnight later spoke with approval of the possibility of Mr.

Roosevelt's running for a fourth term. I imagine that the copies of these newspapers which circulate in America could be counted on two hands. Mr. Anthony Eden was described in at least one United States paper as owning the *Yorkshire Post*. He doesn't own it, but he has connections by marriage with the family that does. These two newspapers do not speak for Britain any more than the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and the *New Orleans Times-Picayune* speak for America. There are five Church of England papers, and the *Yorkshire Post* is less influential than the *Manchester Guardian*.

But why should we British be expected to be uninterested in who is to be your next President? The future peace of the world may, in part at least, turn on it. If you elected an isolationist President, I, for myself, should regard that as inimical to future world peace and as imperiling the lives of my children. Since when have events affecting all mankind been above comment in any nation except that wherein those events occur? Did Americans never comment on Hitler's goings-on or Mr. Neville Chamberlain's?

3

WITHIN the past few weeks United States newspapers have widely commented on and, in the words of the *Dallas Morning News*, widely censured Mr. Churchill for seeking a vote of confidence after being defeated on whether or not women should have equal pay with men. This, I suggest, was a purely domestic British issue. You did not hold aloof from it, and I don't complain of that. Comment is free — or should be. New Orleans said the Prime Minister should not have forced that choice on the Commons; "Churchill cracks his whip," said the *Herald Tribune*; "He was fundamentally wrong," said Oklahoma; Cleveland spoke of "this arrogance in home affairs"; Atlanta said Mr. Churchill had done himself and his party great harm; and Savannah had an article on Mr. Eden as the next Prime Minister. Louisville said the British political truce wears thin and Mr. Churchill's attitude was that of "a weary and somewhat disheartened man." The *St. Louis Star-Times* said it was too bad that because of stupid censorship most Americans were unaware of this drift in British politics. Few United States newspapers refrained from commenting and saying frankly what they thought.

How does this square with resentment at British comment on your Presidential elections? It does not square at all. When English newspapers referred to the flirtation with Darlan in North Africa, they were

said to be sniping at General Eisenhower; Americans showed much dislike of this sniping. But today American sniping at Lord Louis Mountbatten and our army in Burma is pretty widespread. The *Boston Globe* on March 14, when extolling in its leading article the work of your General Stilwell in Burma, ended: "To compare this military feat with the slow advance of the British-Indian forces towards Akyab may seem unfair. Yet the comparison is inescapable. Stilwell's handful of soldiers and road builders seek to save China by re-opening her supply line. Lord Louis Mountbatten's gigantic army is concerned with the reconquest of imperial preserves. Does this explain the difference?"

On April 11 in the same paper, Mr. Fletcher Pratt, a columnist, returned to the attack, ending his article: "In other words the British India Government is still fighting to restore the Empire as it was, not to beat the enemy." I was with our army in Burma for a time and I should say that Mr. Pratt's statement is great nonsense, but my point is this: Suppose English journalists were to animadvert on an American army in this critical fashion — can anybody imagine Americans enduring it with equanimity?

To do justice to the *Chicago Tribune* would require a good deal of space. On March 29 this paper said, "Our soldiers [in England] may be unhappy but they may console themselves with the thought that they are doing more for the British than merely winning the war for them. Our men overseas are going to vote . . . [in] England where there is no written constitution to safeguard the people's rights; where Parliament is unchecked; where men can be held in jail indefinitely without trial and where elections can be dispensed with." On the same day: "Americans refuse to accept the British view that the military are a superior class entitled to rule and instruct the common people." On March 30, under the heading "Overtaxed Executives," the *Tribune* said, "Perhaps Mr. Churchill can lighten his load [by leaving military decisions to military men] and also by strengthening his war cabinet by getting an abler man as Foreign Secretary."

This same newspaper grows enraged at any British comment on the American scene. During the past six months Colonel McCormick, who owns it, has delivered himself of some remarkable pronouncements, including one that we English are trying to upset the American Republic, that a transfer of territories ought to take place to balance Lend-Lease (he ignores the fact that 10 per cent of the British war effort goes into reverse Lend-Lease and that we have given America several inventions,

including jet-propelled aircraft), and that after the last war, he, McCormick, assisted the United States War Department in drawing up plans for the defense of Detroit against attack by the British. This last puts a stamp on most of the anti-British remarks he makes.

How far Lord Keynes ever influenced President Roosevelt in his financial judgments I have no idea, but I personally could wish that Keynes had exercised more weight on *our* government at the time when it did nothing for the unemployed but keep them standing idle at the street corner, drawing the dole and rotting in both body and soul.

Shall we not fight the Japs? Are we not fighting them now? Are not some of our warships already in the Pacific? Have we not as much cause to hate and destroy the Japanese as you have? I believe so. We shall certainly be there. As for why Mr. Churchill said, "Give us the tools and we'll finish the job," I thought it mistaken at the time; I never saw how our Commonwealth could do it all unaided. I remember saying to a distinguished American war correspondent in Arras in 1939 that in my view this war was America's as much as Britain's. He and I both fought in the last war; we were in Arras again going over the old battlefields. I said, "I can see no reason why my boy should be killed any more than yours. It's the same war against the same folk after a twenty years' armistice." He didn't like it and didn't accept it; I believe he accepts it now.

I am aware that this almost monosyllabic reply to criticisms of us leaves much untouched. The Southern Irish, for instance. At least twice since I came to America I have found myself defending Eire to irate Irishmen, for they were ignorant both of the number of Southern Irish fighting in our armed forces and the distinction a good many of them have won. Facts can be very different from general impressions. But at all events Americans who bitterly resent the presence of German and Japanese consuls and agents in Eire, imperiling, as they think, American soldiers' lives, must be conscious now that two sides exist in Anglo-Irish affairs.

4

WE BRITISH are deeply grateful to America for what you have done for us. We do not forget, and shall never forget, that within six days of the fall of France the first of those 80,000 machine guns you sent us, the first of those millions of rounds of ammunition and those old French 75's, reached our shores. That was the time when Mr. Churchill delivered himself of that defiant cry that we would

fight on the beaches and in the streets and on the hills, and would never surrender; and then he added, *sotto voce*, "And we will hit them over the head with bottles, for we have nothing else."

We are deeply grateful to you. I hope you are a little grateful to us also. We stood, and the earth abided. In our gratitude to you, we have, I think, flattered too much, appeased too much. I don't think you like it. I think you are suspicious of it, wonder what we are after, what our ulterior motive is. Why should we flatter you? We have been in the war two years longer; our soldiers do their work for one-third the pay of yours; our workmen in our factories work longer hours — also for one-third the pay; our food is lamentably small compared with yours; your rationing is a farce compared with ours; we have conscripted grandmothers — and your labor leaders assert that a National Service Act in America would be slavery. We are fighting the same foe, but inequalities between us remain very great.

Our respective governments, if they exercised more common sense and vision, could prevent some, at least, of the founts of satire and irony. I am thinking of medals — we give too few, and you are lavish. We have men who fought off the German bombers in the Battle of Britain who have no ribbon to wear. We need a common medal for campaigns fought side by side.

The need for interpretation between our two nations remains very great. Ignorance is deep. Films can do much, and do. An equitable balance between American pictures on our screens and British pictures on yours is desirable. I do not think such a balance exists. Between 30 and 40 per cent of America's revenue from pictures is drawn from the British Isles. Yet during the past twelve months hardly one British film made by British capital in Britain has been bought by America. When British films are shown, they tend to be shown in the smaller theaters. True, we make some indifferent pictures, but not all are indifferent. We are ourselves to blame for not being tougher; we have a powerful bargaining weapon in that 30 to 40 per cent I spoke of; we don't seem to be using it. We had better use it — our good relationship depends, in part, on your seeing more British films and getting to know us better.

The commercial gentlemen of Hollywood have something of a strangle hold on your screens. It would, in my view, be for the good of unity among the Allies, and ultimately for world peace, that the magnificent series of films made for the United States Army, beginning with *Prelude to War* and going on through *Divide and Conquer*, *The Nazis Strike*, *Battle of Britain*, *Battle of Russia*, *Know Your Ally Britain*, *Battle of China*, and *Negro*

Soldier, should be seen by the vast American public. With rare and isolated exceptions, that has not happened. It is always simple for film magnates to argue that documentaries don't pay, that the public won't go to see them. The public has had precious little chance to go. But must the final test always be dollars and cents when the lives of our sons and grandsons are at stake? Those are American films made by Americans. Nobody who saw them could pretend any longer that America is fighting Britain's war.

5

BETWEEN allies there must be equality, or as near equality as we can get. If we are criticized, we must be given the power of reply. On March 11, 1944, the *Tulsa Tribune* said: "We will work together and fight together if England is smart enough to let us. Anti-British feeling is made in England and not here. The way to stop it is to stop the English from messing in our political business. . . . The English have always been a parasitic people. They have always lived off of others. . . . Smart England flung her red belt of Empire round the world to sap the substance from other lands to feed England and maintain her titled classes. . . . The Atlantic Charter is nothing to England. . . . It was never anything but fourth term propaganda endorsed by Churchill. . . . In England a boy is born to be a butler. . . . There is no Log Cabin to 10 Downing Street. . . . The English are notoriously an ill-mannered lot. . . . We want to be England's friend. . . . We want England to be friendly with us and help us. . . . We have no desire to meddle in their politics but the insolent English are very busy right now telling us who we should elect to handle our domestic affairs. . . . We are democratic. . . . England is not democratic. . . . England wants us to keep Roosevelt because it is her guess he has committed us to favors to England and England cannot long live without favors. . . ."

It would destroy that writer's argument somewhat, I suppose, were he to concede that our former Prime Minister, Ramsay MacDonald, began life in a stone cottage at Lossiemouth, or that Herbert Morrison is a policeman's son; or that ours is the Mother of Parliaments; or that the Monroe Doctrine was always underwritten by the British Navy — although the Americans were never told so. (Walter Lippmann makes the point in his book *U. S. Foreign Policy*.)

It is not easy to know what to do with attacks of this sort, which can bring no displeasure to Dr. Goebbels. But I do not think they should be ig-

nored. My own view is that the English should hit back, and hit hard — fairly, but hard. When we do not, you are encouraged to believe we have no answer, that our conscience is bad and our case is bad. Neither is the fact. When we are gentle we strike you as furtive.

If you attack us on India, I can see no reason why we should not remind you of your Negro problem. When you say we are not democratic, you might be called on to recollect that, at all events, every British subject of voting age in Britain can vote but that hundreds of thousands of your own citizens cannot. Americans may resent these retorts, but I humbly suggest that you had better get used to them. Boxers who give punches must expect to take some

in return, and to keep their tempers when doing so.

We British need to copy three things from you — warm friendliness, frankness, toughness. Our appeasement of America leads you to feel you are very noble to be fighting in Europe, that it is our war you are engaged in once more, that these awful English have taken you for a ride for a second time, and that when the fighting is done you will be well entitled to withdraw once again to your mountaintop, then to look down, cold and aloof, on a hideous, mad world. If that is to be so, if a majority of the American people emerge from this war holding that view and acting on it, then, in due course and in the devil's time, this monstrous task in which my son and yours are now engaged will have to be done all over again.

SADDLE TALK

by SARA LUDLOW HOLMES

I'D HAVE you learn the rider's stance,
Partly crouch and partly dance;
Your knees a crab, your back a whip
Ready for buck or sudden shy,
Ready to duck a hanging limb,
Ready for puddles blue with sky
Or ditches dim.

Knowing how curb and spur, together,
Gather shambling muscle and bone
For the clean clearing of a hedge
Or pivoting round a stone,
You'll watch the flick of your horse's ears,
Reading the road ahead of his fears;
Talking him through the culvert's dark,
Walking him past the crazy bark
Of the dog that leaps from the fiddler's shack.

When sumac clots the quarry ledge,
When the rope-walk whistle is still,
You'll be riding the windy ridge
With Shakespeare-song in your pocket,
River and hoof-beat hung in the heart,
The county lore for a locket.

Wary of burrow, of lockjaw barb
Acreep in a careless, rusty vine,
You'll be threading stump and furrow,
Scattering puffballs, breathing wine;
Your body, keeper of a ring,
Your viking head for spirit king,
Chance, your sturdy underling.

ALLIGATORS AND CROCODILES

by THOMAS BARBOUR

1

SOMETHING has happened to the alligators and crocodiles of Florida. Early travelers feared them, for they apparently hunted in packs and were fearless, really terrifying animals. Today they are not only pitifully reduced in numbers, but they are craven beasts, seldom seen by day. Their nature appears to have changed.

First and foremost let me say that the names *alligator* and *crocodile* are not interchangeable. They belong to two very different sorts of animals. Generally speaking, alligators, of which there are only two species, one in the southeasternmost part of the United States and the other in China, are heavy-bodied animals having flat snouts with rounded ends; they are always dark-colored, the common Florida species being black with yellow markings. Crocodiles are grayish or greenish, much more slender than alligators, and have sharp, generally pointed snouts. There are many species, which are found in most of the tropical parts of the world. The rumor that the crocodile's upper jaw is movable, and that the beast differs in this way from the alligator, is nonsense. The principal differences by which the two are separated by naturalists are anatomical and too technical to detail here.

Dr. Jeffries Wyman was the original discoverer of the crocodile in Florida. Crocodiles had been reported earlier, but the one Dr. Wyman identified was taken from the Miami River at the point where it enters Key Biscayne bay — where Miami is now.

Many years ago the crocodiles were much more abundant than in our day; in some open bodies of water in the mangrove forests over where Miami Beach is now, they positively swarmed. One of these crocodile holes was in the confines of Hallan-

dale; another was right behind the present location of the St. Francis Hospital.

When Commodore Ralph Middleton Munroe wrote his story in 1930, he had the following to say regarding crocodiles in Florida: —

"I had promised Dr. J. B. Holder of the American Museum of Natural History in New York to keep an eye open for his interests, and hearing reports of a large crocodile up the Bay, we went to investigate.

"We had only recently realized [1886] that the brackish waters of this part of the coast harbored real crocodiles, quite distinct from the alligators, who confine themselves to the fresh water. In fact, the two keep strictly to their own bailiwicks, usually fighting savagely if they chance to meet.

"We found his lordship in Arch Creek, a short distance from its mouth, sunning himself on the south bank, and made several vain attempts to net him. Finally I got the grains into his neck and he went to the bottom in eight feet of water, with his head under a ledge. We got two other lines around his tail, bent over a large sapling, made the lines fast to it, and left him for the night.

"Next morning he had tired of holding against the strain and was out on clear bottom. Another line was slipped over his head, and then, taking turns around the fore and main masts of the *Kingfish*, we began heaving in. That fool reptile, with strength and jaws able to tear the little boat into kindling wood, never did a thing until we had him too short alongside to get a lick at us, and then something was doing every minute for the next half-hour, until he was exhausted. Rolling up the lines, he would almost capsize the sharpie, while Charley Peacock and I climbed out on the other side. Then, finding that his teeth were gouging chunks out of her cedar planking, I got a rope-yarn slip-noose ready, and watching for a chance, got it around his jaws. This seemed to discourage him and he lay quiet.

"So we had him alive; but what should we do with him? Had we known that there was a buyer in New

For going on half a century, DR. THOMAS BARBOUR has been closely identified with Florida, first as a boy, then as a scientist taking note of this incredibly rich domain. Director of the Agassiz Museum at Harvard University, Dr. Barbour is at the moment building up his strength and adding the finishing touches to his new book, *That Vanishing Eden: The Story of Florida*. This is the third of five chapters to appear in the *Atlantic*.

York ready to give thousands for one of his size, 14 feet 8 inches, we would soon have had him in a crate and on the way. But thinking of the Museum, and a previous experience when an eight-foot crocodile, supposedly dead, had come to life in a twelve-foot skiff, and came within an ace of throwing three of us overboard in a crocodile-hole where I had seen twenty at once, we finally concluded that the only good crocodile was a dead one. So we ended his career with a rifle-ball and after much rigging of purchases got him aboard. He weighed close to 1,200 pounds."

But while crocodiles are rare they are by no means all gone, and my brother Robert, who lives at Golden Beach, just north of Miami Beach, and whose place backs up against an inland waterway, went down to his dock one day and saw a crocodile in the water right at his feet. The water was clear and he could see every scale on the monster, which he assures me has been seen on many occasions during the last five or six years. It is called Moby Dick by his neighbors, and he believes that the animal is at least twelve feet long.

That means that crocodiles in Florida years ago grew to be larger than the alligators, at least in this part of the state. The crocodiles occupy only a small area in the upper Keys and around the coast of the southeastern section of the state, but at one time they extended as far north as the Indian River — though they were extremely rare. Their extermination has been due partly to hide-hunting and partly to their capture for sales to zoological gardens and menageries. The eggs are often gathered and hatched artificially, but the tiny hatchlings are vicious the moment they emerge from the egg, and never get tame as little alligators do.

Since crocodiles in Florida are strictly nocturnal at the present time, there are probably far more of them scattered about in the Keys than most people suspect. But if I wanted to find a crocodile tomorrow, I should in no wise be sure of having my wish granted.

2

IN MANY parts of the world, crocodiles are still greatly feared by man. A number of those that I shot in the delta of the Ganges had bangles and bracelets in their stomachs. The ornaments may have come from corpses floating down river. Many Hindus are too poor to afford the wood necessary for complete cremation, and throw the remains into the river. In the Ganges delta, and in the lower reaches of the river near the Bay of Bengal, one constantly sees corpses floating by, usually ridden by a crow or

two. They are picked at as well by the great soft-shelled turtles, and no doubt frequently consumed by crocodiles. But it is also certain that crocodiles lurk near the places where women come to dip up water, and near fords where men must cross streams.

The American species of crocodile has never been so belligerent as some of the Oriental forms, and today the beasts that are found in Florida around the southern tip of the peninsula and among the Keys are, as I have indicated, so shy and retiring that many people scarcely know of their existence.

To show what the alligator once was, I shall quote from William Bartram's *Travels*, the best contemporary source. We must remember that Bartram uses the words "crocodile" and "alligator" interchangeably.

Bartram records: "The noise of the crocodiles kept me awake the greater part of the night; but when I arose in the morning, contrary to my expectations, there was perfect peace; very few of them to be seen, and those were asleep on the shore. Yet I was not able to suppress my fears and apprehensions of being attacked by them in future; and indeed yesterday's combat with them, notwithstanding I came off in a manner victorious, or at least made a safe retreat, had left sufficient impression on my mind to damp my courage; and it seemed too much for one of my strength, being alone in a very small boat, to encounter such collected danger."

The prospect of "running the gauntlet" farther up the river, Bartram says, was almost more than he could contemplate. But he resolved to continue his journey for one day more. He goes on: —

"Accordingly I got everything on board, charged my gun, and set sail, cautiously, along shore. As I passed by Battle lagoon, I began to tremble and keep a good look-out; when suddenly a huge alligator rushed out of the reeds, and with a tremendous roar came up, and darted as swift as an arrow under my boat, emerging upright on my lee quarter, with open jaws, and belching water and smoke that fell upon me like rain in a hurricane. I laid soundly about his head with my club, and beat him off; and after plunging and darting about my boat, he went off on a straight line through the water, seemingly with the rapidity of lightning, and entered the cape of the lagoon."

Bartram proceeded, but he adds with good reason that he "could not forbear looking now and then behind me." And sure enough, he soon spotted another one coming up: —

"The water of the river hereabouts was shoal and very clear; the monster came up with the usual roar

and menaces, and passed close by the side of my boat, when I could distinctly see a young brood of alligators, to the number of one hundred or more, following after her in a long train. They kept close together in a column, without straggling off to the one side or the other; the young appeared to be of an equal size, about fifteen inches in length, almost black, with pale yellow transverse waved clouds or blotches, much like rattlesnakes in colour. I now lost sight of my enemy again. . . .

"The alligator when full grown is a very large and terrible creature, and of prodigious strength, activity and swiftness in the water. I have seen them twenty feet in length, and some are supposed to be twenty-two or twenty-three feet. Their body is as large as that of a horse; their shape exactly resembles that of a lizard, except their tail, which is flat or cuneiform, being compressed on each side, and gradually diminishing from the abdomen to the extremity, which, with the whole body, is covered with horny plates or squamæ, impenetrable when on the body of the live animal, even to a rifle ball, except about their head and just behind their forelegs or arms, where it is said they are only vulnerable. The head of a full grown one is about three feet, and the mouth opens nearly the same length; their eyes are small in proportion, and seem sunk deep in the head, by means of the prominence of the brows; the nostrils are large, inflated and prominent on the top, so that the head in the water resembles, at a distance, a great chunk of wood floating about."

Bartram took a particular interest in the jaws of the creature: "In the forepart of the upper jaw, on each side, just under the nostrils, are two very large, thick, strong teeth or tusks, not very sharp, but rather the shape of a cone: these are as white as the finest polished ivory, and are not covered by any skin or lips, and always in sight, which gives the creature a frightful appearance: in the lower jaw are holes opposite to these teeth, to receive them: when they clap their jaws together it causes a surprising noise, like that which is made by forcing a heavy plank with violence upon the ground, and may be heard at a great distance.

"But what is yet more surprising to a stranger, is the incredible loud and terrifying roar, which they are capable of making, especially in the spring season, their breeding time. It most resembles very heavy distant thunder, not only shaking the air and waters, but causing the earth to tremble; and when hundreds and thousands are roaring at the same time, you can scarcely be persuaded but that the whole globe is violently and dangerously agitated."

You will note that Bartram speaks of alligators of a far larger size than anything which we know today. I have seen a specimen thirteen feet long in captivity, and the Agassiz Museum has a skull from an individual that was thirteen and a half feet long — the largest in my experience. This large alligator was shot by H. C. Eyer in the Sebastian River in 1888. Eyer was a taxidermist who lived at Rockledge, sixteen miles north of Eau Gallie. I saw this skull first ten years after he had shot the animal, and tried hard to procure it for my collection. Mr. Eyer declined to part with it. I pestered him from time to time and then completely lost track of him when he moved north. Then, to my delight, in 1923 he wrote me that he was giving me the skull.

There is, however, no reason to conclude that Bartram exaggerated. Consider this parallel: Paul de la Gironiere tells what is certainly a true story in his *Twenty Years in the Philippine Islands* (Harper & Brothers, 1854); he describes how in 1825 he, with Mr. George R. Russell of Boston, killed a giant crocodile, a fearful creature that for years had taken a heavy toll of human lives near a much used ford in a stream near Lake Taal in Luzon. The crocodile was twenty-seven feet long and eleven feet around the body behind the forelimbs. Simple mathematical computation and careful comparison with the skulls of other crocodiles of which we have complete skeletons, and hence know the exact length, prove that this animal must indeed have been nearly thirty feet long. This skull was brought home by Mr. Russell. I have it now here in the Agassiz Museum. It pleases me that today what I believe to be the largest alligator skull in the world is on exhibition beside what I know to be the largest crocodile skull.

No such crocodile exists today anywhere in the Orient; hence there is no reason to doubt that Bartram, writing years before the killing of our Philippine monster, encountered alligators quite as large and quite as ferocious as those he described.

3

As a boy I was thrilled to hear the gators bellow in spring in the St. Johns marsh at Lake Washington, one of the great centers of gator hunting. They were abundant then. In recent years I have gone to the "Cabbage Mound" at evening and listened and have never heard more than a few scattered animals calling. One used to hear a chorus.

At Gainesville, on Bevins Arm, my friends the Dickinsons have a house right on the south shore of this sanctuary. Here the gators have been protected

for years, and Lucy Dickinson, who is alone there at night with her small son, her husband being in the Navy, tells me that on occasion the ground fairly trembles with her saurian neighbors' bellowing. I went out on several evenings to hear what I could hear. A northwest breeze sprang up, the air cooled, but all was silent. There are few places left in all of Florida where a real gator chorus can still be heard.

Most people do not know that alligators may be "called." Of course old reptiles which have been chivied or shot at are shy, but little gators and big gators in wild, remote localities, where they have had little to do with man, come to the grunt, sometimes repeatedly. The call is made by holding your nose and croaking rather like a frog. The sound is indescribable but is not at all difficult to imitate.

One of the most characteristic features of Florida is the needle-grass pond of the open piney-woods prairie. These are the special haunt of the sand-hill crane, for it is in the middle of one of these ponds that it builds its nest, where the water is perhaps a foot deep, and here it raises its young. These little bodies of water all have a hard bottom and one may wade there at will.

If you will look every one of these pools over carefully, you will see perhaps two or three tufts of vegetation sticking up above the level of the grass and rushes, which differ markedly from anything else to be seen. These little patches will consist of *Pontederia*, spatterdock, and blue pickerel weed. They mark gator dens, and I imagine that they are very, very old. The gator scoops out a hole of some considerable depth and in one side of this hole he forms his cave, a refuge where he may retire for rest by day or during cold weather. Detritus and probably the excrement of the alligator in time give a different character to the soil at the bottom of the hole, so that these special plants gradually come to grow there.

The old-time crackers, who love to hunt gators in these prairie ponds, take an iron rod about the size of your little finger and sharpened at one end and, as they say, "proag" down a foot or two back from the pickerel weeds in the sand. As soon as they touch the gator they can feel him move about, and usually he will grab the iron rod with his teeth. Then the gator hook is brought into play. This is a hook, two to three inches across, which does not need to be sharp, on a long pole.

After a good deal of feeling around, one can work this hook down into the gator's burrow until he grabs it. Then with a steady pull he can be drawn out, for he leads easily when the hook is set behind the symphysis of his lower jaws. Now walk him

straight ashore while the surprise period lasts. Disengage the hook and grab his bill. The muscles for opening his jaws are very weak, and if you act quickly he still will be surprised and unresistant and you can put a noose around his bill and make it fast around his neck. Hurry then, or have an efficient helper, and you can get his forelegs and hind legs and hitch them together over his back before he begins to thrash about. Sometimes they never do thrash about, but sometimes they are hard to handle until you make them fast to a pole.

4

FRANK CARLISLE, who taught me all I know about gator hunting, went out with me one day after we had promised to get three good-sized gators to put in the pond in the lawn of the Miami Aquarium, which had just been opened at Miami Beach. Mr. John Harris, a friend of my father, asked to go along and we set out to visit some ponds inland from Lake Worth where we had seen signs that gators had been walking around on the sandy shores. We finally got a gator about seven feet long, tied him up, and put him in the back of my beach wagon, from which the rear seat had been removed. We drove around to a number of other ponds, where we found that the gators were not at home, and we decided the time had come to boil a pot of grits and get dinner.

I stopped the car at a likely-looking shady spot where there was some dry wood, and Frank jumped out of the car and walked around to get the cooking gear, which was all nested together in a very compact and convenient container. By some hook or crook, that gator had managed to get rid of his bridle, and as Frank was reaching into the back of the car the gator made a snap. I can hear now the way his jaws chugged as they met together on Frank's elbow.

Now Frank was an old hand in the woods and he kept his head. He knew that if that gator began to whirl, it would wring his arm off in a jiffy. He always called me Dad. He said, "Dad, step in the back of the car as quick as you can." I did. I had sneakers on my bare feet and was able to get a good hold with my toes on the sides of the alligator's jaws and then, gripping the tip of his snout with both hands, I pulled the jaws apart. Frank got clear.

The question then was how in the devil I was going to rid myself of the gator. But the sand was soft and I just let go everything and threw myself on my side on the ground beside the car. I then took the gator hook, pulled the gator clear of the car, and shot him behind the front leg with a charge

of bird shot. We left him right there, picked up our gear, and drove as fast as a crooked sand road would allow to a drugstore in Lake Worth. There were two lines of holes made by the gator's teeth across Frank's forearm near the elbow and two on his upper arm. The druggist, with a toothpick with cotton wrapped about its tip, pushed iodine down into each hole. The iodine did the business and no infection set in.

Subsequently we took a gator home and made it fast to a tree in the yard, for we wanted two more before we started for Miami. We got them in due season and took them to the Aquarium, although one gator, while we had him awaiting the journey, almost played some mischief, for he had scope enough to his rope to get in close to the hedge which surrounded our place at Palm Beach. He evidently wanted shade. At any rate, he was almost jumped on by our paper boy, who took a short cut and leaped over the hedge with no idea that he would almost land on a good-sized gator. He was terrified, but the gator was bridled and I don't think he actually hit the boy, though he could thrash around with his tail pretty nimbly.

We got a piano box, took both back seats out of the truck, and drove the three reptiles in the box down to the Miami Aquarium and turned them loose in the pool. They had managed to do considerable damage to each other in the course of the trip as they didn't like the joggling of the car. Gators, however, have rapidly healing flesh; and so far as I know, they lived in their new home until the Aquarium was sold out and abandoned.

Of course this method of catching alligators is not the one employed by the commercial gator hunters. It is the method used in securing live animals to supply the number of alligator farms to which admission is paid by the winter visitors and from which zoological parks, circuses, and other institutions are supplied with live animals.

Commercial gator hunting is carried on entirely at night. In times of high water the hunters push

their long, narrow, and, I may add, very light and ticklish skiffs through the bonnet beds and around the edges of the lakes and through the pools of open water in the big marshes. The gator's eyes are "shined" with a headlight and the animal is shot, sometimes to be killed outright, and more often stunned with a charge of heavy shot. Then it is drawn to the surface with a gator hook and dispatched, either with a long-handled hatchet or with a heavy machete.

Gators from four to seven feet long furnish the highest-priced hides, but much smaller ones are also killed, their skins making pocketbooks, cigarette cases, and similar novelties. Many of the old giants were killed either for sheer deviltry or because they were supposed to be destructive of younger and hence more valuable gators — for by common repute they are cannibals. If there was a convenient tussock or mound of high land at hand to which the gators could be hauled and piled up during the night, so that repeated trips could be made, the number of animals killed in a single night's hunt was sometimes very large indeed. This killing, carried on year after year all over the state, has made the reptiles rare and they are now relatively seldom seen.

To be sure, there are enough in the various so-called alligator farms to repopulate the state if there were money available to buy them up and turn them loose. I believe there is still enough seed left to ensure that the animal will not become extinct. The slaughter still continues even though gator hunting is prohibited in certain counties of the state. For the moment, at least, the scarcity and the high cost of ammunition are giving the animals a welcome respite. I am informed, however, that at the Gainesville hide brokerage about 80,000 skins are received each year. But the more gators are hunted, the more shy and secretive they become, and it is almost impossible to conceive of the possibility that in a big marsh every last animal could be killed.

THE PANTOMIME

by MONICA STIRLING

I

WHENEVER the weather was fine the patients were wheeled into the open — all except two of them. These were Guy Doumerge, a young French pilot, and Milan Curcin, a middle-aged Yugoslav sailor. Both were so badly wounded that it was apparent even to themselves that their deaths were likely to take place soon.

Although they had met for the first time in the hospital, the two men had already become friends rather than acquaintances. Each preferred the other to his alternative neighbor and found in the inadequately sunlit afternoons when they had the ward to themselves an opportunity to talk with an intimacy encouraged by the acknowledged imminence of death.

It was sympathy of temperament rather than community of interests that made a bond between them, for their pre-war experiences had little similarity.

Guy's life had until the war been of orderliness and industry all compact, and his belief in the value of these two qualities was an intrinsic part of his nature. Despite the events of the past four years, he still had a virtuous and gently nurtured child's horrified disbelief of the injustice and violence now encompassing him: he often felt either that there must be some reasonable explanation that had hitherto escaped him or that he would presently wake to find the war had been a dream.

His father, a professional soldier, had been killed in 1918, and his mother had spent the years that followed trying to prevent her two children from realizing that the texture of their life was poorer than it ought to have been. The elder child,

Emmanuele, had been educated at the famous school for the daughters of holders of the Légion d'Honneur; the younger, Guy, at the Lycée Louis le Grand. Both had, by anxious striving, done well at school.

But when the 1939 war broke out, Emmanuele, then studying science under Madame Curie's elder daughter, became a nurse, and Guy, regretfully but with no doubts as to his duty, left the Sorbonne for the army. And fortunately for their peace of mind, this incapacity to doubt the nature of their duty, to which their mother's account of their father's life and death had committed them, survived even defeat; and in the autumn of 1940 they both set out to be finished abroad.

Like many of their contemporaries, they found the moving accidents by flood and field which they suffered so unlike anything they had been taught to expect that after they had been in England a few weeks they almost ceased to believe in them.

But when, soon after this, Emmanuele was killed in an air raid on London, it seemed to Guy that his private life could scarcely become grimmer. He continued to apply himself to his work with the steady devotion now habitual to him, but his youthful taste for its adventurous element completely left him.

Despite his extreme reticence, Guy was popular with his comrades. They had for him the regard appropriate to a mascot: three times he had his aeroplane badly mauled but brought it safely home, his crew unharmed. On the first occasion he had broken his ankle; on the second his left arm was slightly burned; on the third he sustained bruises. But in the autumn of 1943 he was shot down with more disastrous results, which was why he now lay, weak but clear-headed, with one leg amputated, the other in an appalling condition, and both arms severely burned.

He was admired by everyone in the hospital for

A protégée of Rebecca West, MONICA STIRLING is a young English writer who will be heard from in the *Atlantic*. Her father was a theatrical producer in Paris before the war; thus Miss Stirling came to know France as her other country. In recent years she has worked as an English volunteer with the French Committee of National Liberation. Her first story, "The Quarrel," appeared in the *Atlantic* for January, 1944.

his remarkable powers of physical endurance, but he was still too young for suffering to have induced the resumption of childishness that endeared so many of the sick men to the nurses. They found it difficult to joke with the young pilot in the traditional manner.

The only person who fully understood the French boy was the Yugoslav sailor beside him. For he, having had a beneficially adventurous life, perceived Guy to be struggling not only with physical pain but with intense disappointment at the emptiness of the short life he was about to leave. In consequence he allowed the boy to persuade him to tell again and again the story of his own remarkable life.

2

BORN a Slav subject of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, Milan had had little real choice as to his profession. Like most of the more intellectual of his compatriots, he had entered the Church, hoping to find in its nominal internationalism some alleviation of the alien nationalism encompassing him. But as this hope was unconscious, and his natural piety strong, he had been able to fulfill his priestly functions with sincerity as well as efficiency.

When the Empire disintegrated, his first great moment occurred — and with a boy's excitement Milan told Guy of how one day a gypsy had run into his village presbytery saying, "The Emperor has gone"; of how, as if by magic, the five thousand souls who made up the population of the village grasped what was happening and, committing themselves to anarchy, began to loot; of how they rushed, fluid and inexorable as the sea, from shop to house and from house to shop; of how they would have wrecked the presbytery had not Milan happened to own a machine gun which he had bought for a piece of bread from a party of deserters; and of how with his gun, a drum of ammunition, and the help of two boys even younger than himself, — Slav soldiers still wearing tattered Austrian uniforms, — Milan had encircled his village with peace.

Setting up their gun in the market place, Milan and his two friends fired the first rounds of ammunition. *Rat-tat-tat-tat*. The peasants, unaware that this sound had only symbolic value, ceased looting and returned to their homes. Scarcely had they done so when another gypsy brought news that Imperial troops were advancing on the village. Firing the remaining ammunition, Milan answered firmly: "Tell them we are waiting for them." The Imperial troops did not come. And for six months the young priest kept his village contentedly free

from bloodshed — until the happy day when the first Yugoslav government came into being and was able to tend its own. "By this time," said Milan with a naïve pride extremely touching in so good and wise a man, "I had increased my army. We were no longer three. We were twenty-four."

But though every detail of Milan's improbable-sounding adventures gave Guy intense vicarious pleasure, it was the Yugoslav's account of his paradisiacal student days in Paris that made the boy pale, tremble, and at last turn away to hide his tears.

Knowing that one of the first needs of grief is not to be soothed but to be recognized as legitimate, Milan said quickly: "I know, little one. I know. There is so much you have missed, and will never have, that there is nothing an older one can say — nothing that would not be pretentious. But consolation apart, in this war at least you have done bravely. Is it not so? No one could have expected more of one life."

"Thank you," stammered Guy. "Perhaps not. Not more. But something *different*. I expected something different — of myself, I mean. You see — when you talk — when *you* talk — I can *see* you — younger than I am now, standing in the market place, absurd and gallant with your one gun and your two boys — but more than absurd and gallant. Much more. Because you were a priest fulfilling his function. You did not let events deflect you from your vocation: you had five thousand individuals in your charge — and you did not let life intimidate you into choosing death. And now, though you are dying before you are old, you can look back —" Guy's eyes began to glitter feverishly — "you can look back and say to yourself that whatever else there has been in your life of disappointment, there was a moment when you had five thousand individuals in your charge and it was as if you went to each one and made him a present of his future. You can feel there was, at least, *one* moment when you fulfilled your destiny."

And because Guy was deriving needed sustenance from the thought that someone of his acquaintance had known consummation, Milan refrained from telling the boy that he had for years bitterly regretted his precipitate choice of profession; that for years he had been bitterly afflicted by his longing to marry a Serbian girl whom he had met too late. Instead he nodded gravely and said, "But you, little one — did you not for a moment fulfill your destiny when you escaped to fight?"

"No," said Guy, softly but firmly. "Oh, no. And I am not being modest when I say that — only truthful. I did what was right, yes. But it was —

as it were — outside my part. Because I wasn't made for great adventures as you were, but for a modest existence: to do my job, to fulfill my responsibilities towards my family, to marry a girl I loved and who loved me, and to have children. That above all. Above all. I have never had casual love affairs. Because I wanted, when I married, to love once and for all. And now I am dying. And I have never even caught sight of my destiny, let alone fulfilled it."

"And you regret the 'casual love affairs' you might have had?"

"Yes — no — oh, I don't know. It's only that I regret love."

"Now then!" called the kind, undiffident voice of the youngest nurse. "What's all this? You two are as bad as a couple of old women for gossiping. You mustn't tire yourselves out, you know. You don't want to miss the pantomime, do you?"

When the nurse found that neither Guy nor Milan knew the meaning of the word "pantomime," she had to explain it. She exclaimed with disbelief at their not knowing what everyone else in the hospital had known for weeks: that tomorrow afternoon some actors and actresses from a near-by repertory theater were coming to perform their Christmas play to the wounded.

"But that is most kind," said Milan with enthusiasm. "And most right — that we should be initiated into the folklore of our allies."

"That's right," said the nurse, who did not know what he was talking about but was untroubled by her ignorance. "That's right. We've fixed up a sort of platform in the lecture room. So you'll both be able to go — if you behave yourselves and sleep well tonight." She was a good-hearted girl and thought that it gave wounded men courage if one pretended that eating and sleeping, living and dying, were alike processes under their own control — and in many cases she was right.

3

As soon as the men had been taken into the lecture room, they began to create an atmosphere of disproportionate excitement like that often found at school plays. The actors had arrived more than an hour before. They were for the most part very young, and the classically student-like air of their bright, eccentric clothes, the absorption in their tasks that one and all displayed, and the remoteness of these tasks from the recent experiences of the attendant soldiers, many of whom were, and knew themselves to be, engaged in a doomed struggle

with death — all this reminded Milan of the arrival of the players in *Hamlet*. Every now and again a sound of hammering came from behind the improvised curtain, and once a girl in green trousers came into the auditorium and fussed with wires and lamps.

At last a heavy silence fell. Then from a gramophone behind the stage came the sound of Tchaikovsky's *Sleeping Beauty Waltz*.

The curtains drew jerkily apart and a very young girl, dressed in white tulle and rather badly made up, waved a papier-mâché wand and announced that she was the Fairy Queen and was about to reveal the true story of the *Sleeping Beauty*.

Few of the men in that audience had visited a theater for months; and as the grave and lovely fairy story was unfolded, with its traditional complement of slapstick comedy, they gradually forgot the crudeness of much of the performance and saw only the ingenuity and wish to please of the young artists; until at last the reactions of audience and players dovetailed in the beautiful pattern of giving and receiving pleasure.

For Guy and Milan this pleasure was increased by the exoticism of the entertainment. Guy, who was extremely fond of the theater, was in a peculiarly receptive mood when the moment came for the *Sleeping Beauty's* rescuer to make his first appearance.

Being ignorant of the traditions of English pantomime, Guy was taken completely by surprise when, a fanfare of trumpets having announced the Prince's presence, the black velvet curtains at the back of the stage parted and revealed a shaft of light in which stood, very still, a young girl who seemed to him the embodied vision of the brightest dream which, like a dawn, heralds the day of life.

She was slender and long-legged — so much so that Guy's English neighbor hissed appreciatively through a broken tooth: "Gor blimey, 'er legs come out of 'er neck, they do an' all" — and her white satin suit and the way in which her short black hair curled all over her head gave her the look of a Renaissance page boy. But what charmed Guy most was the mingled simplicity and diffidence with which she eliminated both sentimentality and facetiousness from her part, substituting a lyrical solemnity entirely appropriate to a child's conception of a fairy prince.

Towards the end of the play the Dame in charge of the players came down to the footlights and, with the exquisite irrelevance that is an integral part of pantomimes, asked the audience to join in the chorus of "Every Nice Girl Loves a Sailor." To Milan there was something deeply moving in the

spectacle of young wounded men singing with innocent lustiness a song so naively evocative of the sweet, crude pleasures for which many of them were now permanently unfitted. Noticing that Guy was not singing, and wondering if the boy shared his emotions, Milan tried to give him a smile of encouragement.

As if he had been waiting for this signal, Guy jerked his head farther round and whispered, "Please — please ask the nurse if *She* could come and speak to us afterwards."

"She?" Milan raised his black shrubs of eyebrows. "Which she?"

Which she? Which she! Once again Guy felt as he had when he was very young; scarcely able to believe in the imbecility around him — imbecility whose gratuitous yet willful nature had once been as clear to him as the no longer apparent fact that black was black and white white, and that two rights don't make a wrong. And because he was back in this young, intolerant world, his eyes became brighter and his voice clearer and there was a note of happiness in his exasperated: —

"Which she? Why, you sacred species of imbecile — which she do you suppose? The Prince, of course."

"Aha. The little one with the so delicate face? Now myself I prefer the Princess. A delightful young person. And so blonde."

So blonde! Guy looked at his friend coldly, and as he did so there came into his mind the priest who had prepared him for his First Communion: a foolish man addicted to saying, "And now my young friend, if you will permit me to descend for a moment from the sublime to the ridiculous —" So blonde indeed!

"Really?" murmured Guy haughtily. Then, less haughtily, "You will ask, Milan?"

"I will ask," said Milan, smiling with his lips.

4

BUT though the Yugoslav was a favorite with the nurse, she looked doubtful when he made his request, and tried to put him off by saying that the actors must have tea before catching their train. This was not the real reason for her hesitation: a pure-hearted, phlegmatic girl who after four years of war still considered all diseases to be entirely physical, she divided the world into two classes: patients and visitors — and thought the latter class a pity.

"Oh, come, nurse," said Milan. "Please. There's a dear soul. I knew Miss Litton in Yugoslavia.

Her family were friends of mine. And it is not often that I have a chance to meet someone I knew in my country."

"W-ell —" began the nurse; then, remembering that Milan was a very religious man and might therefore be supposed unable to tell a lie (she herself was a staunch Unitarian and never lied on purpose), she gave a small sigh and went to find the actress.

Nora Litton showed no surprise at the nurse's story, partly because she was not in the habit of showing her feelings except when acting, and partly because the war had introduced such chaos into her private life that her capacity for surprise was almost exhausted.

"Do you want me to come at once? Or shall I get changed? I shan't be a minute."

"Oh, I should come as you are. He'll like to see your costume," said the nurse, who had been surprised to find the white satin and tinsel so tawdry-looking.

"How good of you to come, Mademoiselle," said Milan when the nurse at last brought Nora to his bedside. "How most good." Then, moving his eyebrows up and down, "And now, what about a cup of your national drink? Please, nurse! Just one cup. For Miss Litton. No, no. You're not to say 'Suppose' —" he mimicked the nurse with skill — "'Suppose *everyone* were to ask for tea at all hours.' Everyone wouldn't. Come, nurse. Or I shall think you are in the pay of Hitler."

This being the regulation tone for the cajoling of the hospital staff by military patients, the nurse at once smiled and left them.

After she had gone, no one spoke for a moment. Then Nora awkwardly shifted her inconsiderable weight from one foot to the other, gave a shy, quick smile and said severely, "I've never been to Yugoslavia, you know."

"Oh. That is a pity." Milan made a grimace that would have done credit to Walt Disney. "You must come after the war."

So remote and unreal did After the War seem to both of them that neither felt it necessary to qualify the apparently inane optimism of this remark. Instead: —

"I should like to," said Nora in the voice of a polite child. "Very much."

There was another pause.

Then Nora gave a little tug at her unwrinkled tights, ran the tip of her tongue over her pale, delicate lips, and said, "Well — well —"

"You will please forgive me," said Milan. "It was the only way to get the nurse to agree to fetch you. And my young friend here wished so much to

make your acquaintance. Guy Doumerge is his name. And he is a French aviator."

"Oh —" She turned from the benevolently wild-looking Slav to the pale, composed French boy. "Oh —" Then, the shyness that always overcame her when she found herself with non-stage people suddenly making it impossible for her to shake hands in a conventional way, she whispered, "Hul-lo."

Her childishness gave Guy confidence, and a little color came into his cheeks. He laughed and said, "Hul-lo."

She was older than he had supposed when he saw her on the stage; and though her face was just as lovely it was pale, and fatigue had drawn little lines as fine as creases in tissue paper around her large gray eyes and small nervous mouth. But the elusive, childlike quality that had entranced him on the stage was still pronounced and Guy's voice faltered as he said, mouthing the foreign words as he had not done since his first months in England: —

"I — I saw you act just now, Mademoiselle."

"Did you?"

"Yes. I thought you were beautiful."

"Thank you. I — it's a good version really, don't you think?"

"Pardon?"

"A good version of *The Sleeping Beauty*."

"Ah. Yes. Indeed, yes."

They stared at each other.

Since he had come to England the French boy had known only one way to prevent his longing for his home from undermining his capacity for daily life: not to think of home. But now, in the presence of this shy, weary little foreign actress with whom he had fallen passionately in love, his whole being was suffused with nostalgia. Forgetting that it was unlikely he would ever have met her in France, he thought of the joy he would have known in showing her Paris and the lovely country around the village on the Loire where he and his mother, now starving, and his sister, now dead, had spent their sweetly tranquil summer holidays; he thought of the affection his mother and sister would have felt for his wife — and as the beautiful word "wife" ran along the edge of his thought like flame along a sheet of paper, he became possessed by the conviction that Nora

must know his feelings and share them. And he began to tremble.

Then suddenly a bell, clanging down a distant corridor, reminded him that he was in a foreign hospital, that he was dying, that he was a sick-looking boy who would never be a healthy-looking man, and that, tremble though he might, no woman would ever tremble beneath his gaze unless from compassion. And his eyes filled with tears and he began to stutter. Then, seeing the heavy gold ring upon her finger: —

"But — you are married?"

She shook her head. "I was."

"Oh."

Quickly recognizing the need for sympathy, it was Milan who spoke. "I am so sorry. The war?"

She nodded. Then: "Yes, in a way." She looked at them as if she had suddenly remembered something disturbing of which she ought to have thought before: "He was a German."

"My dear." Milan held out his sound hand. "He died in Germany?"

"No. In the Isle of Man. Of pneumonia. In 1940. He was a refugee." Seeing the expression on Guy's face, she went close to him, took his hand, and said quietly, "My mother was French."

"Was she? Was she?" Suddenly his awareness of life slipping away overcame his awareness of Milan's presence and Guy clutched her thin hand and whispered, "I love you. Oh, I love you. I mean," painfully, "I could have loved you."

"I know." And her eyes filled with tears and she bent and kissed him on the lips. "I could have loved you, too."

And as Nora and Guy gazed at each other and Milan gazed at Nora, the eyes of all three saw something that did not exist. For the English girl was gazing not at Guy but at the dead German she had loved — not at Guy but at a foreigner whose dying hour was lonely; and the Yugoslav was gazing not at Nora but at the Serbian girl he might have loved years ago — not at Nora but at his defeated past; and the French boy was gazing not at Nora but at the girl he might have loved years hence — not at Nora but at his murdered future, at the destiny of which he was not, after all, to take his leave without catching a glimpse.

FISHING AND READING

by CHARLES E. GOODSPEED

1

As I look at my collection of angling books, with a few notable exceptions like *The Compleat Angler* the older volumes appear to include a greater preponderance of practical manuals than those of the last seventy-five years. Interest in what we might call the idyllic element in the fisherman's experiences apparently has increased with the years. *Where the Bright Waters Meet*, *Thy Rod and Thy Creel*, *Days in the Open*, *The Pursuit of the Trout*, *An Angler's Hours*, and *Fishing Memories* are a few recent book titles which indicate at least a growing appreciation of the lighter side of the angler's sport. Works of this kind are in the minority but, with the excellent examples of angling fiction (principally humorous) which are now common, they supply a useful antidote to the spirit which finds its pleasure too exclusively in the mere attainment of skill.

On this practical side angling has now a new interest — the cult of fishing with the dry or floating fly. Many books have been written on the subject. The most distinguished contributor to this branch of angling literature was the late Frederic M. Halford. Of his six scientifically conceived and, in certain issues, expensively produced manuals, I have five. The titles run as follows: *Dry-Fly Fishing in Theory and Practice*; *Dry Fly Entomology*; *Floating Flies and How to Dress Them*; *The Dry-Fly Man's Handbook*; *Modern Development of the Dry Fly*.

The three largest existing collections of angling books made by individuals in this country are those of Daniel B. Fearing of Newport, Henry A. Sherwin of Cleveland, and Dean Sage of Albany. Sage's collection has been dispersed. Sherwin's is still in the

family of the collector. Fearing's is at Harvard. It is the largest, comprising about 11,000 volumes. But Fearing was not a collector of books on pleasure-fishing only; his purchases embraced subjects remotely connected with recreation and included a mass of material on fishing as a means of livelihood. He also had many works on the quaintly designated whale "fishery."

In Sage's catalogue the titles are not numbered, but I should estimate the footing to be around 3000. Sherwin had about 4000 volumes. (Sage, and possibly Sherwin also, with but minor exceptions excluded works extraneous to fishing for sport.) I mention these figures to show how relatively small are collections like my own, which hovers around the 1000 mark. If, however, one happens to lack the wealth or the opportunities of the older collectors it is yet possible, by discrimination, for him to build an interesting collection. Dean Sage, in the preface to his library catalogue, has this to say: —

"There is, unfortunately, no rule by which to determine how much angling matter is required to make a book eligible for a collection on this subject. Leaving the matter thus to the fancy of the collector makes all collections liable to criticism; but so long as Walton's *Lives*, which are as destitute of angling material as the prayer-book, is considered an important item in angling collections, the door seems open even to entomological works."

I suppose that Fearing must have found some pleasure in the works related to commercial fishing which are found in his really magnificent collection of angling books. To the student they are of course valuable, but to the booklover they are about as interesting as the dead fish they deal with. Of what possible interest to the angler are statutes such as that of George III "Amending the laws relating to the allowance of the bounties on pilchards exported"?

A Boston book collector whose shop adds prestige to Beacon Street, CHARLES E. GOODSPEED reserved those books about his favorite sport of trout fishing for his own library. This essay was prepared in connection with the exhibit of his books at the Club of Odd Volumes.

As for myself, I am interested only in recreational fishing; therefore my collection wholly concerns that subject. It includes of course many books which, being the productions of a later generation, the old collections lack. In typography and illustration modern fishing books compare well with English publications of a century ago, a time when many fine books were made. It is therefore regrettable that persons who leave books on particular subjects to public institutions seldom provide for such future additions as are necessary to keep their collections alive.

2

IZAAK WALTON, patron saint of anglers, who, with his not at all saintly partner, Charles Cotton, wrote *The Compleat Angler* in the form in which it is now generally published, is the book collector's ideal author. The editions of his great book are many; they vary from cheap penny publications to others produced in the grand manner. Textually, the five editions which came out during his lifetime differ, the rare second being greatly enlarged. The fifth edition, the commonest and the last to appear before Walton's death, is unique, for it included for the first time not only the second part, which Cotton contributed, but the work of another author also. This last, a book of which three editions had been published independently, was *The Experienced Angler*, written by a Parliamentary soldier named Venables. These three treatises were bound in a fat little volume to which a general title page, "The Universal Angler," was given. This was the only edition of Walton and Cotton to contain Venables's book and the "Universal" title page.

During Walton's lifetime there lived an obscure individual named Richard Franck, who wrote three books. I have them — three rather shabby volumes. Franck was a one-time trooper in Cromwell's army and both fanatically and fantastically religious. Most of his writing is absurdly bombastic; yet his principal book is interesting, for its sound angling instruction, particularly for salmon fishing, shows him to have been a good fisherman — as far as we know, the best of his time. *Northern Memoirs*, written in 1658, three years before the third edition of *The Compleat Angler* came out, records a personal meeting and disagreement with Walton when the two met in Stafford.

The two fishermen seem to have had an argument on a subject concerned with ichthyological biology; whereupon, Franck says, Walton "huff'd away." Franck, who appears to have been in the right, was cantankerously disputatious, but Walton was

one of those quiet men who abhor an argument. Franck's contempt for Walton's naïve acceptance of the fabulous stories written by Gesner and Dubravius, not less than for Walton's fishing instructions, is offensively expressed. His fishing principles are exemplary.

Northern Memoirs is a scarce book, and Franck's two other productions are even rarer. They, however, contain only slight references to fishing. His posthumous (?) contribution to religious literature, *The Admirable and Indefatigable Adventures of the Nine Pious Pilgrims Devoted to Sion by the Cross of Christ; and Piloted by Evangelist to the New Jerusalem*, was, as the title page to that turgid book states, "written in America, in a time of solitude and Divine contemplation." One clear fishing reference stands out in this volume. An allegorical character, Chastity by name, caught with her hands "a trout, a most lovely trout!" The details of Franck's visit to this country have as yet eluded me.

Fifteen years ago I was in business correspondence with a Japanese professor of English in Tokyo. One of his requisitions was for *The Compleat Angler*, which he was about to edit and print for his students' use. Curious to learn what an Oriental mind might find in Walton's classic, I asked for his estimate of the book. I hope that he did not guess what impertinent thought prompted this request. Professor Okakura's courteous response showed how little difference there was between the working of his mind and that of any Western scholar: —

"As to the author of *The Compleat Angler*, here are some of my reasons why I feel strongly attracted to his ever-interesting work on 'the contemplative man's recreation.'

"Walton, like a true lover of Nature and Man, took to his work, not for any worldly considerations of mere fame or gain, but for a hearty enjoyment of life as he came across [it] in the unsophisticated rural surroundings. His musings over a still float at some quieter corner of a quiet side of the river, often drove him, we may suppose, into the inner world of heart and soul, there to let him see humanity at large in its frailties and vain glory; and for these very weaknesses, 'we' seemed to him the dearer, if anything, and led him to shed on 'us' loving smiles, not unaccompanied by warm tears of compassion. He must have felt himself in sweet harmony with his environment as well as his own private self. He was now free as any one would be when reaching this state of our emotional life.

"Angling in this way was with him, not a mere art, but a great cult, as shared and instanced by all the true poets and men of letters, both east and west."

Professor Okakura's edition of *The Compleat Angler* with his Japanese notes is, I imagine, scarce, as it was sold only in a set of some thirty volumes of English classics. I have kept one of the two separate copies which the editor gave me. The other I sent to the Harvard Library.

The earliest book which deals with actual fishing in my collection is Gervase Markham's *The Pleasures of Princes or Good Men's Recreations*, 1635. It is not a very early edition and in rarity does not compare with Thomas Barker's *Art of Angling*, 1651. Both of these are real angling books. Of no practical aid to the fisherman is the Reverend John Rawlinson's sermon preached at Mercer's Chapel in 1609. As shown by the title, *Fishermen Fishers of Men*, it is a spiritual analogy rather than a work on fishing. Yet it is a scarce and curious book; our copy is made particularly interesting by Shakespeare's name forged about the year 1795 by William Henry Ireland, on the title page. Examples of this famous impostor's work are now uncommon. This one is from the Heber collection.

From 1676, when the fifth edition of *The Compleat Angler* was published, seventy-four years passed before the book was reprinted by one Moses Brown, "at," he says, "the instigation of an ingenious and learned friend" (who, it seems, was Dr. Samuel Johnson). Many other English fishing books came out, however, during the years when Walton was in eclipse. I have some of them in my collection. There is a sameness to the titles: *The Angler's Vade-Mecum*, *The Whole Art of Fishing*, *The Angler's Sure Guide*, *The British Angler*, *The Compleat Fisherman*.

Though their contents are not particularly entertaining, they occasionally convey some unusual information. We are told that "a young, vigorous, healthy stone-horse, who is in his prime, affords the strongest hair, and the most proper time for plucking his tail (from whence alone hair for making lines is to be taken) is when he goes to cover a mare." For carving fish in the dish, appropriate terms are given. You chine a salmon, but you gobbet a trout or finn a chub. A bream is solayed; a pike splated; and a barbel tusked.

3

THE first American book on fishing was printed in 1743. Some four years earlier a Kingston, New Hampshire, minister named Joseph Seccombe, visited Amoskeag Falls on the Merrimack River for the early fishing. While there, during the Sabbath interlude, he preached a sermon in defense

of the morality of fishing for pleasure. The title reads: *Business and Diversion, Inoffensive to God and Necessary for the Comfort and Support of Human Society*. The main subject he discussed was "Whether fishing is lawful as business or diversion." The writer's arguments are specious and his style is crude, but these are no blemishes in the estimation of the collector who is lucky enough to possess this cornerstone of an American angling library.

Unfortunately Seccombe omits details of the Amoskeag fishing, but as salmon then abounded in the Merrimack River, we know that the sport was royal. It brought to the river from faraway Portsmouth gentry who fished from the steep banks, while the Scotch settlers of the near-by towns of Derry, Bedford, and Goffstown gathered to catch the fish and salt them down for winter use. The Penacook Indians also assembled there to glut their winter-starved appetites. It was a motley gathering.

Besides the salmon the waters swarmed with shad, alewives, and lampreys, often called eels. The lampreys were indeed a staple food in the vicinity, and a descendant, picturing the times, wrote these humorous lines concerning his ancestors' fishing manners: —

— they loved to stand on the slip'ry rock
Which had stood through time 'mid the waters' shock;
With an iron crook, for the squirming eel;
And they loved to take from the eel his life
With a horrid gash from a monstrous knife;
And to stain their hands and garments o'er
With the sticky slime and the ruddy gore;
And they loved to fish through the live-long night,
And they loved to drink, and they loved to fight.

From the eels they formed their food in chief,
And eels were called the "Derryfield beef"!
And the marks of eels were so plain to trace,
That the children looked like eels in the face;
And before they walked — it is well confirmed,
That the children never crept, but squirmed!

Such a mighty power did the squirmers wield
O'er the goodly men of old Derryfield,
It was often said that their only care,
And their only wish, and their only prayer,
For the present world and the world to come
Was a string of eels and a jug of rum!

The pamphlet in which the Reverend Joseph Seccombe's discourse was published after a delay of four years is the earliest American work on any sport. It is now rare, although copies occasionally turn up around Boston. If anyone can suggest a possible author of the verses (signed "I. W.") on the title page, I shall be very grateful to him.

From the publication of Seccombe's Amoskeag fishing sermon in 1743 there is a gap of eighty-seven years before the next American book relating to

fishing appeared. Milnor's *Historical Memoir* of the Schuylkill Fishing Company came out in 1830. It chronicles the doings of that famous and exclusive organization from its inception in 1732. Possibly because there is added to the volume the history of the Gloucester, New Jersey, Fox Hunt, the book sells for a high price. The copy I have is not in the original boards. It has suffered somewhat at the hands of a late binder, but some photographs taken in the 1870's, which show several of the solid citizens of the State variously occupied in preparing and consuming food in their traditional manner, have been inserted at the end of the book and compensate for its cropped edges.

In 1833 an unpretentious work on Massachusetts fish was published in Boston, with a second part, which bears the title "On trout, interspersed with remarks on the theory and practice of angling." Dr. Jerome V. C. Smith was the author. My example is from the library of Daniel Webster, to whom it was given by Isaac P. Davis of Plymouth. Smith describes in some detail the Cape Cod fishing and has some interesting matter concerning the Mashpee River.

The *American Angler's Guide*, the first book in this country to deal with the subject of recreational fishing in a comprehensive way, followed the first edition of Smith's essay on angling by twelve years. Excepting an *Angler's Almanac*, which he published for three years, this was John J. Brown's only work. In its day it was a useful manual and seven editions were published, all of which I have. The last, issued long after it had been superseded by other works on fishing, came out in 1876, capitalizing by a "Centennial edition" the events of that anniversary year of American independence.

"Unique" is not a word which may correctly be applied to any book unless one knows the history of any other copies which were printed. The best that can usually be said where full information does not exist is "no other copy known" (to the owner, of course). It is with some reservation therefore that I use this expression in connection with an early edition of a book simply but beautifully printed by Charles Whittingham for William Pickering in 1847. It is an anonymous publication, of which the title reads, *The River Dove, With some quiet thoughts on the happy practice of angling*. On the whole, I think it the most satisfactory piece of typography of the period. It is written in the familiar dialogue style of *The Compleat Angler* and is a kind of tribute to that book. The author, John Lavincount Anderdon, was an early friend and the brother-in-law of Cardinal Manning. Besides the published edition there was a privately printed

issue, without printer's name or date, in 1845, of which twenty-five copies were printed. One is in the Fearing collection.

A few years ago I came across this book in a dealer's catalogue where the date was given as 1835 instead of 1845. The cataloguer called attention to the supposed error of the bibliographers in assigning the latter date to the work. As I did not have the book I ordered it. When it arrived I compared it with the Fearing copy dated 1845 and was pleased to find that it was a different book — in date, form, and contents. It was, in fact, an earlier edition of the work, which had hitherto escaped notice.

There was a good reason for this. A cryptic memoranda on an end leaf explains its scarcity. The first note reads: "Printed in 1835. From the kind author. Only six printed, of which only four were in perfect state, this being one of them." The next, "1843. Three perfect copies only now remain including this." And finally, "1845. I have reason to think that this is the only perfect copy now remaining."

An inscription on the front flyleaf of this book reads, "Oliver Anderdon from John L. Anderdon, 1835."

4

I HAVE also a selection of association books. Such books in my collection include the names of Louis Agassiz, John Buchan, Austin Dobson, Eugene Field, Edmund Gosse, Thomas Gosden, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Frank Forester, Robert Hoe, G. A. Henty, John Major, Bliss Perry, William H. Prescott, W. C. Prime, William Pickering, Charles Eliot Norton, James Russell Lowell, Annie Trumbull Slosson, Bradford Torrey, Samuel J. Tilden, Henry van Dyke, Izaak Walton, and Daniel Webster. The volume which has Emerson's autograph is the first of a pretty two-volume Chiswick Press edition I bought nearly twenty-five years ago in a town south of Boston. Its companion volume appears to have separated from it for many years, but by a remarkable coincidence, about fifteen years after I bought the first, the second turned up in a town nearly a hundred miles away.

The copy of *The Compleat Angler* edited by Austin Dobson and by him presented to Edmund Gosse contains a delightful inscription which I shall quote, although it has been printed before: —

To E. G.

I care no whit how men prefer
To dress your chub or chavender;
I care no whit for line or hook

But still I love old Izaak's book,
Wherein a man may read at ease
Of gandergrass or culverkeys,
Or with half-pitying wonder note
What Topsell, what Du Bartas wrote,
Or list the song, by Maudlin sung,
That Marlowe made when he was young:
These things, in truth, they like me more
Than all old Izaak's angling lore.

Although presentation copies of Walton's *Lives* are not uncommon, I do not have one, since it is not an angling book; yet for mere association's sake I have added to my collection a book on a religious subject from his library with his autograph. As for *The Compleat Angler*, copies inscribed by the author are very scarce. I have the fifth edition with a presentation inscription, although the writing is not in Walton's hand. It reads, "From Isaac Walton, to Miss Jane Markland." To understand the association interest of this book we must first please bear in mind that on Walton's will, signed in 1676 (the year this book was published), there were three witnesses. The names are Thomas Crawley, Joseph Taylor, Abraham Markland. Only Crawley and Markland, however, come into this story. Markland was Prebendary of Winchester Cathedral and it would seem likely that he had something to do with this volume — although Jane was neither his wife nor his child. I hope sometime to find a Markland genealogy which will show the connection.

When or how this book left the Markland family is unknown, but a note by Henry H. Gibbs (Lord Aldenham), written perhaps about 1870, on the flyleaf states that he bought it from Flaxley Abbey. This note introduces us to the Crawley family, whose descendant lived at Flaxley Abbey when Gibbs bought the book. In 1819 Sir Thomas Crawley Boevey pasted his armorial bookplate inside the front cover and incised his initials and date on its upper edge. It was this Sir Thomas whose great-grandfather, together with Abraham Markland, witnessed Walton's will!

This ends association number 2. The third association is even more interesting, though touching Walton not at all. The account is rather involved, but I shall try to make it clear.

Thomas Crawley (the second son of the witness to Walton's will) had a cousin, William Boevey. William had a wife, Catherine, who, dying in 1726, bequeathed Flaxley Abbey to her husband's cousin, whereon Thomas assumed the family name of Boevey. It is Catherine now on whom we should keep our eye, for she was beautiful and she had a romantic history. Her connection with a famous fictional character is family tradition, but accepted as authentic by literary historians. Married at

fifteen and widowed at twenty-two, Mrs. Boevey's hand was sought in vain by eligible bachelors of Gloucestershire. Steele, sketching her portrait, said of her, "Her speech is music, her form angelic." Turn to the one hundred and thirteenth number of the *Spectator* for the melancholy story in which Steele records that this "perverse widow" rejected an offer of marriage from Sir Roger de Coverley!

5

ONE of my books is an unusual example of an early fly-fisher's pocketbook. It is a dumpy octavo volume, bound in red leather with silver clasp, and the lettering on the cover shows it to have been the property of a Mr. Davidson, Chancery Lane, London — an expert angler. It has green vellum inside flaps which enclose thick pockets, front and back, wherein various angling souvenirs are preserved. The leaves are of parchment, some of them divided into six compartments, each being made into a thin envelope to enclose materials for use in making flies, the names of the flies being written on each compartment. On other pages there are delicately drawn representations of angling tackle in black and white and a few finely colored rural scenes and figures of fish. There are also manuscript notes concerning angling. Loose in the pockets are various memoranda, the most interesting being one which encloses part of the jawbone of an extraordinary trout. The account given of this fish reads thus: —

"The bone which is enclosed is that of a Trout which weighed 13 lb. 2 oz., measured 27 inches in length, 32 inches round the girth, being broader than it was long, was more like a Bream than a Trout, it was landed by Mr. Davidson upon the first Lock on the Thames at Maidenhead accompanied by Mr. Chevalier Boaz, who was by far the first Angler with a Minnow or Bleack ever known, he was so quick with his hand that nothing escaped him — This was taken by a middling sized Bleack one inch and a half long, it had been fished for with Nets in vain one or two years by the common Fishermen in hopes of having a good sale for it, which they would have had as they seldom fished for it 'till they knew they could sell it in London for half a guinea a pound. Mr. Davidson left Mr. Boaz & returned to London & invited ten Gentlemen to dine next day upon it, many curious men saw it & declared they never saw so singular a Fish as it was a real Trout marked by its fan tail all Salmon being forked — he remembers the present Sir Alan Chambre sat on his right hand Mr. Jacob Wilkinson

the East Indian Director on his left, when it was cut into, it proved not worth a farthing being milk white a very old Fish. According to promise Mr. Davidson returned next day to his Companion & walked to the rise of the Thames, for the purpose of gaining a complete knowledge of that kind of angling & fished every Lock, in the course of which he killed 8 or 10 very fine Trout none less than 6 lb weight & returned to his business in town in the course of a week, never having lamented his absence making pleasure always secondary to business."

This document is dated from Newcastle, May, 1811.

I should like to end with a document which I received a few summers ago. It is signed by Mr. T. M. Gaithright, who invited me to visit his extensive game preserve in Virginia:—

Permission is hereby granted Mr. Charles E. Goodspeed to fish in my seventeen and one-half

miles of Jackson River for all days during the 1940 bass season, upon the conditions stated below.

1. All State laws or rules prescribed by State department of Game and Inland Fisheries must be complied with strictly.
2. This permit as well as your hunting license, must be carried on your person and exhibited to any officer of the law, or caretaker on the Gaithright properties.
3. Unless you are an enthusiastic supporter of our distinguished Virginia statesmen, Senators Harry F. Byrd and Carter Glass in their effort to save our nation from disaster, then I do not want my river polluted with your damn fishing tackle.

[But alas, this story does not have a happy ending. A month after this essay was written, Mr. Goodspeed's angling library of more than a thousand volumes, some of them irreplaceable, went up in smoke when his house at Shirley, Massachusetts, was destroyed by fire. — THE EDITOR]

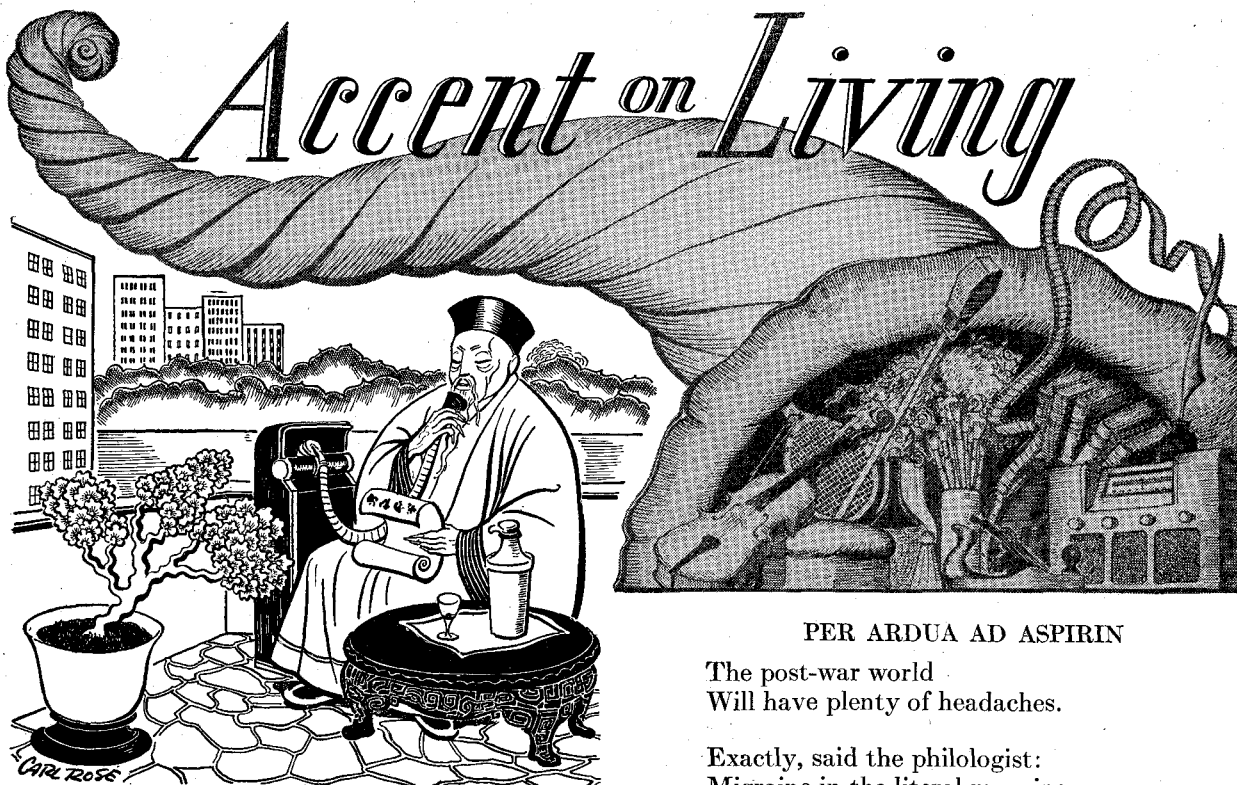


THE HARP

by ELFORD CAUGHEY

IN THIS last glow of the evening's light,
The harp stands silent in the room
Like an archangel's wing whose pinions bright
The wind sings through, or like a loom,
A waiting web for weaving song.
The harp stands like a weathered prow
Over which waves and foam were flung
Mast high, when sea and rope and sail
Outsang the sirens off the bow —
Stands like a swan whose dying song
Defeats the moonlit nightingale.

Music is memory that sings
An old enchantment to the ear.
Strike a great chord upon these strings,
It lives one throbbing moment here,
Echoes and fades and then is gone.
So memory is echoed song,
A spray of harp notes in the past
That beauty played — it lingers long,
Fades slowly, yet must end at last.
For some, it is the swan that sang,
For some the angel's folded wing;
For some the prow with the briny tang,
For some the loom, threaded to sing —
All hoarded deep in the mind's dark store:
Remembered music heard no more.



The Old Mandarin

"Translations from the Chinese"

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

REASONS FOR SILENCE

THE Old Mandarin has not been heard from
Since he fell off the Gravy Train.

He lost his job as a radio commentator
Because when he quoted anything
He always said, Invert commas. " . . .
Uninvert commas.
The Vice-president In Charge of Usage
Sacked him, saying,
You can't make mistakes on radio,
It griddles the earth.

He lost his job in a drugstore, too,
Because he thought Sharp & Dohme
Were two different shapes of bra.

VALEDICTORY

How I loved that last preface
Of the old poet Thomas Hardy
Where he said,
"How I could astonish the young reviewers
By opening this book for them
At certain pages."

One of CHRISTOPHER MORLEY's favorite phantoms, the Old Mandarin, first appeared in "The Bowling Green" in the dark ages. Now in this grim summer he has promised to pay a series of visits to the *Atlantic*, bringing with him apposite and unexpected translations from his native tongue.

PER ARDUA AD ASPIRIN

The post-war world
Will have plenty of headaches.

Exactly, said the philologist:
Migraine in the literal meaning,
Greek *hemi-crania*,
A splitting head.

O planners, study the toxic reactions;
Get ready your drugs and bromides, now.

ADVICE TOO LATE

Poor Big-Eyes!
Don't, if you can help it,
Fall in love with the Armed Services.
Every time you see the same uniform
You'll be shaken right down to the bilges.

And how, she replied.

PANACHE

Across the street
In the window of a feather merchant
Is a flash of showy colors
And the sign:

MASKS — PLUMES — EFFECTS

My poems are all three.

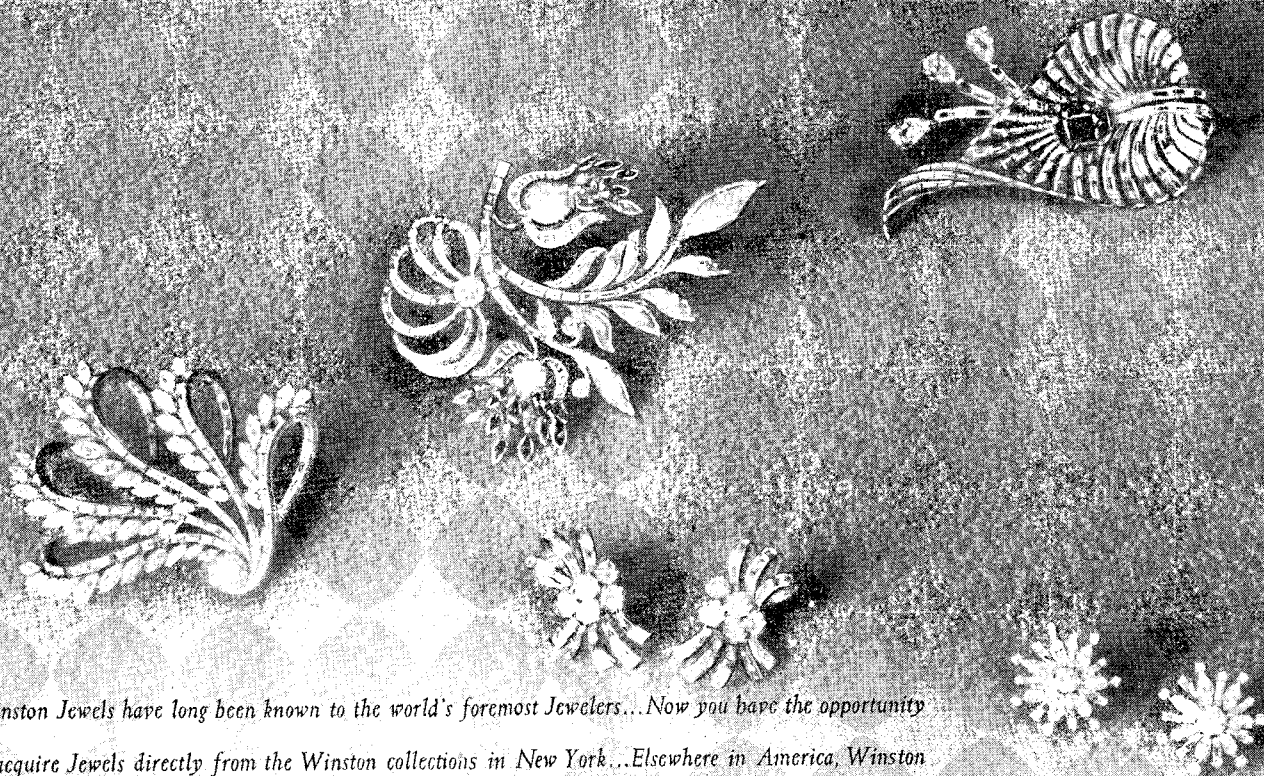
ÉCOLE DES FEMMES

When you kiss my hand, said Pitty Sing,
I get rattled
And don't know what to say.

A well-trained woman
(The Old Mandarin reproached her)
Must learn to conceal
Her disappointment.



Emerald and diamond necklace, gift
of Napoleon to the Duchess Torlonia,
purchased by Harry Winston from
the Torlonia estate. We are con-
tinually buying jewels from private
owners and estates . . . and
newly mined gems.



Winston Jewels have long been known to the world's foremost Jewelers... Now you have the opportunity
to acquire Jewels directly from the Winston collections in New York... Elsewhere in America, Winston
Jewels will be forwarded on request to the leading Jeweler in your city for a private showing.

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OUTCAST IN POKER FLAT

They put away the card table.
 I'll lend you some jack to get home,
 Said the Old Mandarin;
 But a codicil of advice.
 Never play poker with the Chinese,
 They are saturated
 With probability.

CHINESE ORATOR

He usually forgets
 The very thing he intended to say
 But if he's lucky he may find himself saying
 Something much better
 Which he never anticipated.

The trouble with cut-and-dried speeches
 Is that the speaker dries it
 And the audience cuts it.

RENUNCIATION IN A TELEPHONE BOOTH
 BY LADY PRECIOUS STREAM

Though I sometimes disobeyed
 The ration points for steak,
 There were calls I might have made
 And did not make.

DEATH IN THE AFTERNOON

A little time to ourselves
 (Said the Duchess's invitation)
And I can pour you a drink.

From a florist's refrigerated showcase
 The Old Mandarin brought a bunch of rare tulips
 As homage for his hostess.
 In the warmth of her parlor
 The pink petals soon opened
 And in one perfect waxy cup
 Lay curled a frozen bee.

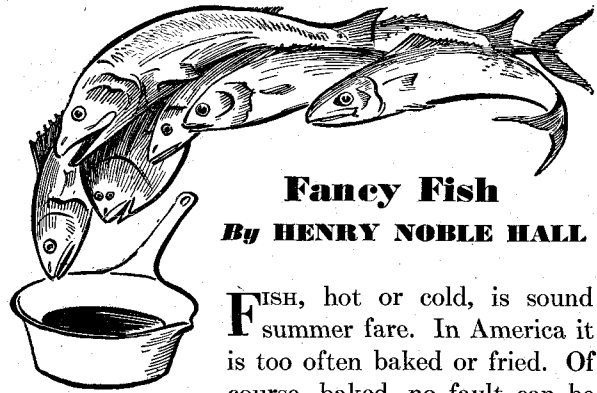
Romantic! murmured the Duchess:
Perhaps he's only exhausted.

The flowers kept warming and relaxing
 (Likewise the Duchess)
 But the bee, the philosopher noticed,
 Was permanently dead.
 Timidly he reflected:
 I'll bet that's just what the tulip said,
 One little soothing drink
 And some time to ourselves.

My motto, he thought, is *Anxious to please* —
 But so was the bee's.

POSTCARD

Don't go hunting for ideas.
 Ideas are in the air
 Hunting for you.



Fancy Fish

By HENRY NOBLE HALL

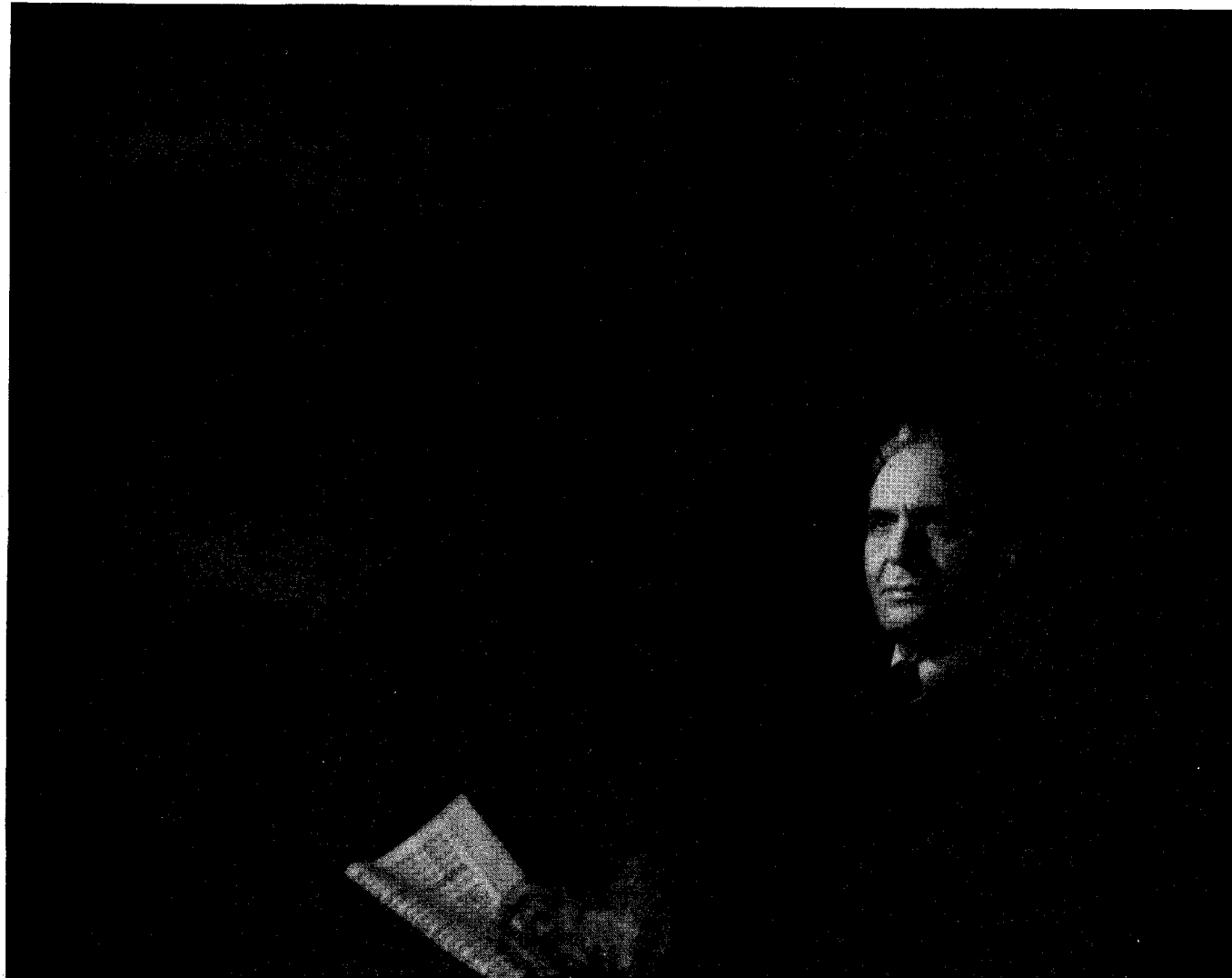
FISH, hot or cold, is sound summer fare. In America it is too often baked or fried. Of course, baked, no fault can be found with a noble pompano or a buxom lady shad stuffed with her own eggs, a profusion of small onions, bread crumbs soaked in sherry, and beaten egg. Even the humble porgy is good baked in a closed glass dish. And there are few better ways of doing fish fillets than frying them in equal parts of butter and olive oil, both scarce in wartime. But fish is so delicate that it is far better poached or made into puddings or soufflés.

Take half a pound of any cold poached fish, but preferably cod, halibut, or salmon — even canned salmon will do. Remove from it all skin and bones, mash and beat it well with a fork, moistening it with fish stock or milk, exactly as in making mashed potatoes. Now take half a pound of mashed potatoes of the same consistency as the mashed fish. Mix the two very thoroughly, beating until the mixture is light. Add the yolks of four eggs, and finally fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Pour the mixture into a well-buttered dish, which must not be more than two-thirds full, and bake it in a moderate oven, hot enough to make the mixture rise, and cook it thoroughly without scorching the outside — the golden rule for cooking all soufflés.

If any of this pudding is left over, it is delicious cut into one-inch slices and fried for breakfast. By omitting the mashed potatoes and working a thick white sauce into the mashed and beaten fish a perfect fish soufflé can be had. But like all soufflés, it must be eaten at once. A soufflé never waits for the guests: the guests wait at table for the soufflé.

To poach fish — cod, fresh haddock, halibut — plain water is not enough. Always use fish stock. Two quarts will be ample for a baby cod. Throw half a pound of sliced onions and a couple of ounces of parsley stalks into boiling water for three minutes. Drain, and lay them in a buttered stewpan. On top put two pounds of fish heads, bones, and skin, add the juice of a lemon and any mushroom parings you

For his findings on cookery, HENRY NOBLE HALL can draw on the experience of a newspaper career which took him to New York, London, New Orleans, and most of Europe, South America, and the West Indies.



As he listens...

Bruno Walter Dreams of an "American Salzburg"

It all seemed so far away now... the distant Alpine peaks... the tumbling rivulet cleaving through the ancient city. Ah, that was *Salzburg*—Salzburg, and the great music festival he had helped to make so famous.

But this was 1944, and a new world had won his love. A new land, where there was as yet no Salzburg... no great musical center to breathe inspiration into an eager continent.

Yet, *listen!* Here was recorded music as Salzburg's own Mozart might have dreamt it, centuries ago. Music that soared to ethereal heights, then crashed to abysmal depths, rising once again to touch all the infinity of human emotion. It was the music of a symphony that Bruno Walter had directed long ago, but now its notes were as clear and sharply etched as though each instrument had fallen anew under the spell of his baton.

"Never have I heard such faithful reproduction," said the famed conductor. "It is superb, incomparable!"

Bruno Walter was listening to the only Meissner electronic radio-phonograph in existence—the final laboratory model perfected just before war turned all of Meissner's skill and knowledge to the manufacture of electronic war equipment. The instrument is now on loan "for the duration" to the music room of Mt. Carmel high school, in Meissner's home community.

From Mt. Carmel, Illinois—already widely known as "The Little City of Great Music"—will come your own luxurious postwar counterpart of the priceless model which Bruno Walter found so enthralling. Then you, too, will know the faithfulness of Meissner reproduction... the purity and clarity of tones heretofore lost or blurred under even the most favorable of conditions.

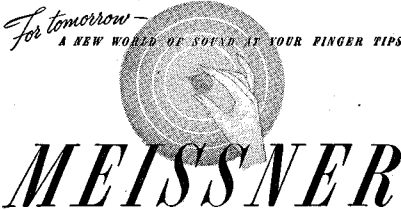
And you'll join with Bruno Walter in welcoming these and many other important Meissner advantages described at the right.

AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER—plays both sides of a record in sequence, *one* side only, or *repeats* a record just played... avoids record breakage. Provides 2 hours or more of music without your touching a record.

FREQUENCY MODULATION—plus advanced electronic features for fidelity and tonal range greatly surpassing such qualities in home radio-phonographs now in use.

SUPER SHORTWAVE... DISTINGUISHED CABINETS... NEW IDEAS in a host of other advancements already being engineered into Meissner electronic equipment for our armed forces around the world.

For tomorrow—
A NEW WORLD OF SOUND AT YOUR FINGER TIPS



MEISSNER
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ADVANCED ELECTRONIC RESEARCH AND MANUFACTURE



happen to have (these lend distinction but are not essential), and put on the fire, shaking the saucepan until the fish debris has surrendered all the juices. Pour on two quarts of cold water, add a tablespoonful of vinegar, and bring to a boil; skim it carefully and boil it gently for twenty minutes, no more. Strain this stock, let it get cold, and use it to poach your fish.

If the fish is to be cooked whole, place it in *cold* fish stock, bring the stock slowly to a boil, take it off the fire, skim it carefully, and poach the fish until it is cooked, never allowing the water to boil again. It must remain below 210 degrees. If the fish is cooked in slices, these must be cut thick and plunged into *boiling* fish stock, which will go off the boil, and the slices are poached as above.

For an interesting and delicious fish consommé, all you have to do is to make some fish stock, substituting half a bottle of white wine for the tablespoonful of vinegar. Strain it with great care, using a Chinese strainer if you have one. Allow it to get cold before using, so that any impurities will sink to the bottom. Take perfectly clear stock, bring it to a boil, pour it into cups garnished with half a teaspoonful of caviar, and add a little sherry as for clear turtle. It will send off a dinner party to a good start.

Escabéché is a wonderful cold entrée. Put a cupful of oil in a skillet with two cloves of garlic and an ounce of peeled shallots or two ounces of sliced onion. Cook it slowly. You are not trying to fry the aromates, but to perfume the oil. Then in the strained oil fry some very lightly floured smelts until they are a rich golden brown. Take out the fish and pack them in a deep dish; pour over them the hot oil well beaten with half its volume of vinegar and a like quantity of orange juice with a few drops of tabasco. Serve ice-cold. The smelts may be replaced by thick slices of any other fish, sea bass being particularly fine.

Speaking of bass, here is a very simple and tasty recipe. Place a fine bass in a buttered glass baking dish that can come to table. Salt and pepper it. Mix half a cupful of chopped mushrooms, half a cupful of chopped almonds, and half a cupful of butter; spread the mixture over the fish and bake in a slow oven.

Now for a simplification of the famous sole Dugléré, invented by the man who, with Carême and Escoffier, made French cuisine what it was before the war. Butter a shallow baking dish that

will just hold your fillets of fish packed close together, pepper and salt them well, cover them with a thin layer of very finely sliced white onions and a thick layer of peeled tomatoes, seeded and cut in small pieces. In between put a good fagot of parsley stems. Bake the fish in a slow oven until the tomato has melted and the onion begins to appear. Remove the bunch of parsley stems and send to table. Nothing could be simpler; yet the delicate taste never fails to please.

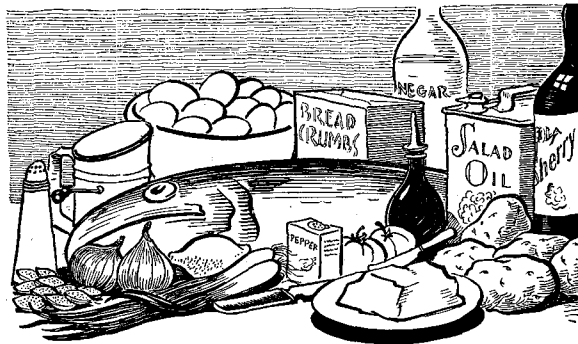
One of the finest of all curries is made with fillets of fish. Cut them in half lengthwise, making tiny diagonal incisions on the outside so that they will fold. Dredge them with flour, fold them in thirds, and pat them gently so that they will stay folded. Gently fry these little squares to a golden brown and lay them in a glass dish. Now in a heavy skillet put a lump of butter and a pound of finely chopped onion; cook gently until they have given up their juice. Add a heaping tablespoonful of curry powder and a little more butter, stir well, add a pint of fish stock twice the usual strength, and

cook for twenty minutes. Then, without straining, pour this rich curry over your fillets. Place the whole in the oven for ten minutes and bring to table.

Once a fish has been filleted it needs delicate treatment. Take a shallow rectangular dish, butter it well, and in it place the fillets. Only one layer,

but the dish must be well covered. Squeeze the juice of a lemon over the fillets and moisten them with two tablespoonfuls of fish stock. If you have no stock, use cold water. Put the dish in a slow oven so that the fish may poach gently in their own liquor. They must remain perfectly white. Bring them to table in the glass dish, with any good sauce by the side. A sure winner for a luncheon party is to drain off any cooking liquor they may have given up, pour over them a rich white sauce flavored with cheese (sauce Mornay), sprinkle with cheese, dot with tiny bits of butter, and put them back in the oven to brown. Mashed potatoes are the only permissible side dish. Never send green vegetables to table with fish.

To this there is one exception: spinach. There are many food affinities, but fish, cheese, and spinach form the ideal triangle in cooking. It is no trouble at all to make fillets Florentine, and they are a splendid entrée. Preceded by a few oysters, followed by a pheasant with braised celery, and a little fruit, it makes an ideal luncheon. Poach your fillets as above, lay them on a bed of shredded spinach



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In spite of man-power short-

ages and other hampering factors, our mines have managed to keep coal flowing and furnaces roaring.

Mark that to the credit of men who work in the mines, and the mine proprietors who have invested \$400,000,000 during the past twenty years in mechanical equipment that has added greatly to the safety, the efficiency and the economy of mining.

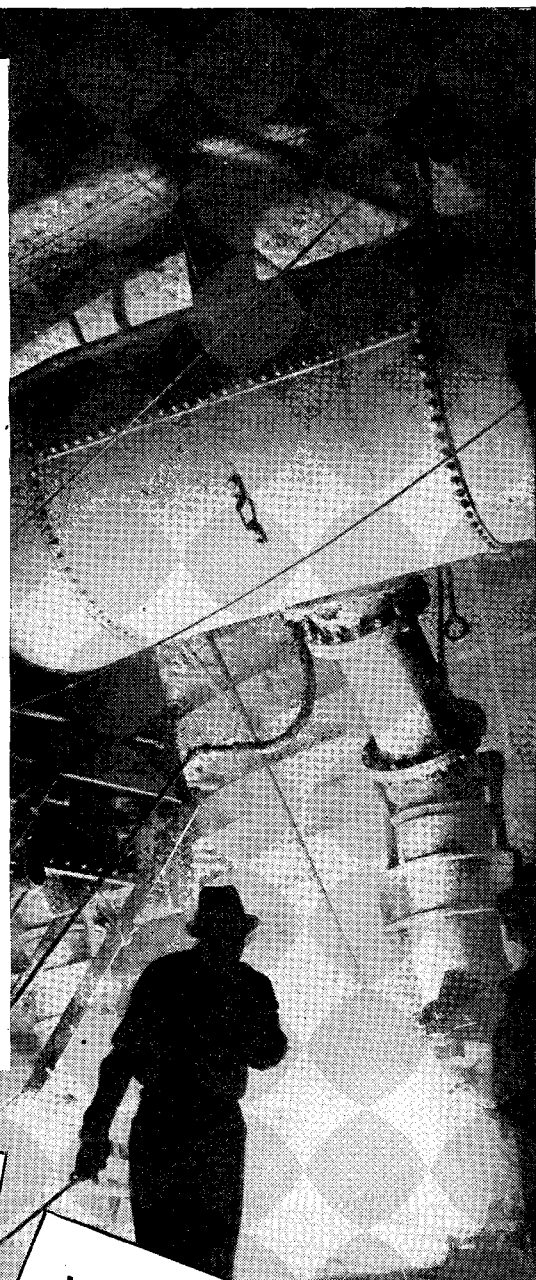
Bituminous coal is America's chief source of power and energy.

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For one thing, coal miners are well paid, their average earnings being higher than the average for all industrial workers. Thousands of coal miners make \$300, \$400, and some even \$500 a month. For another, their work surroundings are not unpleasant by any means. Mine temperatures range between 62 and 72 degrees with fresh air circulating continuously. That miners like their work is shown by the fact that mining has a lower labor turnover than the average for all manufacturing industries. Many who do leave, come back to the mines.



How long before all the coal will be mined?

It is estimated that there is enough coal in our mines to last at least 3,000 years. In view of the progress that is constantly being made in the development of more efficient, more economical firing equipment and combustion methods, 3,000 years is probably far too conservative a figure.

What chemical value has bituminous coal?



Plenty, as you will see. Most of our synthetics and plastics are made, wholly or in part, from bituminous coal. These include such diverse commodities as perfumes, aspirin, safety glass, dyes, fabrics, synthetic rubber, fertilizers, disinfectants, plastics and a thousand and one other products. In addition, coal products furnish the four most important war chemicals and materials for all high explosives. Bituminous has helped to create new industries, open up new jobs, and make available new products which contribute to our convenience and health.

"WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW ABOUT COAL?"

Here are a few of our answers to the questions you have asked about coal, and the men who mine it.

stewed in butter, cover them with sauce Mornay, and glaze in a hot oven.

A pleasant way to do sea bass is to treat it à la Nicoise. Put two or three tablespoonfuls of oil in a skillet; brown your fish quickly on both sides and place it in a baking dish. Then put in your oil a couple of pounds of tomatoes, skinned and sliced, and cook them on a rapid fire. Pour them on top of the black bass and set the dish in a moderate oven until the fish is cooked. Send the fish to table liberally sprinkled with chopped tarragon and caper berries. If tarragon is out of season, use chopped parsley leaves.

No one can beat the Chinese when it comes to cooking shrimps — and of all culinary heresies, they cook them with green beans! But heresy or not, take a pound of young string beans and parboil them for five minutes in just enough water to cover them; drain them and allow them to cool. Cut in thick slices half a pound of white onions. Peel, cut in two lengthwise, and wash under running water one pound of large shrimps. Put two tablespoonfuls of peanut oil in an iron skillet, and when it is hot throw in your shrimps and stir them quickly until they have curled and turned white. Then add the raw sliced onion and parboiled beans. Shake them all up together in the pan for a couple of minutes. Then add a cupful or more of fish stock (rich chicken consommé is to my mind better) and simmer for five minutes, adding pepper and salt and Chinese flavoring powder if you have it. Remove the lid, thicken the sauce with cornstarch made into a smooth paste with a little water, and cook the shrimps for a few minutes longer, stirring all the time. Served with plain boiled rice, this is a most appetizing dish.

Much would be added to the American way of life by a more liberal use of fish in sandwiches and for canapés to serve with cocktails. A wonderful sandwich can be made out of thin, fresh white bread, spread with mayonnaise, and some cold cod or halibut carefully flaked with a few sprigs of watercress.

But for canapés that will turn a cocktail party into a riot, mix one tablespoonful of chopped parsley leaves, one tablespoonful of finely chopped white of scallion, one teaspoonful of mixed salt and pepper, two tablespoonfuls of oil, and one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar. Beat this sauce well and work into it any cold fish well mashed with a fork. With a small biscuit cutter, cut out rounds of fresh white bread, spread them with this thick paste, and top with a thin slice of sweet pickled gherkin.



To a Cake of Ice on the Sidewalk

By OSCAR WILLIAMS

O STONE of the temple of all vanishing things,
You must not lie there taking winter by the beard,
Your shoulders spread out like a coffin's, wide,
And billeted on the street while cousin clouds
Fly ribbon elsewheres at the horizon's rim.

Although tight-locked you hoard, O private beast,
Ten thousand flowers' dewdrops in your chest,
You are a public charge on the state of sight.
If you will not dance in long and leopard throats
Of alcohol and mate with bubbles of frivolity,
Nor battle the midnight long the hundred rank
Odors in the poor food-boxes of the town,
Nor cool the brows dying from too much living —

Then go slip an inch when no one's looking, yes,
Slide down the street, escape into the East
River and seek your Glaciers' Golden Age,
For here you are the coldest thing alive,
Almost too naked for the human eye.



If You Can't Get to Sleep

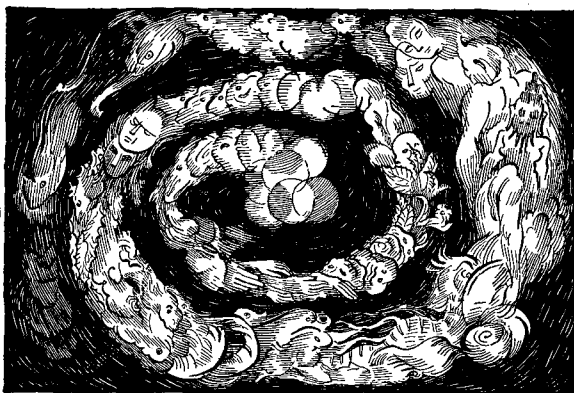
By GELETT BURGESS

WHEN you put out your light, lie down on your bed, and close your eyes — what do you see? Some will say they see nothing. Probably, then, they drop off to sleep quickly. Some will say they see blackness. But it's difficult to see absolute black when the eyes are closed, and some oculists assert that unless you have perfect vision it's impossible.

Others will doubtless say that they've never noticed what they see when their eyes are closed in the dark. And that's the correct answer for most people. Few are interested in such an apparently insignificant subject. People are likely to be so absorbed in their own thoughts that they really are unconscious of the strange pictures that pass in front of their eyes before they fall asleep. It is a common experience not to notice things even when one's eyes are open. Intense thought or emotion often makes us look without seeing.

GELETT BURGESS has enriched the American language with such words as *goop*, *blurb*, and *bromide* in his long career of humorous as well as serious writing. He deals here with phenomena which many must have noticed but about which little has been written.

Now the things we see while awake — objective images — are visible, we know, because light waves are reflected from external objects onto the retina. Exactly what causes the appearance of the subjective visions we see when our eyes are closed is not definitely known. They are called hypnagogic images — *hypnagogic* meaning “leading to sleep,” or “drowsy.” They are supposed to partake of the nature of dreams, and most psychologists consider them to be influenced by the subconscious mind. Such illusions and other hallucinations are now being studied as factors or indications of personality.



Everyone, presumably, sees different images when his eyes are shut. Dr. D. Sligh, a Scottish psychologist, speaks of the first thing to be seen as the “photosphere,” a bright shining spot revolving on its own axis. Many of his own subjects, however, fail to testify to having seen it. I’ve never seen a photosphere, I never hope to see one; and so I can give only my own experience in hypnagogic vision.

Next to folklore, the plot of a play, or the history of a bridge game, nothing in the world, I suppose, is more of a bore than the description of another person’s dreams. But these hypnagogic pictures aren’t really dreams, and it will be necessary to describe some of my visions at least fully enough to show how they may be used to induce sleep. They’ll be more interesting if you check them with your own experiences when you go to bed tonight.

When my eyes are closed in the dark I see, at first, only a nebulous appearance, as of dim light-gray spots mottling a dark background. The whole field of view seems to be vibrating. Over this surface, pale clouds begin to drift and swirl. Fixing and holding one’s attention on these vague and changing patterns of light and shade is the first step in putting yourself to sleep.

To woo slumber, you see, your mind should be passive. It is almost impossible, ordinarily, to “make your mind a blank,” as is so often advised; but close attention to these hypnagogic images prevents one from straying off in active thought. One’s mind is passive, yet aware and receptive.

The best technique for producing these images, I’ve found, is to keep the eyes focused to near vision. That is, I imagine a picture screen a short distance in front of my eyes — at about the distance for reading. Upon this screen I watch the changing forms. It is important to maintain this near-vision

focusing because when the eyelids are closed the lenses naturally accommodate to the more restful long-distance focus. If that is permitted, our attention to the images is likely to relax; we forget to watch what we see and begin to think about what Fred said, or that date for tomorrow, and so we are kept awake.

Slight recommends fixing your eyes on a spot straight before you, so that vision will function by means of the “yellow spot” of the eyes, the *macula lutea* near the center of the retina. I confess I don’t know what that means, exactly, and I doubt if it matters. But though this fixation and concentration is by no means easy while the figures are vague and formless, as soon as images begin to appear they are entertaining enough to assure your attention. These are the pictures which you probably have often seen but of which you have been scarcely conscious.

Hypnotism nowadays is accomplished by mere oral suggestion. The patient is told, “You are getting sleepy . . . you are falling asleep . . . you are sleeping.” But in the early days of the science the hypnotic trance was induced by fatiguing the senses of sight or hearing. The patient was made to stare at revolving mirrors or into a crystal ball, or was lulled by some soft, monotonous tone. When you’re bored you’re fatigued, and don’t you tend to become drowsy? A dull book will often do the trick. By this hypnagogic method, what induces slumber, probably, is partly the fatigue caused by the effort to maintain the optic lens focused for near vision, and partly the mental concentration involved in close observation. It is, anyway, a true autohypnosis.

Most children tell of vivid images they see when their eyes are shut. It was in trying to recover this lost ability that I was led to discover an effective method of putting myself to sleep. I used to practice every night when I went to bed, studying attentively the forms I saw, no matter how indeterminate they might be. I didn’t attempt to produce visions: I simply remained passive but attentive, letting what might appear. I found it restful and amusing, next, to try to make pictures out of the confused lights and shadows, just as one tries to see pictures in the fire, or in the clouds — “very like a whale.”

As I kept my attention fixed, more and more definite images began to appear. Faces or objects, queer, incongruous objects, would suddenly flash

into view. They were momentary, like snapshots, but startlingly distinct. Never were the faces or scenes anything I had ever seen before.

Gradually I developed a technique for hastening and developing these pictures. I found that if I imagined myself moving, — as if sailing up a river, — the blurred masses would slowly become more distinct and take the shape of hills, cliffs, and trees along the shore I was passing. Or I would imagine myself walking along a city street, and so long as I kept moving forward, house after house would glide past me backwards in a continuous changing panorama. Again I would find myself unexpectedly in a room where furniture, decorations, carpet, everything, were seen in sharp detail. But as these images are evanescent, to keep them coming I would have to move on, out of that room, into another, go along hallways, up or down stairs. Everything always seemed so real, but, knowing they were only imaginary, I could even boldly throw myself out of high open windows and float down to the street below.

When the power of producing these illusions is developed one can have the most amazing adventures. The only trouble is that when they have become most realistic and exciting you usually fall asleep. And then, when you cross the "threshold of consciousness," instead of passively witnessing the hypnagogic scenes, you step up onto the stage of the show and become an actor in a dream drama.

The special advantage of this method of inducing sleep is that a habit is formed — a habit, that is, of going to sleep. The mental mechanism soon becomes automatic. For, if you find that you can put yourself to sleep in this manner, a confidence in being able to fall asleep at any time is created. This gives a powerful suggestion to your subconscious mind. Just as almost anyone can for a few times at least make himself wake at any given hour, so, if you have schooled yourself in this hypnagogic way, you often have only to give yourself the command, "Go to sleep!" — and the next thing you know, it's tomorrow morning.

In fact, this has worked in my own case so well that now I miss all the fun I used to have when I went to bed. No more imaginary travels in the queer, hypnagogic world of the mysterious night. I see that dark, mottled surface for a moment, and then I'm off to life's stratosphere — the realm of dreams.



Lookout

By JAMES BOYD, JR.

SEVENTY feet above the deck the wind rises to a shriek, tearing at that gray steel box, the crow's-nest. A gloved hand grips its cold steel side as the ship plunges forward. It loosens its grip and moves upward to a muffled face, brushing away tears from the eyes in that face. The tears freeze in a hard brown crust on the glove. Around these eyes is a heavy dark



wool mask that covers the man's face. Little white flecks of frozen spray hang on the wool. Black binoculars snuggle against his chest. A high-collared brown sheepskin towers around his head, and heavy blue pants disappear into the shadows at his feet. He squints ahead through icy winds at the misty sea below and before him, and at the flying clouds overhead.

Behind the flying clouds, like a frozen crust of snow, is a glaring white mat of cloud across the sky. A fresh gust of icy wind makes the seaman gasp for breath and turn away. He tries to put his hands into his pockets to warm them, but the constant plunge and roll of the ship makes him grab the side of the crow's-nest and brace his back against the mast. Every few minutes he rockets forward and his ears block up as if he were going down in a fast elevator. The plunge stops and his knees push hard against the steel as the crow's-nest pulls out of its power dive, shaking like a wet cat. Below, a narrow, white-iced bow rises dripping above the seas. Crouched seamen on gun watch peer over the iced turret, their black sou'westers glistening. Small streams of green water dig new channels along the icy deck. The flying bridge with its searchlights and light guns is white from frozen spray.

Directly below the crow's-nest is the black, cavernous mouth of the stack with wisps of white smoke scurrying out and past the mast. Every now and then, in a lull in the wind, the lookout can hear the steady dum-dum of the engines and the cough of the exhaust. Aft, he can see the smooth lines of the ship and the long white wake astern.

Son of the late novelist and poet, JAMES BOYD, JR., is serving as a quartermaster in the Coast Guard. This is his first appearance in the *Atlantic*.



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Two tiny black figures walk back and forth in the round turret of the after gun. Below are toy-like lifeboats, swung out over the sea, which, like the ship, seem to be plunging and cutting through the icy swells.

Just behind the lookout flaps the ensign, its torn red and white stripes standing out straight in the wind. On the beam are the flag halyards, four on each side, taut and bowed. Farther down, their black threads turn to dirty white, then to pure white where the salt spray hits and freezes. He sees, with a thrill of fear, ice forming on the ratlines below — his only way to warmth and comfort.

As the wind tears at him harder, he shivers and beats his gloved hands against the side of the crow's-nest and stamps his booted feet on the steel deck. Ahead is nothing but white-crested waves, which stretch out one after another till they dissolve into a white mass that forms forever-changing tiny bumps on the horizon.

Suddenly one of these bumps seems larger and bursting higher in foam! He grabs the binoculars and strains to balance them for just a second on that spot; hundreds of crested waves pour before him. He looks away from his glasses to wipe his eyes, then looks again. Wait. Is that a wave? No! It is an object.

He reaches behind him, feeling for the little red button that will ring the bridge, but his large, stiff mittens are too clumsy to find it. Cursing, he pulls them off, still keeping his eyes on the object ahead. He feels for the button again, finds it, presses it, and drags on a pair of headphones over his head. A metallic voice answers through the black discs over his ears: —

"Bridge, aye!"

"Object dead ahead on the horizon," he shouts into the mouthpiece.

"What? Speak clearer," the voice answers.

He pulls away the woolen mask from his face and speaks again: "Object dead ahead on the horizon!"

"Aye, aye," replies the voice, followed by a click as the phones silence.

Wait, there it is again — a tower of spray knifing up, a bit of gray, of white.

It is a ship! She is painted that weird white and blue used by ships in the North Atlantic. He presses the red button again. Almost before he stops pressing, a voice answers: —

"Bridge, aye."

"Object identified as ship. Camouflaged white and gray," the lookout shouts into the mouthpiece.

"What?"

"Ship painted white and gray!"

"Aye, aye!"

The faint sound of the howler pierces the wind. The lookout glances below for a second to see the gun crew tearing off ice-coated canvas covers from the guns, and crowds of tiny men pouring out of hatches like ants out of a disturbed anthill. Men appear directly below pulling peaked gun covers off the light guns and round covers off the searchlights.

He glances out to sea again. The buzzer sounds behind him.

"Lookout, aye," he answers.

"Lookout, does she look like a friendly ship?" a voice asks.

"Can't tell, sir. Looks like a British corvette. She —"

"A British corvette?" interrupts the voice.

Suddenly a bright blue light flashes through the spray.

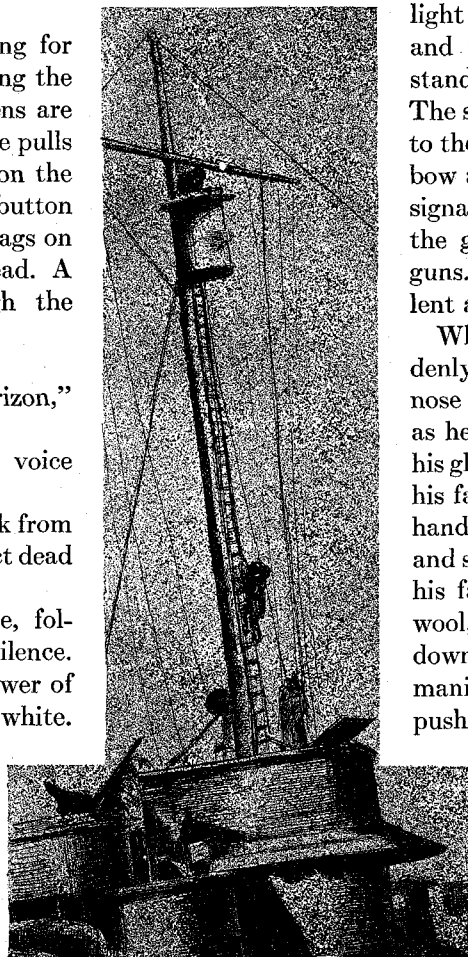
"Sir, she's blinking at us," the lookout yells into the phones.

"Very well." The phones click silent.

He sees his own signalmen swing their big searchlight towards the ship, steady the light, and then answer. All the gun crews stand ready, guns trained on the ship. The ship blinks a reply and turns away to the north, waves breaking across her bow and a confused wake astern. The signalmen secure their big light, and the gun crews pull covers over their guns. Soon the decks are bare and silent and cold again.

When the lookout relaxes, he suddenly feels a tingle at the end of his nose and notices his face is almost solid as he tries to move his lips. He drops his glasses against his chest and feels for his face. Then he notices his hands — hands once strong and brown now blue and stiff. He tries to pull the mask over his face, but his hands slide over the wool, refusing to grasp it. He leans down out of the cold blast and tries to manipulate the gloves so that he can push his hands into them, but his hands fold up and will not be pushed.

A sudden terror seizes him. He tries to calm himself as he turns and looks for the small red button to the bridge. There it is, next to the mast, about waist-high. He crouches down



LISTEN: JULY 1, 1944

100 hours before the dawn of D-Day, Edward R. Murrow flew over the Calais beach and made the first broadcast from a bomber over Festung Europa.

Then came midnight June 5 in New York, 6 A.M., June 6 in London. Charles Collingwood was carrying a wire recorder to an LST bound across the Channel. Richard Hottel was in a Marauder in the first air wave. Larry LeSueur and Bill Downs were marching with the Allied ground forces.

In the CBS world-news room in New York and at 12:37 a.m. Ned Calmer broadcast an AP eavesdrop from Germany that the Allies were on the move, repeated it every half hour until 3, warning listeners to doubt the Krauts bearing news. At 3:17 Bob Trout unlocked a new secret cupboard in Studio 9, yanked down a hand-microphone with a long tail of wire, flipped a switch that put him on the air to the whole U.S., and moved into the news-ticker room with the mike, reading aloud swiftly and steadily from the rapid fire of ticker-news pouring in. Paul White, CBS news chief, warned Trout to expect an important announcement at 3:30. At 3:32 Eisenhower's first communique broke directly into the network by short wave from London. The invasion was on.

Major George Fielding Eliot took over to analyze the communique. At 3:39 Murrow spoke from London; at 4, CBS broadcast General Eisenhower's recorded alarm to the invaded peoples—followed by the King of Norway's speech to his people underground—then the Prime Minister of the Netherlands; then the Prime Minister of Belgium. Back and forth over the Atlantic the broadcasts erupted; at 5:14 CBS' Richard Hottel, now back on the ground after his Marauder flight, told his story from London. The 4 major networks were pooling their English broadcasts to America, so the CBS frontliners were augmented by such competent colleagues as Bryan, Vandercook, Anderson, Mann, and the top BBC men. At 5:45 CBS switched to the seething Pentagon in Washington, then

back to Supreme Headquarters in London, back to New York for Trout and Eliot once more, back to London for Charles Shaw, to Washington again...

Newspaper extras were dated 5 o'clock that morning—by 5 o'clock CBS had already issued 4 hrs. 23 min. of a constant stream of invasion news and analysis, as the 141 CBS stations across America "lighted up". The stream swelled. On came Ned Calmer again, Major Eliot, Charles Collingwood's wire-recording of his LST shoving off. Bill Henry, Col. Morrison, Quentin Reynolds—one after another—spelled it out until at 10:00—after more than 9 hours of steady news, the first regular program came on the CBS air. A few more followed, but were soon erased by more news. About 11 the CBS monitor heard BBC warn that General DeGaulle would speak at 11:30. America heard him over CBS only, with a running-translation interpolated. At 3, CBS brought King George's prayer. London had promised a second communique for the U.S. "pool" at 5:30, but an overseas mixup had put the communique on the news-wires and the BBC air ahead of U.S. radio. So Quincy Howe analyzed it, ad lib, as the ticker version was torn off and handed to him at the microphone at 6:11.



You've now read a fraction of the salients of the most critical day in the history of the world, noted in the little room where history channels to our nation... The President prayed at 10 ... Then Murrow's voice again, through heavy static "...the sound of a giant factory in the sky... 8,000 tons of bombs... people went about their business calmly". Other voices: "...the first wounded have come back, and they smiled..." John Daly's clipped summaries. Wm. L. Shirer's soft, piercing observations. Then toward midnight Quentin Reynolds' moving personal sketch of Montgomery the man, and his new American uniform...

And on the window-sill a thick paper book, bearing the title "Liberat-

ing a Continent; Index to Invasion", published by the British Information Services. On the cover of the book there was an empty coffee-glass, and a good deal of dust. That acrid smell on the east wind was cordite.

★

One of the best reporters in New York expressed the matter in this way:

"The radio world, never given to prolonged quiet, burst forth on April 27 with as lively and complicated an argument as it ever had. The topic under debate was when and under what standards postwar television should make its bow.

"CBS started the current dispute by announcing that it favors a policy of concentrating all research effort on higher frequencies where there was sufficient room to telecast more detailed pictures than, the network claimed, was possible under present standards.

"Paul W. Kesten, CBS executive vice president, contended that such a move was essential now lest a later shift to higher frequencies make receivers owned by the public suddenly useless or lest a large financial investment by public and manufacturers under present standards discourage ultimate improvement in the video art.

"CBS, emphasizing that it was not seeking to delay television's advent, believes it the wiser course to prepare for scrapping what investment there is now under the present standards of television rather than risk a far larger sum in later years."

That's the kernel of the issue.

★

This is

CBS

the COLUMBIA

BROADCASTING SYSTEM

and leans his shoulder against the button, but the ship rolls, throwing him crashing against the side of the crow's-nest. Desperately he tries again, bracing himself with his knees and his feet as he leans heavily on the button, listening. Then through the awful quiet of wind and cold a voice answers: —

"Bridge, aye."

"Bridge. My — my face is frozen. So are my hands," he mumbles over the phones.

"What is that?" says the voice.

"Need relief. Hands and face frozen!" he shouts desperately.

"Hands frozen! All right, be right up!"

He crouches in the crow's-nest still trying to pull on the gloves, but his hands are useless. "God damn, God damn it to hell," he mutters, almost breaking into tears with desperation.

"Hey, where are you?" someone suddenly shouts on the outside of the crow's-nest close at hand. The lookout looks up to see a gloved hand reach in and fumble for the latch to the small steel door of the crow's-nest.

"Down here," the lookout answers helplessly.

A heavily dressed figure in blue with a black felt face-mask worms his way through the narrow door.

"Christ, haven't you got any gloves?" asks the fellow with the felt mask.

"Gloves too stiff. Had to take off to call bridge," the lookout explains, his mouth moving painfully. The figure bends down and covers the lookout's white face and then starts to rub his hands.

"Feel anything?" the man with the mask asks.

"Yes, a little. Sorry to be so —"

The buzzer rings. The man with the mask pulls the phones off the lookout's head and puts them on his own head.

"Hello, bridge!" he says.

"Say, is that man all right?" asks an urgent voice.

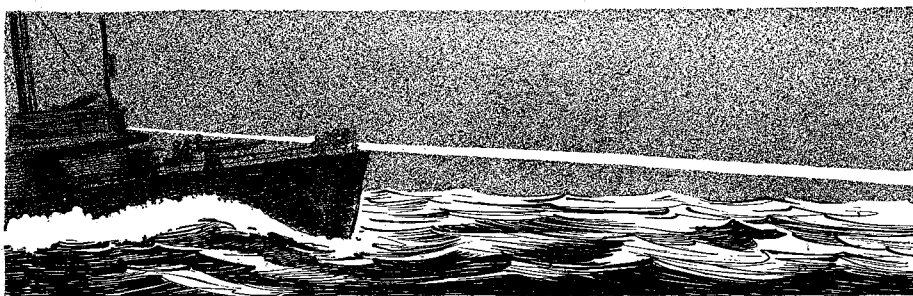
"Well, sir, he'll be all right in a minute. I'm trying to thaw his hands out now."

"Can he come down?" asks the voice.

The man with the mask turns to the lookout and asks: "The Captain wants to know if you can come down."

"Yes," the lookout says, starting slowly to flex his fingers.

"Yes, sir, he thinks he can," says the man with the mask.



"All right. Secure the lookout. You get below him and help him down. Take it easy and I'll try to keep the ship steady," the voice instructs.

"Aye, aye, sir!" He takes off the phones and hangs them on a hook by the mast.

"O.K. You ready to go down?" he asks.

"Yah. Let's go," says the lookout.

On the main deck the Captain leans against the port railing, staring aloft at that small gray box that sways back and forth against the racing clouds. A bundled figure in blue suddenly emerges from the box and steps down a few rungs on the ratlines. The ship rolls a little.

"Keep her steady on that course!" yells the Captain to the helmsman.

A second black bundle appears. The figure sways for a minute, then starts slowly down the ratlines, the man below guiding him and holding on to his feet. They move as one, step by step. As they reach the iced ratlines they move more slowly. The top figure in his brown sheepskin, his arms wrapped around the ratlines, seems to slide more than step each time he moves. Step, stop, step, stop; two tiny figures moving across a gray sky on a white, latticed ladder. Suddenly the ship swings off the wind and rolls heavily to port. The two figures stop and hang on as they move dizzily through space. The top figure slips and slowly slides over, over, and then stops, hanging there on one side, his arms locked around the ratlines, his body bending dangerously over space.

"Quartermaster, take the wheel and keep her on that course!" orders the Captain.

"Aye, aye, sir!"

Slowly the ship comes up into the wind again and steadies. The lower figure, pressing tight against the other's legs, reaches up and pulls him back straight on the ratlines. They stand there for a moment: the one looking up, the other looking down through the steel rungs of the ratlines. Then they start down again, disappearing behind the protecting wing of the life rafts rigged high along the ship's side. The Captain moves down the companionway to the main deck and hurries aft where a group of men crowd around the base of the ratlines.

"Gangway," someone shouts. The men promptly

Why a noted Editor names HEAVEN BELOW

THE CHOICE OF THE MONTH

"DON'T MISS E. H. Clayton's 'Heaven Below.' If you liked 'Burma Surgeon,' you will enjoy this account of thirty years as a mission teacher in China.

"The 'Heaven Below' of the title is used ironically; it is the Chinese name of the city in which the author started his mission school and is about as inaccurate a description as possible of that home of revolutionists, bandits, gangsters, beggars, thieves, politicians, big-eyed children, and scholarly old gentlemen. They called the author 'Mr. Foreign Devil,' and for a long time looked upon him with a mixture of fear and derision. But mission teachers are chosen for their toughness of spirit; this Foreign Devil had the resiliency of a

rubber ball. He was often discouraged, occasionally terrified, but he managed to overcome the most amazing obstacles.

"In 'Heaven Below' you can find almost anything you want. Here are exotic pictures of Chinese cities, tales of hunting in the mountains (the author is something of an international celebrity at tracking down rare

beasts), gay and humorous accounts of the meeting of Oriental and Occidental habits of thought, touching pictures of Chinese devotion, horrifying stories of barbarism.

"Clayton saw the Chinese Communists running in terror and destroying as they fled. He walked his own school grounds with Japanese bayonets at his back, he skulked from doorway to doorway when lawless freebooters ranged the city, he fed and housed thousands of refugees, and he drove armed Japanese from his door by sheer bluff.

"'Heaven Below' is cheerful, colorful, full of thrills, and a fascinating picture of our Chinese allies. I urge you to read it."

—FRANCIS LUDLOW,
Editor, Retail Bookseller

\$2.75 at all bookstores

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1943 *Atlantic Prizes* 1944 to High School and Private School Students

The Atlantic Contests for High School and Private School Students for 1943-1944 (closing date April 10) were open to all students using the Atlantic Monthly in a course during some part of the 1943-1944 school year.

\$25.00 for the Best Essay

PRIZE—And The Fulness Thereof, by Kathy Landreth, The Katharine Branson School, Ross, California; *Martha Howey, Instructor.*

HONORABLE MENTION

The Day of Small Things, by Zoé Menell, Bronxville High School, New York; *Anne F. Haig, Instructor.*

It Can Be Done, by Sally Ann Calhoun, Kent Place School, Summit, New Jersey; *Rebecca L. Mizner, Instructor.*

Three Hundred Miles by Canoe, by Sidney E. Scholes, Evanston Township High School, Illinois; *Dorothy J. Colburn, Instructor.*

\$25.00 for the Best Story

PRIZE—Bumper Crop, 1942, by Darleen Kirby, West Seattle High School, Washington; *Belle McKenzie, Instructor.*

HONORABLE MENTION

Last Leave, by Courtney Cowgill, Sarah Dix Hamlin School, San Francisco; *Zoe Fisk, Instructor.*

First Day, by Barbara Lender, Westlake School for Girls, Los Angeles; *Carol Mills, Instructor.*

The Dreamer, by Muriel Van Etten, Peoria High School, Illinois; *Mamie T. McGrath, Instructor.*

\$25.00 for the Best Poem

PRIZE—Our Only Answer, by Rosemary Dolan, Derham Hall High School, The College of St. Catherine, St. Paul, Minnesota; *Sister Immaculata, Instructor.*

HONORABLE MENTION

Intermission, by Rosemary Dolan, Derham Hall High School, The College of St. Catherine, St. Paul, Minnesota; *Sister Immaculata, Instructor.*

Night Wind, by Joan Tuttle, Ethel Walker School, Simsbury, Connecticut; *Helen L. Paddock, Instructor.*

Sonnet for Christmas Eve, by Barbara Lender, Westlake School for Girls, Los Angeles; *Carol Mills, Instructor.*

move apart to let the Captain through where two men, standing on the pin rack, help the first man down. The lookout above hangs on silently looking at the men below.

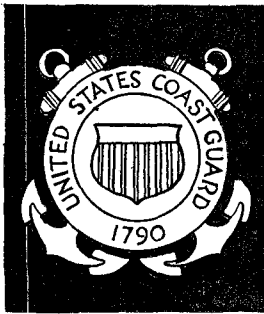
"O.K. Come on down," calls a tall seaman, his shaggy black hair blowing in the wind. He grips one of the lookout's legs while the man on the other side grips the other leg.

"All right, look lively now!" cautions the Captain.

The men press in eagerly, reaching up, watching. The lookout's legs dangle from the ratlines while other hands grab him around the waist and slowly lower him to the deck. He wobbles for a moment, then gets his balance, his arms hanging limp by his side. The whole front part of him, from head to foot, is covered with ice and grease.

"Get him to the sick bay quick," orders the Captain. "You did a good job, Lookout. Good work!"

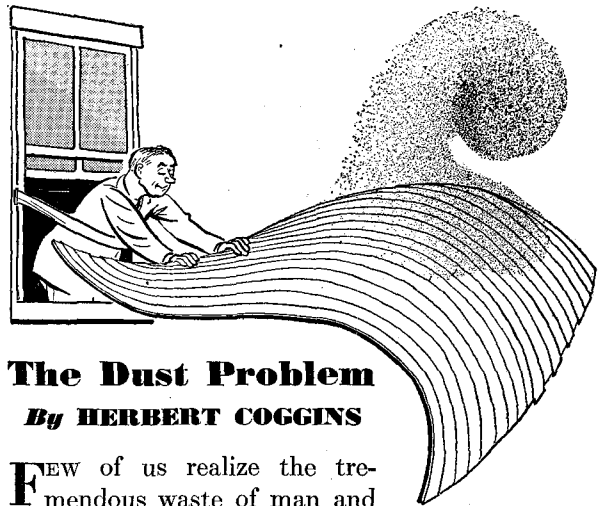
"Thank you, sir," he mumbles, trying feebly to salute.



The King of Dlong

By DAVID BROCK

I KNOW nine things about the King of Dlong
And you will believe eight of them.
I know that he sails boats in his bath;
I know that he wants holidays with pay;
And I know that in the Royal Correspondence
He writes rude messages between the lines
In invisible ink.
I know that half his would-be assassins
Are hired by him.
I know he calls the Queen "Queenie"
To annoy her.
I know his crown jewels are really sweetmeats
Which he secretly devours.
I know that he writes the most appalling parodies
Of the Nine Songs in his praise.
I know he prepares to abdicate
In favor of the President of the Republican Club,
Who is himself in disguise.
And now you know these things also
And will believe them.
But I also know that he gets tales of mystery
From the great Public Library at Zhat
And underlines all the hidden clues
To give away the plot to the next reader.
This you will not believe.
But I am the Librarian of Zhat.



The Dust Problem

By HERBERT COGGINS

FEW of us realize the tremendous waste of man and woman hours in our present handling of the dust problem. All the brush and broom makers, to say nothing of the carpet-sweeper and vacuum manufacturers, and their salesmen devote their entire time to this one problem. And that's just the beginning. From then on, millions of wives, husbands, and even children spend hours dusting floors and shelves and furniture.

This is practically all waste effort since in no case do they get rid of the dust: they merely push it around from place to place or stir it up into the air, whence it settles back to where it started. As a matter of fact the wisest plan, up to the time of my invention, was the much discredited one of sweeping it under the carpet, where, if left alone, it will disturb no one.

My plan is simple. In the house I am designing there will be no place for the dust to land. Each room will have a movable floor, like a bird cage, which can be pulled out and shaken out the window. Meanwhile new dust will attempt to settle. In this it will be completely foiled and will be forced to descend to the basement floor, which will previously have been covered with a sticky, molasses-like substance. This will take care of the dust forever.

Perfecting my plan, I will design all bureaus, shelves, dressers, and beds to be built down from the ceiling so that there will be no top surfaces to hold the dust.

But the revolutionary advantage of my plan is that for the first time we shall get the use of the best part of the room, the upper half — undoubtedly freer from dust. Flies and mosquitoes and moths have long recognized this, while we have been content to share the lower part with the things that can only crawl — like ants and crickets.

I am enthusiastic about my idea, but I am having a little difficulty with one detail of the blueprint. That is, to locate a convenient place to stand while shaking the floor out the window.



The Hot Solo

By ROGER PRYOR DODGE

WHEN the jazz period is over, we shall no doubt go back to old phonograph records and to printed scores, studying them, trying to find out how things got there. Jazz improvisation is a folk music of our own day which reaches its epitome in the "hot solo." Even those who wish simply to enjoy this music should not take it too much for granted.

To take content from a tune and still not state it explicitly in any part of its variation, the improviser must have the tune safely buried in a substratum of his mind. If it is buried too deep, there is danger of losing the tune and consequently of falling back on harmony alone — as often happens. But when the tune has receded just far enough to allow freedom of thought, the improviser can keep two voices running through his mind at once. This process may be called two-voiced thinking — one voice privately sustained in the head, the other publicly presented.

An ideal state of improvisation is achieved by constant repetition of the tune until it has sunk into the subconscious. Then the musician is free to improvise, and association may work with its full force. The first actual progression, or even the thought of it, immediately recalls the rest of the piece. In this way the improvisation becomes a *new tune*, its unity built out of the old one.

The act of circling about a succession of tuneful single notes with runs and rhythms does not vary the tune; it merely relieves a monotony of presentation. This weak device has been carried to comparative heights by a few creative pianists of recent times. Men like Earl Hines, Teddy Wilson, and Art Tatum have made use of very little else.

Another simple way to improvise is to forget the tune and improvise on the harmony as carried in the head or sustained by the orchestra. Here anything the musician does will be right enough, but lack of a cementing continuity of melodic thought keeps such improvisation from holding together. Unless the improviser can create a new unity of tune, he will end up with much choppy activity and little musical material.

To *imply* the tune at every stage of the improvised variation, to avoid obbligate and to have variety and originality besides, is musical activity rarely possible for anyone except the experienced jazz or folk musician. Such a musician sees the tune

in his mind practically as a whole. This image allows him perfect freedom. The musical line of his improvisation can completely disregard the musical line of the tune.

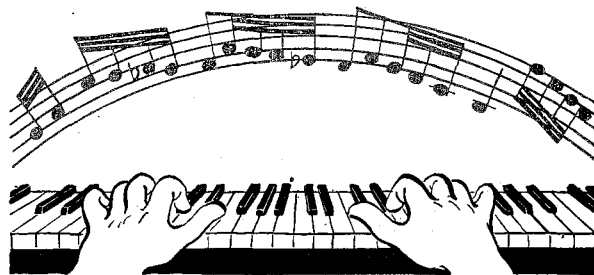
The late Charles Christians's guitar solo on *Honeysuckle Rose*, by Benny Goodman's orchestra, is an example. Although it is possible, throughout his variation, to trace the melodic line of the original tune, Christians forces us to forget *Honeysuckle Rose* and listen to Charles Christians. The tune must have floated far back in his mind to permit him such easy motion. One-finger piano playing, at slow tempo, reveals the absolute melodic newness of his piece, and yet, when it is played at tempo, the tune of *Honeysuckle Rose* can be distinguished.

Very often the improviser will want his new melodic line, his hot solo, to keep going ahead, to extend beyond the limits of a formal section of the original tune. So he obeys the demands of his own melodic line, not the end of the section, by extending it beyond the normal limit of the section of the accepted tune. Having done this for a time, he is naturally far behind the course of the melody, but at any point he joins it with the greatest ease. Like a dog out for a walk with its master, he is running away and continually returning — returning to where the master *is*, not to where he left the master.

It is the adherence to a tune which gives a not too imaginative variation its significance. To *make use* of a tune's unity, not merely to follow its melodic outline, requires the faculty Mozart describes: —

... and I spread it out broader and clearer, and at last it gets almost finished in my head, even when it is a long piece, so that I can see the whole of it at a single glance in my mind, as if it were a beautiful painting or a handsome human being; in which way I do not hear it in my imagination at all as a succession — the way it must come later — but all at once, as it were. It is a rare feast! All the invention and making goes on in me as in a beautiful strong dream. But the best of all is the *hearing of it all at once*.

The jazz improviser, playing for dancers, creates with harmony, melody, superimposed harmony, the tune itself and its embellishments, all balanced in his mind. To them he adds his own personality and his mechanical habits of musicianship. A steady beat correlates the diverse elements. That is hot jazz.



ROGER PRYOR DODGE gave up his work in the field of the ballet and music in order to become a draftsman in a Baltimore war plant. This is his first appearance in the *Atlantic*.

The GOBI DESERT

*By Mildred Cable with
Francesca French*

The author of this classic of travel books spent many adventurous years following the trade routes and desert byways of Sinkiang and Inner Mongolia. Speaking Chinese fluently, she knew many people: a living Buddha; the Tiger Prince; General Ma—who held her prisoner because he needed her medical aid; nomads in their felt tents; the wild, free, and hospitable mongols. "One of the truly unusual offerings of the year."

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Fourscore Years

By G. G. Coulton

George Gordon Coulton, the author of *Medieval Panorama*, looks back on eighty years of a full and active life. It is the story of a lifelong passion for the hidden truth of common history. Dr. Coulton writes with warmth, humanity, and humor.

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Against Oblivion

A BIOGRAPHY OF JOSEPH SEVERN

By Sheila Birkenhead

This lively and romantic biography of Joseph Severn, artist friend of Keats and himself a man of brilliance, includes such figures as Shelley, Trelawny, Gladstone, and Ruskin, as well as the members of Keats' circle. It is the first full-length portrait of a striking figure and reveals the fascinating pattern of his times.

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San Francisco's
Forgotten Jason*

Samuel Brannan

AND THE GOLDEN FLEECE

By Reva Scott

All the bravura and rags-to-riches drama of a robber baron of America's gold-rush days are in this fictionized biography of Samuel Brannan, two-wived Elder, then Apostate, of the Mormon Church. He was a hell-roaring, courageous, unscrupulous individual whose story constitutes colorful history and Americana of unsurpassable interest.

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By Frances Gaitther

"Set 'The Red Cock Crows' down with 'A Bell for Adano' and 'Strange Fruit' as one of the distinguished novels of 1944."—Lewis Gannett, *New York Herald Tribune*.

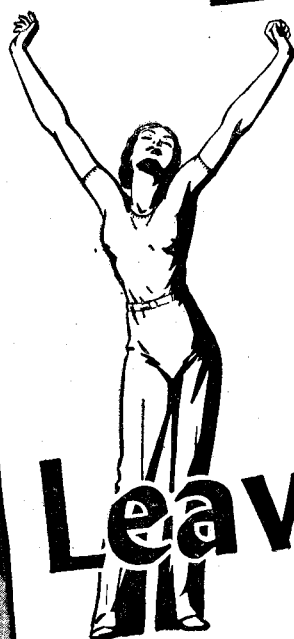
"Thoroughly exciting . . . an historical novel of unusual skill and power."—Orville Prescott, *N. Y. Times*. "Marvelously written . . . a thrilling and breathless climax."—*Los Angeles Times*

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MACMILLAN

The eighth deadly sin

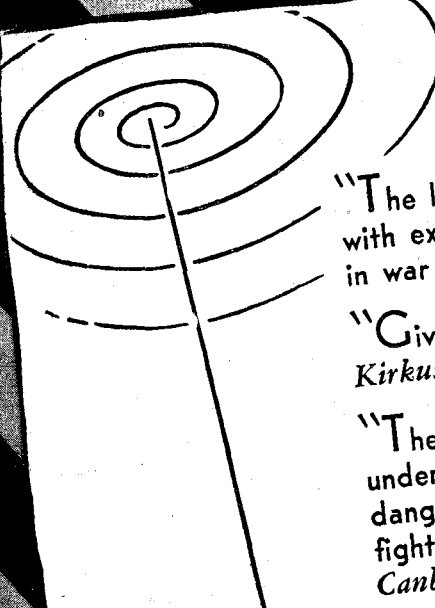


A woman who had to win, and to hold on to her winnings
A woman who cheated in love and in death
A woman who dominated the lives of those around her
as implacably as she was dominated by a consuming
jealousy
A woman who made of jealousy the eighth deadly sin.
The woman? \$2.50

Leave Her to Heaven

BY BEN AMES WILLIAMS

The secret war



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"Gives the feel of the North and the secret war." — *Virginia Kirkus*

"There is a double interest in this book of the new air warfare under the most difficult conditions, and of the splendor and danger of the frozen North, which makes it unique among the fighting stories this conflict has produced." — *Henry Seidel Canby*

\$2.00

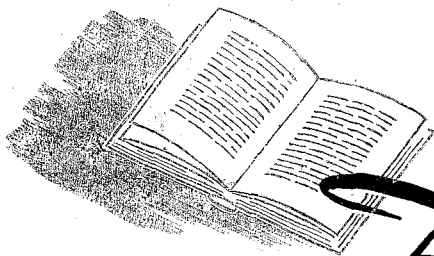
WAR BELOW ZERO

BY COL. BERNT BALCHEN, MAJOR COREY
FORD and MAJOR OLIVER LA FARGE



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THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

OUTWARD bound, my train pulled into New Haven and I got out on the platform for the customary stretch. A detachment of Negro draftees, duffel bags on shoulders, started climbing aboard and one of them, as he passed, called softly to our Pullman porter, "So long, Sam!" Sam grinned, but sadly. "That's waste!" he said. "That boy could play the piano like nobody's business. Two years, here, he's been studying —" "A-all ABOARD!" came the shout from down the platform, and we climbed on.

In his way, Sam was right. No telling whether that boy would come back with enough limber in his fingers to be the musician he might have been. Kreisler did, twenty-five years ago. But the odds are against it. Then under the sway and spell of the train my mind turned, as it does so often, to thinking of those who planned to write, and who will come back wanting to. I wondered whether they will return, as my generation did, to those centers of English where one could find the quiet and the self-confidence for the book ahead. That's what T. E. Lawrence found when he went back to All Souls. That's what attracted men like Robert Sherwood, Philip Barry, Malcolm Cowley, Robert Hillyer, Charles Brackett, Foster Damon, and John Dos Passos to the Harvard of 1919.

In the Cambridge of reconstruction I remember, there were three magnetic poles in the field of English composition — Dean Briggs, "Copey," and Professor Baker. Those of us who aimed to write prose or verse applied to either of the first; playwrights were caught up in the fervor of "47 Workshop."

You cannot teach a man to write, but you can certainly speed up his apprenticeship. You can speed up his facility, cure his clumsiness, train his ear for dialogue and his eye for transition, and, most important of all, help him find his medium.

No other country gave such emphasis to undergraduate writing, such encouragement to journalism. Whether this was simply the logical development of our public schools or whether the demand was created by the enormous growth of our magazine industry is for historians to decide. But this much we do know: that thanks to American teachers who were throwing off sparks in the twenties and thirties, our young correspondents in this war have produced better journalism and better books than the Richard Harding Davises and Irvin Cobbs of 1917.

The University of Michigan is an almost perfect example of how the sparks fly. Professor F. N.

Scott was the man who established the tradition of writing at Ann Arbor. He began in 1903 and he retired in 1927. One of his first and brightest pupils was Avery Hopwood. Hopwood graduated in 1905, and in the years before and after the First World War he cleaned up a cool million with his comedies on Broadway. On his death in 1928 he

willed \$313,836.10 to the University to encourage "the best creative work in the fields of dramatic writing, fiction, poetry and the essay." Since that

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Coming soon. **U. S. WAR AIMS**, by Walter Lippmann. *An Atlantic Monthly Press Book.*

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time the Hopwood Awards have become the biggest plums and the keenest stimulant in collegiate writing.

They have attracted to Ann Arbor graduates and undergraduates with something to say — poets like John Ciardi, novelists like Mildred Walker (*Dr. Norton's Wife*; *Winter Wheat*), Iola Fuller (*Loon Feather*; *The Shining Trail*), and Maritta Wolff (*Whistle Stop*; *Night Shift*). They have already stimulated the publication of numerous novels and volumes of verse, and they have brought to this specialized teaching a man who can really wear Scott's shoes, Professor R. W. Cowden. The Hopwood will provides that approximately \$8000 in prizes *must* be awarded every year. Young veterans of Guadalcanal, Anzio, and China will be shooting at that for years to come.

The job can be done even without the cash if the Mark Hopkins at the end of the log is good enough. As a traveling editor, I have had the refreshment of meeting these sparky teachers the country over. Men like Barry Cerf at Reed College, Professor Koch and Phillips Russell with their Playmakers at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, Hudson Strode and his fiction writers at the University of Alabama, Wilbur Schramm, the delightful spark plug at the University of Iowa, Frederick Mulhauser at Pomona, Carroll Towle who makes English sing at Durham, New Hampshire, Theodore Spencer and Wallace Stegner at Harvard of the 1930's, Edward Davison at Boulder, Colorado, Edith Mirrielees at Stanford, Theodore Morrison at Bread Loaf — these are the teachers whose standards will be remembered by our writers in uniform.

The young South

Down in the deep South, **Hudson Strode** began the teaching of creative writing in 1937. His classes at the University of Alabama have been small, — fourteen is the top enrollment, — and in the pre-war days about half his students wrote novels, the other half short stories. Now in an attractively arranged collection, *Spring Harvest*, Mr. Strode has brought together the fifteen stories by his Southern students which have pleased him the most.

Early in my reading I realized that this was no honeysuckle veranda with a guitar softly strumming; I realized that I was in the presence of a very earnest company of young men and women, intent that I should see the South as they did. If these stories have a prevailing quality, it is that of good, rich melancholy. One is asked to commiserate with the squatters on the washed-out land, the poor kin so proud of spirit, and those whose loyalty has been twisted in defeat. In the hands of Robert Gibbons and Edward Kimbrough commiseration and griev-

ance do not blur the narrative, but in the more introspective pieces the mood stands the story still.

It strikes me that these young authors are singularly without laughter; it strikes me that they have evinced very little real enjoyment of the people they are writing about (it is almost as if they *opposed* their characters rather than stayed by them); and it strikes me that although these fifteen short stories were written between August, 1941, and August, 1943, in only one of them has the surface been ruffled by the present war. It is to Professor Strode's credit that these young writers should have been so sure of phrase and so intensely preoccupied with the plight of the South. I note that five out of the six men represented are now in uniform, and I am willing to bet that when they return to their writing they will bring with them a more evident pleasure in human nature and a more deeply experienced indignation than are here evident.

The Portable Dorothy Parker

To the Viking Press, who have made Saki such a delight to reread, I hereby award the Atlantic Palm for the neatest and most attractive book of the year. Their pocket edition of **Dorothy Parker's** stories and poems is a prize example of what can be done to save paper and still produce a book which is easy to read, light to hold, and good to look at. Note also that the price is but \$2.00 for a volume of some 550 pages. Shows what can be done when you take the pains and have a lady in demand.

More sharply and more wittily than any man or any other woman of our time, Dorothy Parker has expressed the spirit of Manhattan. The New York she wrote about was not the varied, fabulous, Bowery New York of O. Henry. Hers was the uptown New York, the New York of F.P.A.'s "Conning Tower," of "21," of Frank Crowninshield's *Vanity Fair*, of Robert Benchley (with whom she once shared an office), of "Wit's End" (which was her name for Alexander Woollcott's apartment), and of the early *New Yorker* where her review of A. A. Milne set an all-time record for hilarious bloodshed.

Her poems came first — deft, ironic, with that backlash which one begins to expect in the last two lines. They were the light retort to the all-out lyrics of Edna St. Vincent Millay. Then in *Life* and in *Vanity Fair* there appeared those lists of persons, places, and things which Miss Parker loathed. She was a good hater, and the reader laughed self-consciously as she snipped off his foibles. Finally, and with increasing confidence, she began the writing of the dialogues and short stories which form the chief substance of this book.

Have these stories as much endurance as Kath-

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Coming... The Time for Decision

By SUMNER WELLES *Late July*

erine Mansfield's? It is hard to say. We who reread them today do so with a sense of recognition other readers will not possess. That, we say, is the way New York looked and felt in the twenties and early thirties. Yes, that's the way people talked. The observation — especially of women — is as sharp as a scalpel, and the loneliness in the city, the inability of her people to get through to each other, is beautifully conveyed. But as we see the work *in toto*, with its laughter, its wit, its silly sophistication, and its heartburn, we realize that there are limitations, the chief of them being a lack of depth and a lack of cordiality.

Isles of the Blessed

Islands have always represented a special kind of sanctuary to which the hard-pressed could escape in time of war. I don't know how much the population of Tahiti increased after the crash of 1929, but there must have been thousands of Americans who moved there in imagination even though their debts kept them at home. All during the 1930's Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall and Robert Dean Frisbie kept the candle of solitude glowing in Polynesia. And the gleam of their books, *Mutiny on the Bounty*, *Dark River*, *Hurricane*, and *My Tahiti*, was like a beacon to a world in trouble.

This year James Norman Hall has come back to the mainland, bringing with him a short novel, *Lost Island*, which tells what the war has done to even the tiniest atolls in the Pacific. As the editor of this book, I am of course wholly partisan; so I shall only say that in his compassionate understanding of the natives and the European refugees, Hall has written a story of impending doom that breaks upon the mind with the accumulating force of a great comber.

But there is another side to this shield: what the experience on these islands has done to our men in combat. Howard Hunt is a young graduate of Brown, who majored in English literature and studied writing, who served on a destroyer until he was invalidated out of the Navy, and who last year traveled forty thousand miles by plane and ship through the Pacific on a round-up for *Life*. His new novel, *Limit of Darkness*, is the first I have read that shows beyond question what the corrosion of the tropics and the tension of flying can do to our aviators in a hellhole like Guadalcanal.

It is the story of twenty-four hours on Henderson Field — a typical day, from the sweaty awakening to the midnight strike on a Jap base. The men know — you know — that casualties are inevitable; and if you have had editorial experience, you can probably spot in advance some of the characters who will not come back. Mr. Hunt writes without ever

raising his voice, and his narrative is as natural and straightforward as a clock ticking. He shows you the heat, and the chill of malaria; he shows you the mosquitoes, and the rats, and the soggy food; he shows you the gripes, the unexpressed loyalty, and the hunger for home of the flyers on edge. Except for one glimpse of an army nurse, women are admitted to the story only in flashbacks of a rather sentimental nature. It is the men in action who count: McRae, the skipper, once a test pilot, now a leader with frayed nerves; Eliot Forsyth, once of the Ivy League, once a lady-killer; and best drawn of all, Lieutenant (j.g.) Ben Lambert, the single surviving pilot of a torpedo squadron, who lives for two things — to fly, and to kill more Japs. In each of these the corrosion of war is at work to an extent they could never explain, should they come back. A book like this will stretch your imagination.

Loose talk in Tulsa

The worst rabble-rousing I have heard in the last month comes from Tulsa, Oklahoma. It appears in a double-column editorial by Richard Lloyd Jones, the president and publisher of the *Tulsa Tribune*. Here is the first paragraph: —

It is a good thing for all of us that we didn't have the Atlantic Monthly and Harper's, and all the cynical periodicals of their equivocating and purposeless kind, when America was being made. It is a good thing for all of us that at America's beginning we had no peddlers of punk books such as are the leading book publishers in and about New York City today.

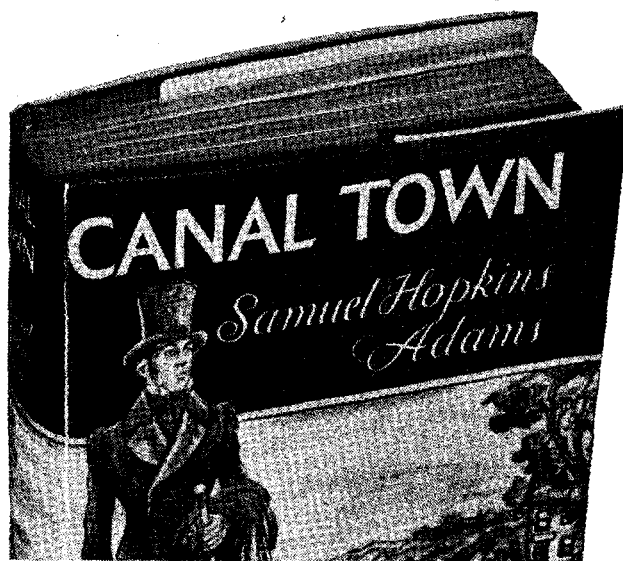
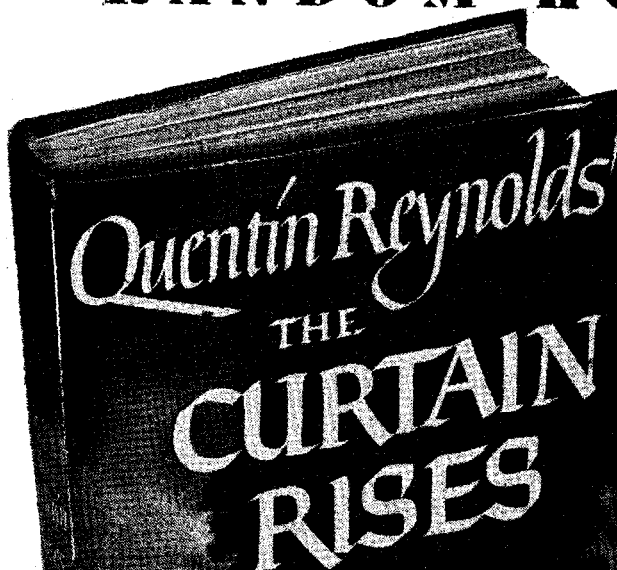
With this brass-knuckle beginning, Mr. Jones begins to swing out in all directions. He blackens both eyes of Yale and Harvard and then lumbers back in our direction to give us another one-two. I quote: —

But all the major book publishing houses and a too considerable portion of our unenlightened periodical editors ballyhoo the writing talent that advocates we change into a Soviet or socialistic state.

Having laid out Macmillan, Scribner, Dutton, Knopf, Houghton Mifflin, Harcourt Brace, Norton, Harper, and ourselves all in one lunge, Mr. Jones slugs Sinclair Lewis, "the babbling writer who never knew the monumental romance of his native Minnesota," and Van Wyck Brooks, who has "presumed to describe American life and literature." Then Mr. Jones draws himself up beside the Statue of Liberty and shouts for the freedom of the press: "The Light in Liberty's torch is so great a human need no false users of our presses can snuff it out."

This is phobia writing. It cannot be excused as the blind emotionalism with which some men react to the war. Tulsa is not beyond reach of Emporia and Atchison, Kansas. But it never occurred to Mr. Jones of Tulsa that neither William Allen White nor

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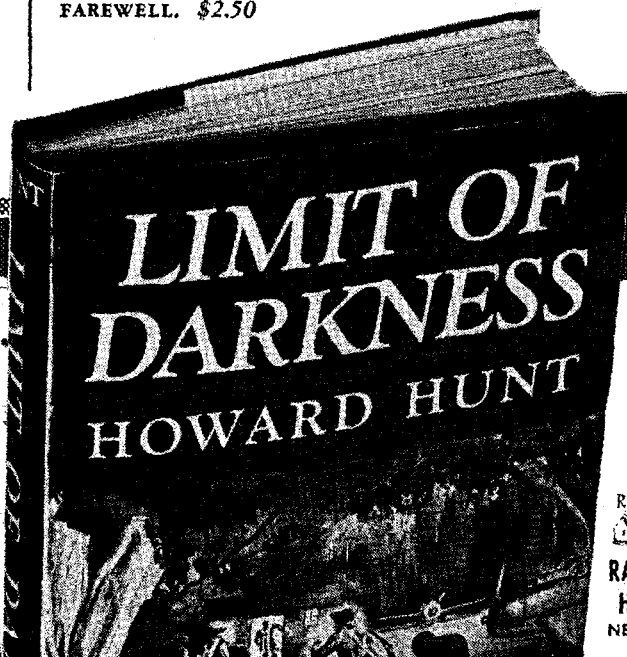
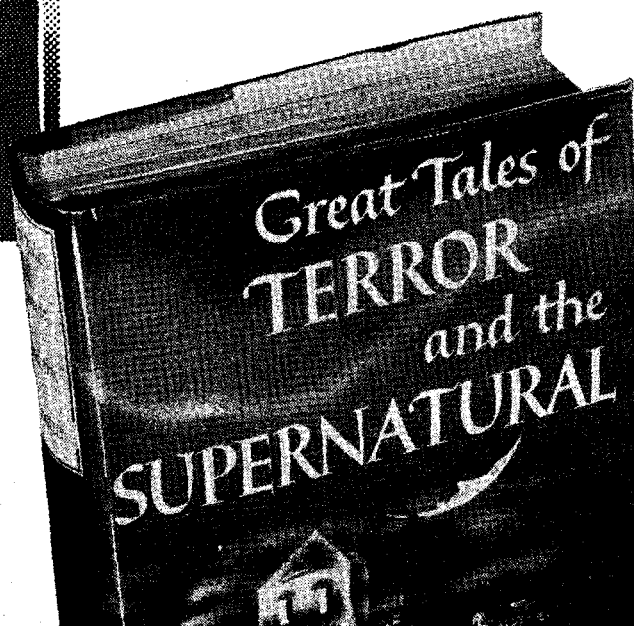
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RANDOM
HOUSE
NEW YORK

Ed Howe would ever have indulged in such cheap and snarling journalism. It never occurred to Mr. Jones that he was abusing the freedom of the press. It never occurred to Mr. Jones that his ignorance adds up to this: "I am a true American and all editors who think differently are traitors," and that he was being just as un-American as Hitler was when he burned the books. It may not have occurred to Mr. Jones, but I hope it occurs to the people of Tulsa.

Ten Years in Japan

By JOSEPH C. GREW

+ + +



JOSEPH GREW

THE dragon's teeth had been sown but it was ten years before the harvest would be white for reaping. From the beginning Ambassador Grew's mission was hopeless. The event was certain but none knew it. President Hoover declared that the Japanese must quit Manchuria bag and baggage, but when told straight that that meant war, he recoiled. Chinese soil must be free, but as for war — that was unthinkable. Righteousness without responsibility was a policy perfectly suited to the temper of the people. America would be right but America would not fight. Yet without the determination to fight if we must, the expulsion of the Japanese from Manchuria was summer moonshine.

Until the end Mr. Grew did not lose hope, but he was acutely conscious how the cards were stacked against him. He knew how justly resentful the Japanese were against our immigration laws, and how a sensible attitude on our part could mitigate the insult without injury to our essential interests. When a tried friend of America like the philosopher, Dr. Nitobe, — married to an American wife, — could declare that until that insult was withdrawn, never again would he set foot on American soil, all fair-minded men knew that Japan had a grievance such as we should never stomach.

Mr. Grew realized also that in the Far East the Japanese had a case. The population was outgrowing its subsistence. Moreover Japan is an orderly country, and its close neighbor, China, was in chaos. Into Manchuria after the conquest Chinese peasants by millions flocked voluntarily, paying Japan's heavy taxes but escaping the robbing and plundering of Chinese war lords. Yes, Japan had a case but her methods destroyed it.

Courage apart, the most important quality of an ambassador is insight. As a psychologist Mr. Grew is a natural. He understands men white and yellow. He likes to like them, and when he can he does, for it is sympathy that brings understanding, and understanding is the ambassador's trade. But behind individuals lies the infinite problem of the masses. A fascinating thread of speculation runs through Mr. Grew's journal. He comes to Japan in the era of *Showa*, Enlightened Peace, so named by the

Emperor himself. Yet beneath the peaceful surface was a furious clash of irreconcilables: firebrands of young Japan, the War Party, the Army hot for "co-prosperity in the East," the moderate Navy, the prudent and knowledgeable businessmen, politicians honest and not so honest, the calm of Buddhism, the yeast of Shinto, and over all the shibboleth of "immutable policy."

Mr. Grew appraised the elements with a judicious penetration which will remain a classic example of the complete ambassador. Sir Henry Wotton defines an ambassador as an *honest* man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country. This ambassador of ours is a transparently honest man. Even his enemies testify to that. He spoke to the Japanese words of friendship, firm words of truth and wisdom. He would not evade or misinterpret. When truth was most difficult he told it. He held and still holds the respect of the Japanese.

In a revealing passage, Mr. Grew writes his conception of an ambassador's duties. "He is an agent of mutual adjustment between the ideas and forces upon which nations act. International friction . . . is often based not so much on radical disagreement as on nebulous misunderstanding and doubt. How little of all this can be done by the written word without oral discussion is patent to all members in our profession . . . our language — indeed, all spoken and written languages — seems thin and superficial. We have to depend . . . on a sort of X-ray language which vibrates underneath the surface and is more effective than anything we can write or say. That . . . comes only from personal contacts."

It is this X-ray language which underlies Mr. Grew's judgment, and wise judgment it is. He pretends to no spirit of prophecy, but was it not at least a minor prophet who telegraphed on November 3, 1941, that national hara-kiri was not only possible but probable and that "war between Japan and the United States may come with dangerous and dramatic suddenness"? *Simon and Schuster, \$3.75.*

ELLERY SEDGWICK

The Timber Beast

By ARCHIE BINNS

+ + +



ARCHIE BINNS

ARCHIE BINNS is a craftsman of long experience. From the opening page of his latest book the reader has a pleasant feeling of confidence that the performance is going off without a hitch. Hollywood scenario writers would be out of their jobs if every novelist composed his work with so unerring an eye for pace, characterization, dialogue, and other apparatus of the profession. Add the salt of social consciousness and you have the formula complete of a sure-fire hit.

The biggest character to emerge from the book is Charley Dow, the logging operator who is a throwback to America's day of the most rugged individualism. Mr. Binns admires nothing about him (certainly not his atti-

This is Elisabeth Ogilvie

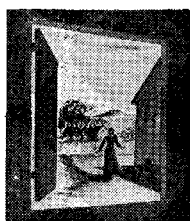


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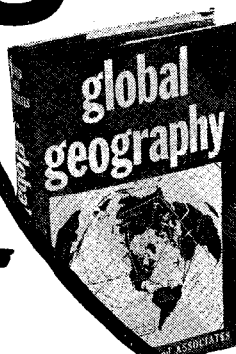
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—N. Y. *Times Book Review*. \$2.50

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tude toward labor) except his tremendous energy and implacable determination. The contrast between the brutally direct industrialist Dow and the sly, cruel banker Martin Darling is all in favor of Charley.

Around the central figure of Dow and the drama of his business, a number of other situations revolve. There is the continually disturbing problem of his second wife, who has married him for money and is really in love with his younger son. There is the drama of Dow's two boys, fine material potentially but a disappointment to his expectations that they might take over his business after he is gone. Their more sensitive natures are repelled by the hardness which for a long time they think is inseparable from the position of boss.

These varying strands are combined into a skillful pattern. Mr. Binns leads the reader through this pattern with the smoothness of a well-schooled dancer, and with hardly more visible effort. *Scribner, \$2.75.*

MILTON HINDUS

The Condition of Man

By LEWIS MUMFORD

+ + +



L. MUMFORD

IN THESE times, many men search their souls. Lewis Mumford has preferred to dig into man's history to understand our age. *The Condition of Man*, formally, is the third volume of a trilogy started in 1930 which includes *Technics and Civilization* and *The Culture of Cities*. In mood, though, it stands

closer to his first book, *The Story of Utopias*, published in 1922. At that time Mr. Mumford was part of a loose group which included Waldo Frank, Van Wyck Brooks, Paul Rosenfeld — an intellectual generation that had grown up with Randolph Bourne and had been nourished by Thorstein Veblen and Alfred Stieglitz. Their fight was against the cold Puritan tradition in American letters, the idolatry of the machine and the crass materialism of the twenties. The core of their belief was an insistence on the development of Man as a cultural being, not an automaton ground out by a machine age.

That belief is the guiding thread of Lewis Mumford's latest book. In the first of the trilogy he was concerned with the mechanical environment in which man worked; in the second with the social environment, the City, which unites — and isolates — Man; this volume treats of what Mr. Mumford calls the *Idolum*, man's symbolic environment, the world of ideas, spirit, and culture. The book is a dissection of the modern personality, uncovering the components, inherited or residual, of earlier periods.

What I find important in Mumford is his *method* of teaching, for his prescriptions are integrated in his work. In an age of vocational specialization, he has produced a remarkable "humanistic" synthesis. Nearly every page shows sharp and lively insight, and his mind, roaming over many fields, constantly weaves together illustrative bits from political theory, literature, and

art to construct his arguments. He ranges from discussions of men such as Dante and Loyola, Calvin and Rousseau, Marx and Freud, to the elaboration of general concepts which have marked historical periods such as the Baroque, Romanticism, Utilitarianism.

One can question Mr. Mumford's assertion that Protestantism developed as an enemy of Capitalism (it is true that Capitalism, particularly in Italy, flourished under the Church doctrine of "vicarious performance," but Protestantism broke the hierarchical system which held back the rise of Capitalism); or that Romanticism is essentially a contribution to democratic ideology (yet the dialectical evolution of ideas has brought Romanticism to the fore as a leading doctrine of Fascism); but this in no way detracts from the worth of the book and the slew of challenging ideas it offers.

While Mr. Mumford indicts greed as the source of modern evil, he does not counterpose theology, but a vitalized humanism. Often this humanism assumes a mystical character, which seems to lead to the creation of a secular religion, if that paradox can be used. But on the whole, Mr. Mumford's work is an impressive demonstration of the sensitiveness and intelligence which a truly liberal education can produce. *Harcourt, Brace, \$5.00.*

DANIEL BELL

The Idea of Nationalism

By HANS KOHN

+ + +



HANS KOHN

NATIONALISM is the private glory and the public disease of our time. Professor Kohn and other students say that it is no older than the second half of the eighteenth century. Then it suddenly emerged as a dynamic expression of secular, democratic sentiment and, in a measure, of interest in economic forces present in industrialism. Nationalism did not, however, whisk in from a distant planet or from thitherto unsuspected dark corners of the human spirit. Its roots were in the past, and with those roots Professor Kohn's book is concerned.

In Israel and Hellas, gifted peoples identified themselves with religion and culture. But despite an element of nationalism in each, the trend in both was toward a "universal message" for all men. During the Renaissance, Hellas was reinterpreted for Europe; and it was the function of the Reformation to place strong emphasis on important aspects of Israelitic tradition. But though the centuries in which these stirring changes took place witnessed an intensification of patriotic feeling and, in particular, of delight in vernacular speech, they were not, Professor Kohn believes, eras of simon-pure nationalism. In France, England, and Germany, the movement towards the great nationalistic French Revolution was not a gradual one but a leap to a conclusion. Professor Kohn stresses the emergence of American nationalism after the Revolution, and he is a very effective exponent

The story behind a great American novel!

The most spectacularly successful novel and one of the most highly praised books of the year was written in her middle years by a woman who had never before attempted full-length fiction. This startling fact becomes easy to understand when one knows something about Lillian Smith and her lifelong activities.

Miss Smith is the daughter of a well known, deeply respected Southern family. Many of her earliest and dearest memories are of the free companionship she shared with Negro children, memories clouded by the bitter knowledge that this happy friendship couldn't continue. Unlike most Southerners, she determined to learn why a division between the races had been forced upon her and, understanding the reasons, she resolved to do something about it.

She did. Through the medium of her own voice and pen; from lecture platforms; in countless living rooms; in the pages of many publications and, finally, in those of her own magazine, *South Today*, she has fought to give reality to

the simple anthropological fact—to the basic American doctrine—that all men are created equal as human beings. In *Strange Fruit* this reality is given creative, artistic expression. It is clear to any intelligent reader that this remarkable novel could not have been contrived or manufactured, but had to grow as a major experience of its writer's lifetime.

Because Miss Smith knows how much of the South's racial problems are inherent in the relationships between white and white, much of her books deals with the conflicts among and within the families of "white town." To many readers, for instance, the situation involving Tracy Dean, his sister and his mother, is as important and revealing as that other situation which arises when Tracy meets Nonnie and picks his perilous way across the tracks into "colored town."

That this book should have been so enthusiastically received throughout America has been deeply gratifying to its author and its publisher. Especially rewarding has been the enthusiasm of the South for the work of one who is warmly respected there. \$2.75

by **Lillian Smith**

STRANGE FRUIT

Reynal & Hitchcock
New York



of the view that the New World did much to reshape the Old.

The canvas here is vast, including not only the countries of the West but also those of the Near East and the East. For the most part Professor Kohn carries his story along without bogging down under the weight of allusion, reference, and citation. Despite a few passages which bring traffic to a halt, and a general tendency to stylistic eccentricity, the book is a masterly historical essay which really deserves to be called tolerant and discerning, well-informed and illuminating. Brilliant passages quite win over the reader by reason of their insight; opposed to them are thin sections that reveal Professor Kohn in the act of succumbing to a thesis.

The book will need revision ten years hence. But for the moment it is the best treatise you can find on an important subject. *Macmillan, \$7.50.*

GEORGE N. SHUSTER

Peter Domanig *Morning in Vienna*

By VICTOR WHITE

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VICTOR WHITE

SET in the now colorful, now drab Vienna of the First World War, this story of an illegitimate boy's struggle to improve his ostracized lot by personal achievement is told with narrative skill, fine simplicity of style, and above all with deep human understanding. The sympathetic story of a boy's growing up is always heart-warming; how much more moving is it when the boy faces not only those apparently overwhelming problems of youth, but also the very special and to him unintelligible stigma of illegitimacy.

Deserted by his unmarried parents, an English artist and a Viennese actress, Peter Domanig grows up in the house (one could never call it a home) of his severe and pious aunt. Gradually and with confused feelings he learns that the gay Franz and the serious Poldi are not his brother and sister but his cousins, that the half-demented man who terrorizes the house is not his father but his uncle. At times he is filled with hate for a mother who would leave her child and run off to America for a career.

At first Peter finds escape from his drab life in music and drawing, and he is filled with admiration for his teachers in these subjects. As he matures, he finds no worldly satisfaction in these and chooses as his new idol an educated and dashing military baron. But the circumstances of his birth frustrate him here, and he decides to emulate a successful industrialist and so gain the power and position denied him in other fields.

The novel derives both its intensity and its unity from the fact that the entire story is presented only as it is seen, felt, and heard by Peter. Everything that happens,

everything that is said, shapes in some way the mind and destiny of Peter Domanig. And yet there is no monotony in this concentration, for Peter finds himself in the most varied places, from asylums to gay amusement parks, from the cruelly harsh apprentice home to the sparkling opera. There is variety, too, in the people he meets from various walks of life: the lovely Baroness Bianca and a hoydenish servant girl, a haughty general at a military academy and Jerabek the little thief, the gracious musician Granini and the sadistic Kropfl. *Bobbs-Merrill, \$3.00.*

LIEUTENANT (j.g.) ROBERT W. ANDERSON

Medieval American Art

By PÁL KELEMEN

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P. KELEMEN

PÁL KELEMEN was born in Budapest and educated in Munich and Paris, where for years he devoted himself to research in European and Asiatic art. In 1926, while working on his *Impressionism before the Nineteenth Century*, he became interested in pre-Columbian art, that vast and mysterious body of work executed by American aboriginals prior to 1492. And in 1932, after his marriage to an American, he decided to devote his entire effort to an investigation of this native heritage, so different from the Continental cultural influences which have shaped contemporary American culture; so unexplored; so isolated in time and space. He would study, he decided, that group of five highly developed aboriginal cultures — our own Southwest Area, the Mexican Area (Aztecs), the Maya Area, the Interlying Area, the Andean Area (Incas) — which flourished during a period parallel to Europe's Middle Ages.

Medieval American Art is a definitive work. It is also a fascinating work and one which should please not only art lovers but those readers especially interested in Americana. In Volume One Mr. Kelemen discusses, simply but professionally, the great American cultures of the past, their remains, and their European contemporaries. Volume Two is a picture book. It contains 960 excellent photographs — all beautifully placed on the page. There are also good charts, a map, and bibliographies.

This is not only a monumental work, but also a heartening one, for it is indeed encouraging to find a work of such devoted scholarship in a decade so crucial and so unsuited to scholarly research. In these two elaborate volumes there is also a timely reminder of man's rapacity. For these great cultures of "the new golden land" were annihilated only some five hundred years ago, and they were annihilated by European white men in search of new economic spheres and wealth and in the name of Christ. Perhaps it is indicative that, in 1944, these same cultures have found some measure of rehabilitation at the hands of a European scholar. This is a work of great permanent value and one essential for the home museum bookshelf. *Macmillan, \$22.50.*

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THE WORLD OF WASHINGTON IRVING

by VAN WYCK BROOKS

FOREWORD.—In *The Flowering of New England*, Van Wyck Brooks conceived and animated a new form of literary history. Perceptive and illuminating, his studies of American writers are a skillful blending of the individual essence with the temper of the times. In this new book, of which we shall publish one third, Mr. Brooks turns to New York and Philadelphia to appraise those authors and artists who were at their zenith in the early nineteenth century.

The opening chapters which appeared in the June *Atlantic* introduced us to that traveling bookseller and shrewd, gossipy biographer, Parson Weems; the fantastic (and pathetic) *émigrés* from the French Revolution; Theodosia, the captivating, ill-starred daughter of Aaron Burr; William Bartram, the naturalist who saw Florida in its untouched beauty; and the Gothic novelist Charles Brockden Brown, so much admired by Keats and Shelley. Meantime in New York City, population 60,000, the theaters were coming to life.

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IN THE early years of the nineteenth century, there was no busier man in New York than the one-eyed theater-manager William Dunlap, who was a portrait painter also, a playwright and a novelist, a diarist, a charming talker and the best of gossips. Born in Perth Amboy, down the bay, where he still lived in the summer, he was the son of an Irishman who had fought under Wolfe at Quebec and had prospered as a dealer in glass and china. In his boyhood an old Perth Amboy hermit had given him some books, a Homer, a Virgil, and a Milton, and Dunlap had developed a voracious interest in things of the mind, including philosophy, painting, the theater, and music. He had studied art in London and he played a flute to amuse himself, and he liked to sing songs in a tavern, when the company was good, or recite the poems of Ossian amid rounds of applause.

A democrat and a freethinker, a partisan of Jefferson, Dunlap was an ardent naturalist and a lover of flowers, and he worked in his garden all summer, attending to the fruit trees and keeping careful notes on the plants and the birds. Up at four or five in the morning, gathering mushrooms with his children, he studied geography with his daughter and read Hume with his son John. Indeed, he read everything, Condorcet and Plato as well as Linnaeus, and he was a friend of William Bartram — was there anyone whom Dunlap did not know? As for the theater, he wrote plays and directed plays, and he had once appeared on the boards himself. He ruled in 1800 the stage of New York.

This good-natured Dunlap, the most versatile of men, a rough-and-ready worker in three or four arts, had acquired his knowledge of the theater in London, where he had studied painting with Benjamin West. The fame of West's great success had spread all over the new republic, so that young Americans flocked to study with him, and

Dunlap's father had sent him abroad at eighteen, convinced that he was cut out for a painter. Dunlap's talent was not impressive, though he afterwards made a living by it when some of his other projects ended in smoke; and he was an indifferent student, but he spent his time in London well in ways that became apparent later. He went the rounds of the picture galleries and he saw all the current plays. He met and talked with Sheridan and made friends with actors, with whom he always felt especially at home, while, amid much conviviality, for which he never lost his taste, he studied the English stage behind the scenes.

He was not long at home again before he was writing plays of his own, at one of which President Washington was observed to laugh; and he learned enough German to translate the plays of Kotzebue, and rapidly rose to the forefront of the theater of New York. He was known in after days as the "Father of the American Drama," but he was also called the "American Vasari," and for the *Arts of Design* that gave him this title he had also prepared during his years in London. Among West's pupils were Copley, Stuart, the Peales, John Trumbull, Washington Allston, Morse, Leslie, and Sully, whom Dunlap knew intimately then or later.

When Dunlap wrote this book he drew from a fund of recollections such as no other writer could have possessed, and he might have said that he had witnessed the birth of American art in the busy London studio of Benjamin West. This kind and even saintly old Quaker, still the favorite of George the Third, who talked with him sometimes half a day at a time, had never lost his deep affection for the land he had left behind, and liked to surround himself with American pupils. When they were out of funds he kept them for months in his house as guests, and all the young American painters felt that to

study with West was an indispensable part of the life of an artist.

West's own career was legendary. He was a child of the frontier who had risen to greatness out of the humblest conditions, in a Quaker circle that frowned on "images," though his mother had given him indigo, and he had made a brush from the fur of a cat. He had mixed charcoal and chalk with the juice of berries, and some Indians had shown him how to use the clay with which they painted their faces red and yellow. He had made a picture of some cows in a Pennsylvania landscape and also a "Death of Socrates," suggested by reading Charles Rollin, while he had found friends in Philadelphia, Thomas Godfrey and Francis Hopkinson, the poet who later designed the American flag. He never forgot the great tree, still standing in his youth, in the shade of which Penn and the Indians made their treaty, the scene of his most famous picture; but he had moved on to New York, where he worked at portraits for a while, and then set out for Italy on a ship to Leghorn.

Arriving in Rome, West found an English patron who presented him to Cardinal Albani; and this American studying art, who was a Quaker besides, and a very good-looking young man, was a nine days' wonder. He became the fashion, and his naïveties were received with delight: it spread through Rome that he exclaimed, "How like a Mohawk warrior!" when he saw the Apollo Belvedere. The Grand Duke of Parma was equally delighted when this Quaker wore his hat in the royal presence; and, in short, West was a great success, — he was called the "American Raphael," — and the young Angelica Kauffmann straightway fell in love with him. It was he who gave Angelica her first lessons, while he was himself a pupil of Raphael Mengs.

But West was in love with another girl, whom he had left in Philadelphia and who joined him presently in London. Benjamin Franklin and Francis Hopkinson helped her to elope when her disapproving parents locked her up, and she escaped by a rope ladder and these two friends of the youthful West carried her off to meet the ship at Chester. West, who had mastered the grand style, rose rapidly in England with his huge historical pictures of Greece and Rome, which he meant to be improving, for he agreed with Winckelmann that a picture ought to be a school of virtue. He became the confidant of the British king and queen, who consulted him about her robes and jewels, and he had a studio in the palace, where the king read Livy aloud to him and suggested subjects from it for his pictures. When Reynolds died, West became the president of the Royal Academy and a sort of mild dictator of British art. He was already on the way to this position when Dunlap knew him in London.

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FOR fifteen years or so, as a playwright, translator, and manager, Dunlap was deeply involved in the theater in New York. There, in 1787, the New England lawyer Royall Tyler had produced his American comedy with

great success. The first play of its kind in the country, *The Contrast* was lively, witty, and real, — one could read it generations later, as one read Sheridan and Goldsmith, — and it brought together a group of characters, in a New York setting, who became stock figures of the American stage and fiction. Among these were the stalwart patriot, the American Anglomaniac, and the New York girl who is dazzled by the traveled fop, figures that were to reappear, in various transformations, in the novels of Cooper, Howells, and Henry James.

Here the stage Yankee made his first appearance, the "true-born American son of liberty, chock full of fight." This play, which delighted the New Yorkers, was very successful in other towns; and Dunlap, who had returned from England, familiar with the London stage, at once began writing comedies in a similar vein.

These plays, beginning with *The Father*, were of no great moment. They were popular adaptations of borrowed ideas, turned out in haste and in rapid succession; but in the meantime, as manager of the Park Theatre, Dunlap worked to develop a serious drama. He greatly improved the scenery, and, while favoring American plays, he made the New York stage cosmopolitan also, introducing French plays and especially certain German plays at a time when the German language was all but unknown. Dunlap translated and produced Schiller's *The Robbers* and *Don Carlos* and more than a dozen plays of Kotzebue. For several years, in fact, this German playwright was as much the rage in New York as he was abroad.

One of Dunlap's younger friends was a writer who was attracting attention with a series of newspaper articles signed "Jonathan Oldstyle." These papers appeared in 1802 in the *New York Morning Chronicle* when the author, Washington Irving, was not yet twenty, and there was so little American writing of a literary kind that they were at once reprinted in other journals. A few were mild comments on life in New York, as pale as the moon in the morning, but others discussed theatrical matters in a way that interested Dunlap, who was doing his best to mature and develop the stage. Irving satirized the conditions that Dunlap was fighting against, the bombast and buffoonery, the foolish music, the rudeness of the audiences in the New York theater, and Dunlap saw in Irving a valuable ally; while the young man made friends in other quarters. Brockden Brown called upon him and asked him to contribute to his new monthly magazine, and he also met Joseph Dennie. Aaron Burr cut out the papers and sent them off to Theodosia, saying they were "very good for so young a man."

Irving, already a hanger-on at stage doors, knew all the actors in New York, for he had a passion for the stage and had even written a play himself. He had known Dunlap's theater from his earliest childhood — it stood just round the corner from his father's house. He had contrived, as a little boy, to go there again and again, with his older friend James K. Paulding, hastening home to prayers at the end of the play. Then, climbing out of his bedroom window and scrambling over the roof, he had gone back in time for the after-piece.

Irving, the son of a Scottish merchant who had settled in New York some time before the Revolution, was one of a large and flourishing family that lived in William Street, with a garden full of apricot and plum trees. He had been named after Washington when the British evacuated the city and the general's work was ended, as his mother said; and he had grown up in a Federalist household that was also strictly Calvinist, though more and more unexact as the years advanced. He was a law student and a very attractive young man, good-looking, sweet-tempered, affectionate, humorous, and gay, a favorite of his older brothers, who had prospered in various ways and liked to make things easy and pleasant for him. Peter, a doctor, was editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, in which the "Jonathan Oldstyle" papers appeared, and William, the oldest brother, was a thriving merchant whose wife was the sister of Paulding, Irving's friend. The family trade was hardware, wine, and sugar.

All the brothers had literary interests, and William, a rhymester and *bon viveur*, was an essayist of no small talent, urbane and amusing. They were all men of the world, in the New York fashion, as all were Episcopalians, sooner or later, and their Federalism too was mellow and vague. William was a democrat, and, while Washington was a Hamiltonian, it was not so much from conviction as from atmosphere and habit. He was singularly untroubled by thoughts of his own in speculative, religious, and political matters, although he had antiquarian tastes and a liking for old customs and was therefore, in a sense, a natural Tory. While two of his brothers had gone to Columbia, he had left school at sixteen, with a good reading knowledge of Cicero and Livy; but he had already developed the leanings that marked his writing later and some of his peculiar later interests. His favorite author was Oliver Goldsmith, whose softly flowing rhythms passed into his mind, and he loved books of voyages and travels, tales of Columbus and Cortes and especially almost everything that spoke of Europe.

While Irving was moody and had occasional fits of depression, he was high-spirited, impressionable, and naturally happy. As a young New Yorker, he shrewdly observed the ways of the town, for he was in temperament urban and always remained so. But he liked to wander and dream on the banks of the Hudson, and, visiting at Tarrytown, where his friend Paulding's family lived, he explored the old Dutch farms and pastoral valleys. In the Sleepy Hollow church, the minister still preached in Dutch, and Dutch had been the language of the Paulding household, and the general feeling was anti-British, as in few circles in New York, for the old rivalry of the races had been maintained there.

Paulding's father, a sea captain, had been ruined by the Tories, and Paulding never outgrew his dislike of the English, while Irving loved the English tradition and was merely amused by the Dutch, although he was charmed and fascinated by the old Dutch legends. He liked to hear of Paulding's grandfather reading his big Dutch Bible, with its silver corners and silver clasps. Together the friends went squirrel hunting along the Saw Mill River, — called in those days the Neperan, — and up the

Pocantico, which wound through Sleepy Hollow, shrouded in groves and dotted with prosperous farms. The rough rambling roads were lined with elms and walnuts and gardens full of hollyhocks and roses, and the cozy low-eaved cottages teemed with broad-built urchins, as numerous as the sleek porkers and the snowy geese. The hum of the spinning wheel resounded from the vine-choked windows, while the walls were overgrown with elder and moss, and old hats were nailed on the trees for the housekeeping wrens.

For Irving this was a haunted region, and he heard all sorts of stories there that he was to retell in later years — the story of Hulda the witch, for instance, and the woman of the cliffs, who was seen on the top of the rocks when a storm was rising. People heard strange cries at night round the great tree where André was taken, and there was the wooden bridge where the headless horseman passed along the hollow with rushing speed. He was the ghost of a Hessian trooper, hurrying back to the churchyard, and he frightened people who encountered him at midnight. He sprang into the treetops with a clap of thunder and vanished in a flash of fire.

There was another legend about the wizard chieftain who laid the Sachem of Sing-Sing and his warriors to sleep among the recesses of the valley, where they remained asleep to the present day, with their bows and war clubs beside them. Sometimes a plowman, shouting to his oxen on a quiet day, was surprised to hear faint sounds from the hillsides in reply, the voices of the spell-bound warriors half starting from their rocky couches, grasping their weapons but sinking to slumber again. The gravestones by the mossy old church were overhung with elms, and the English in the small log schoolhouse was taught with a thickness of the tongue, instead of what might have been expected, a twang of the nose. Little old-fashioned stone mansions still stood here and there, made up of gable-ends and angles and corners, and Irving felt that he was living in the midst of history and romance.

On journeys up the Hudson, taking his gun and his flute, — which Alexander Anderson had taught him to play, — Irving grew familiar not only with the river but also with the wilderness above and beyond it. He knew Saratoga and Ballston Spa, little resorts in the forest, where the old traders' stores were converted into ball-rooms, and with a group of friends he went to Montreal, where his crony Henry Brevoort was engaged in the fur trade.

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BEFORE Irving was twenty-three, he had also spent two years in Europe. His brothers were troubled about his health, for he seemed to be consumptive, and they thought a leisurely tour would be excellent for this. They were further troubled because he liked good company more than his opportunities for self-improvement. He had small interest in sight-seeing, but he studied Italian and French, while he followed a careful plan in keeping a journal, for he was determined to learn to write, with

accuracy and ease, and to put down only what he saw. He began to make character sketches of odd types along the way, — he always excelled especially in descriptive writing, — and he had, meanwhile, many adventures.

He was captured by Mediterranean pirates, who were impressed and let him go when they found that he had a letter to the governor of Malta; and between larks in Sicily and balls in Paris, he traveled through Italian mountains that were infested with robbers. He was introduced into great houses at Naples, Florence, and Rome, where he met Madame de Staël, Canova, and Humboldt, and he visited the tomb of Laura and the fountain of Vaucluse in the spirit of the true romantic pilgrim. In Paris he saw much of the New York artist John Vanderlyn, who made a charming portrait of him, and he was intimate in Rome with Washington Allston. Irving was always drawn to painters, his closest friends in England later, and he had a real talent for drawing, as his sketches showed. His writing was pictorial and sympathetic to men of the brush, and his pen name "Geoffrey Crayon" was chosen with reason.

Back in New York, with health restored, a young man of fashion, Irving resumed his interest in theatrical matters. He had seen Mrs. Siddons and Talma in London and Paris, while he studied the Elizabethan drama, and soon, already well-known as an author, when the new Park Theatre was opened, he was asked to write a poem for its dedication. When John Howard Payne's first play was produced in 1806, he and Payne struck up a lifelong friendship. Payne, who was eight years the younger, had appeared in New York the year before and was editing the *Thespian Mirror*, a journal of the theater, although he was not yet fifteen, a romantic-looking boy over whom Irving watched with fatherly interest. This prodigy, whose infancy had been spent at East Hampton, Long Island, had been taken to Boston at five by his father, a teacher; and infant that he still was, he had worked on a magazine for children that was edited by Samuel Woodworth, who was learning his trade as a printer. This was the Woodworth who later wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket," a song that was almost as famous as Payne's "Home, Sweet Home."

The half-Jewish Payne was in love with the stage, an ambition that horrified his father, who made off with his Shakespeare, Congreve, and Beaumont and Fletcher and hid them among the cobwebs of the family attic. Payne ran away to New York, where Woodworth presently followed him, and began to write dramatic criticism, and he was already regarded as a person of importance. He was everybody's prodigy, a universal pet, and his friends felt sure that he would be spoiled and ruined. They thought he needed discipline and shipped him off to Union College, which was ruled with a very stiff rod by Eliphalet Nott. Brockden Brown went with him on a Hudson sloop, and they stopped four times on the voyage and took long walks among the hills, delighting in each other's conversation.

Payne kept a journal and wrote verses that Brown soon after published and that caused a sensation in Albany when the friends arrived there; for Payne charmed every-

one — possibly even Dr. Nott, who was determined to check his "frantic sallies." But Payne was irreclaimable, as the doctor found, and within a few years he was touring the country in triumph, appearing in every theater from Boston to Charleston. He made his debut in Providence, reciting Collins's "Ode to the Passions," the test of perfect elocution, and he brought down the house in Boston, where he outshone the David Poes, who were quite unable to get engagements as long as Payne remained in the town.

This was in 1809, the winter in which Mrs. Poe became the mother of Edgar Allan, the poet. A charming little English actress who had married a well-born Maryland boy, Mrs. Poe was a favorite in Boston as in Charleston, especially perhaps as a dancer and singer, though she also played serious parts. Her "romps and sentimental characters" were generally applauded. But Payne, as Romeo, to whom she played Juliet, won all the laurels in Boston in 1809, and, hearing that she was in great distress, he gave a benefit for her.

Irving, whom nothing escaped in the theater, was to see much of Payne later, when they even worked together in Paris and London; and he showed Payne how to excite curiosity without wearing his welcome out, caressed and surrounded as he was with applause and friends. Meanwhile, Irving rejoiced in the growth of New York, where magazines, books, and plays were multiplying and everyone was reading Scott, Thomas Moore, and Thomas Campbell, whose brother was living in the town. Moore, who had visited the country in 1804, had written a number of impudent verses about it; but he was popular nevertheless, while all the Americans were grateful to Campbell, the author of *Gertrude of Wyoming*.

As for Irving's work as a lawyer, he did not take this seriously — he was said to have had but one client, whom he left in the lurch; but his brothers were glad to keep him going and even made him a nominal partner, so that he might have the leisure to follow his tastes. He made long visits at Hell Gate and in country-houses up the Hudson and joined in convivial suppers in the New York taverns, Dyde's in Park Row and a porter-house in John Street, where the floors were sprinkled with sand from Coney Island. There clever young men could almost feel that they were in Fleet Street or Covent Garden, for most of their thoughts as writers had a color of London.

Irving was born for the pleasures of a town, but on Saturdays and Sundays, with William and Paulding and Gouverneur Kemble, he drove to "Cockloft Hall" on the outskirts of Newark. They traveled on the stagecoach and had merry times in the big old mansion, — an American version of Irving's "Bracebridge Hall," — with a summerhouse facing a fish pond and groves of chestnuts, elms, and oaks and punch bowls almost as large as the mahogany tables. They played leapfrog on the lawn and talked over their plans for writing; and they made this old house famous in their *Salmagundi*, in which Paulding and William and Washington Irving appeared as a club of eccentrics, Anthony Evergreen, Langstaff, and William Wizard.

Irving's *History of New York* grew out of *Salmagundi*, little as he thought of this in after days. He had been surprised to find how few of his fellow citizens were aware that the town had been called New Amsterdam. They had never heard of its early Dutch governors, nor did they care a straw for their own Dutch forebears. New York had a history extending back into the regions of doubt and fable; yet this was regarded with indifference and even with scorn, and he wished to provide the town with local tales and pleasantries that might season its civic festivities as rallying points of home feeling. How few American scenes and places possessed the familiar associations that lived like spells about the Old World cities, binding to their homes the hearts of the natives. So it was that he conceived the history of Dietrich Knickerbocker, the doting antiquarian of old New York, the short brisk-looking gentleman, dressed in a rusty black coat, with olive velvet breeches and a small cocked hat. This good old worthy's few gray hairs were clubbed and plaited behind, and he wore square silver shoe-buckles, and he carried a pair of saddle-bags under his arm. He had the air of a country schoolmaster, and his history was the whole business of a dedicated life.

Dr. Samuel Latham Mitchill, with whom Dunlap had taken a walking trip in England in 1786, had written and published *A Picture of New York*, a guidebook full of pedantic lore and innocent pomposity that revealed an excessive pride of place and race. There were other American historians, among them Cotton Mather, with much of the vainglorious pedantry that Irving burlesqued when he made the story of New York the final fruit of history and began with the creation of the world. He recalled the proud days of the burgher aristocracy, the Van Dycks, the Van Wycks, the Ten Eycks, the Schermerhorns, and the Schuylers who had loomed out in all their grandeur in the train of Peter Stuyvesant, "brimful of wrath and cabbage," to repel the invaders.

This masterpiece of learned spoofing offended some of the old New Yorkers, who felt that the names of their ancestors were taken in vain, and, in fact, for generations there were New Yorkers of Dutch descent who refused to make their peace with Washington Irving.¹ But who could quarrel seriously with such a ripe expression of a mind that was so well-furnished and so good-natured? It was in this book that Irving's talent declared itself, the first high literary talent the country had known.

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In 1815, Irving, at loose ends in New York, six years after publishing *Knickerbocker*, drifted over to England with no particular plans in mind beyond a vague interest in the family business. One brother was in Liverpool, where he carried on a branch office, of which Washington

soon found himself in charge, and one of the sisters lived at Birmingham, the wife of a prosperous merchant, whose house was a refuge for Irving when the business failed. Irving, uncertain of his future, — he was thirty-two years old, — had been living, as he felt, to little purpose, and he thought that perhaps a glimpse of Europe would stir him out of his drone's existence and send him back to America to live with a will.

He was to live for seventeen years in Europe, but he had no notion of this when he left New York. He only knew that a change was necessary for him, for all his hopes had gone awry. His betrothed, Matilda Hoffman, was dead, he had edited a magazine that failed and left him high and dry, and he had idled away his time in Philadelphia, Washington, and Richmond, where he reported the trial of Aaron Burr. He saw this as a drama, involving numbers of powerful persons, for he was a lover of pageantry and liked excitement; and he was generally popular in political circles, for he had no strong political convictions of his own. He knew Mrs. Madison, Gallatin, Randolph, whom he saw in London in later years; and he had been a colonel in the War of 1812 and an intimate friend of Decatur, with whom he lived. But, although he was already the best-known of American writers, — the "arbiter of literary fashions," as Payne called him, "in New York," — his little career was apparently coming to nothing.

As he landed at Liverpool, the first news that Irving heard was that Napoleon had fallen. The battle of Waterloo was won, but he did not know at the moment how fortunate this was to prove for his own career. It meant that an epoch was just beginning, a moment of safety, peace, and ease, in which writings like his own were acclaimed and cherished, when the multitude that read Scott was prepared for Washington Irving also, with his pictures of the old ways of merry England. For millions in England these years that preceded the Reform Bill were black with wretchedness and poverty as few had been, but it meant much to countless others that the country was rescued from its perils and could rejoice in its old ways. Irving, however, was obliged first to learn them.

He was not, however, a stranger in England, with which his ancestral ties were deep, although a number of years were to pass before he felt at home there. He was mewed in the Liverpool office until the family business failed and put him on his mettle as a writer, and he passed through a long period of nervous depression. His friends at first were mostly Americans, and three of these were artists: Allston, who was in England still, Charles R. Leslie, and Gilbert Stuart's nephew, Stuart Newton. For Irving spent much of his time in London, where the four friends dined together at the York Chop House in Wardour Street. Allston and Leslie illustrated a new edition of *Knickerbocker*, and Leslie soon drew pictures for Irving's *Sketch Book*. Leslie said that Irving widened his range of observation, and Irving, who was soon to adopt the pen name "Geoffrey Crayon," thought of his work as closely related to Leslie's.

But this Philadelphia artist, who was much like Irving

¹ At the time, Gulian C. Verplanck, the leading New Yorker of Dutch descent, expressed this general resentment. Later, Walt Whitman described the book as "shallow burlesque, full of clown's wit." Still later, Hendrik Willem Van Loon often spoke of Washington Irving with a somewhat disgusted annoyance.

himself in temperament, — modest, equable, cheerful, affectionate, sincere, — was, for all his talent, which was graceful and refined, more interesting as a writer than as a painter. His charming *Life of Constable* had drawn attention to the painter, whose influence in France was profound, and Leslie was perhaps a sounder writer on art than Ruskin — at any rate, his turn came round again. He and Constable were close friends at the time when he first knew Irving, and he and Irving went on a tour together.

They set out on a stagecoach for Oxford, in which Irving found one of his characters: this was the “stout gentleman” about whom he began to write and continued to write till they reached Birmingham. Whenever the coach stopped, he drew out his pencil and added a page, perched on a stile or a stone, laughing as he wrote and reading the story aloud to Leslie, who was busily sketching beside him. His journal was quite Turner-esque. He noted — especially in Scotland, for there the journal overflowed — all manner of aerial effects, clouds thick with rain, the sun gleaming among the mountains, a knoll that appeared through the mist, a brook like a shower of diamonds as it fell through the trees.

This was in the Trossachs, for Irving had hastened to Scotland, where he spent four days with Scott at Abbotsford. Scott had not acknowledged that he was writing the Waverley novels, although he was at work on *Rob Roy*; and he seemed to have nothing to do but amuse this American visitor, with whom he walked and talked from breakfast till bedtime. With his dogs and his children, he rambled with Irving over the hills, reciting border ballads in a growling voice, limping along with his big stick, happy to find that this pleasant young man had known the Scottish lore from his earliest childhood. Scott pointed out the Ettrick Vale, Gala Water, the Braes of Yarrow, of which Irving had heard from his nurse, and they passed the Eildon Stone where once stood the Eildon tree under which Thomas the Rhymer had uttered his spells. They visited Dryburgh Abbey and crossed knolls and streams that were famous in old national tales and songs; and in the evening the household assembled, the dogs stretched out before the fire, and Scott read aloud from some old romance or told border stories, while Mrs. Scott and the girls sewed and listened.

Abbotsford was also full of all the new German romantic writers, whom Irving had himself begun to study. He was learning German, hoping to master the folklore of Europe, and was even planning stories in the manner of Wieland; and he found in some of these German writers, whom Scott knew well, the kernel of his own *Rip Van Winkle*. He wrote shortly afterward this tale of the Catskill ne'er-do-well, the henpecked friend of all the village boys, who wandered off with his dog and his fowling piece and fell in with the gnomes at their ninepins in a hollow of the mountain.

About the same time he wrote *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, remembering the haunted region he had known in his boyhood, the valley by the Hudson where the old Dutch farms had breathed for him an atmosphere of dreams and fancies. He longed to give his own country a

color of romance and tradition, and the great-hearted Scott, who freely prophesied his fame, confirmed his ambitions and interests. He offered him later the editorship of a magazine in Edinburgh, which Irving, jealous of his freedom, refused to accept. Irving told Scott about Matilda Hoffman's friend, the beautiful Jewish girl, Rebecca Gratz, the Philadelphia merchant's daughter who appeared in a big picture hat in one of Thomas Sully's most charming portraits. Scott later described her in *Ivanhoe*, in the character of Rebecca.

15

IT WAS Irving's musical, rhythmical style, his quiet humor and dreamy charm, that accounted for the triumph of the *Sketch Book* on both sides of the ocean; for, while it was published first in America, English readers were also drawn by the modesty, sweetness, and candor of this American author. They were happy to see their world reflected in a mind so accomplished and winning, and they were as much surprised by the style as if a Chinese — as Irving said — had expressed himself in pure English. This style, so elegant and so simple, was to mark all of Irving's work, the sign of his cheerful good nature and transparent good taste; and meanwhile, at home, the book absorbed the whole attention of the small reading public that was at once informed and alert. The reviewers carefully studied and compared the sketches, discussing the scenes and the characters, and greeting the work as an honor to American letters. That an American author should have produced this model of prose² was a matter of national self-congratulation, and his countrymen were prepared to share his feeling about England, while they rejoiced in his American sentiments and legends.

At once *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* and the story of *Rip Van Winkle* became the possession of every American mind, with Ichabod Crane, Brom Bones, and Katrina Van Tassel; and readers admitted the justice too of the papers on the Indians, who had been wronged, as everyone knew, by the whites. They liked the essay on William Roscoe, the Liverpool Maecenas, the self-made banker and scholar who had kindled his town, who had found the tide of Liverpool wealth flowing merely in channels of trade and diverted from it living rills to refresh the garden of literature. There were traces of Roscoe everywhere in all that was liberal in the town and that spoke of magnanimity and culture; and how like an American Roscoe was in his rise and opportunity, and what a model he became for many a later American merchant. All, or largely, thanks to this essay of Irving's. Then Irving was loved and admired by Scott, the “Great Unknown” of the Waverley novels, whose poems had long been known and adored by all and who had even been rumored in London to have written the *Sketch Book* himself, while Byron presently announced that he knew it by heart.

² For almost a century the *Sketch Book* was used as a first reader for students of the English language all over the world. For this purpose it replaced Addison's *Spectator*, which had been for a hundred years the model of pure English prose.

In Germany, too, where Irving presently passed a year, he found himself universally admired and read, and the Queen of Saxony urged him to commemorate Dresden in some such fashion as that of *Bracebridge Hall*. The English colony in Dresden arranged some tableaux, in which he shared, from the *Sketch Book* and *Knickerbocker* also. There Irving, thrown with kings and ambassadors, learned some of the diplomatic ropes of which he made use in later years; and, while he did no writing there, he read the tales of Tieck, Richter, and Arndt and filled his mind with curious information.

With a keen eye for the picturesque, he drove about in his open carriage, through Württemberg and Bavaria and down the Rhine, delighting in the woods and the vineyards and the moldering castles, and he scrambled about among the ruins and observed the costumes of the peasants and the antique buildings in Frankfort and Darmstadt. Then there were Salzburg and the castle on the Danube, built round the very peak of a craggy rock, with the darkest dungeon that one could imagine: he had never seen a finer castle for a heroine to be confined in, or anything like such a castle for a ghost to haunt.

There were the mountains, too, so full of fable and elfin story, tales of wild huntsmen, wood demons, and forest sprites, and the inns suggested fearful adventures, with their wainscoted walls and rambling stairs: he collected wonderful stories to tell the children. For he got into the confidence of every old woman who had her own budget of tales about giants and dragons, or about dwarfs, gnomes, and enchanted bullets, and he always had in the back of his mind the nieces and nephews in Birmingham and the little sons and daughters of his friends. An incorrigible bachelor, he was everybody's uncle, as well as a tale-telling traveler of the good old school, and before he committed his stories to print he liked to recount them to willing ears and judge their effect in eyes that grew larger and larger.

There was never another such New Yorker for picking up stories on every hand, robber tales and tales of ghosts, mysterious footsteps and hidden panels. His stories grew like jungle plants, for every shoot produced another, and every one of the characters who appeared in these stories had some new story of his own. It might have been an Italian student whom he had met on a boat, or perhaps an Irish dragoon by the fire at an inn, or a bandit beside whom he sat on a crag in the savage Apennines — they broke into stories as readily as a bird into song. Irving accumulated stories as naturally as he told them. The painter William Etty in Paris and consuls and diplomats fresh from Italy told him of hairbreadth escapes from banditti in lonely defiles of the mountains; and Irving immersed all these tales in his own peculiar atmosphere, well knowing that the story alone would not suffice. For tales like his were pouring from all the European presses — they were the fashion of the moment and everybody wrote them. The story for him was merely a frame on which to stretch his own proper materials, his play of humor, sentiment, language, and thought.

Off and on, Irving lived in Paris, where he fell in with John Howard Payne again, the actor who, years before,

had played in Boston with Mrs. Poe. Payne revived in Irving an ambition he had never lost since, as a boy, he had haunted the theater in New York. He had been a playgoer in London, Munich, Vienna, and Dresden, he had studied the Elizabethan drama, he had always known actors, while he and Payne planned together to write plays and divide the profits — two of the plays they wrote were mostly his own. These were *Charles II* and *Richelieu*, which had some slight success in England, although Irving's talent as a playwright was small enough, and he was annoyed by the "traps and trickery" of the theater which the playwright born regards as a part of the game. He left to another adapter the one play, *Rip Van Winkle*, in which he might have had a real success.

Meanwhile, depressed and out of health, weary of wandering, middle-aged, he was losing all heart for his vocation. He turned over schemes of possible hack-work, a plan to edit the British classics, a life of Napoleon, a life of Byron, but he was at loose ends again — he had small interest in any of them — he was waiting for a fresh breeze to fill his sails. Then, while he was studying Spanish and reading the plays of Calderón, a plan that concerned the life of Columbus suddenly rose in his mind. He never dreamed when he went to Spain in 1826 what a world of new adventures lay before him.

16

WHILE Irving was exploring England, another New Yorker, six years younger, who had served for a while in the navy after going to Yale, had married and settled in Westchester county, where he lived as a country gentleman without so much as a thought of writing a book. In 1819, James Fenimore Cooper was thirty years old, and he was looking forward to a farmer's life, planting trees at Angevine, the house he had built at Scarsdale, grading his lawns, building fences, grouping the shrubs, and draining the swamps.

Cooper had inherited from the founder of Cooperstown, his father, a sufficiently ample fortune and twenty-three farms, and his wife was one of the De Lanceys, the old New York Huguenot family, who had connections in New Rochelle, near-by. He had spent some years at sea, his youth had been adventurous, he had acted, like Irving, as a colonel on the governor's staff, and he was thoroughly enjoying a leisurely existence, visiting his neighbors, riding, and reading to his wife. He knew Shakespeare well enough to find in him appropriate mottoes for hundreds of the chapters that he wrote later, but, while he kept up with the Waverley novels and liked Jane Austen and Mrs. Opie, he preferred books on history and military matters. He had the air of a sailor or a man of affairs — he was frank, robust, active, blunt, and fearless. With his wind-blown look and bright gray eyes, he was an out-of-doors man, sometimes boisterous, often brusque, and always sure of his opinions. His feelings were occasionally violent and he had a way of expressing them with the vehemence of a naval officer in a battle in a storm.

Cooper loved the conservative ways, the grave manners

and stately style, the simple good taste and decorum of the older gentry, and he had a passion for the land that was shared by his father's friends Chancellor Kent and the former Chief Justice John Jay, who was living at Bedford. A devout Episcopalian, Jay, who was partly of Huguenot blood, lived in respectable comfort in his half-stone farmhouse, studying the science of the soil from Columella down and developing new varieties of melons. To Cooper he was a sort of uncle, for the sagacious old man was an ancient friend of the De Lanceys as well as of the Coopers. He smoked a long church-warden pipe, and Cooper delightedly listened while Jay related stories of the Revolution, for he had been chairman of a committee that was appointed by Congress to gather news about the British plans. He had employed a secret agent whom he described to Cooper and who appeared soon afterward, under the name of Harvey Birch, in a novel that Cooper wrote and called *The Spy*.

For Cooper suddenly took up novel-writing, and his book was a prodigious success at once. It had been preceded by a novel called *Precaution*, which Cooper had read aloud to the household of the Jays. He had written it on a sort of wager that he could produce a better book than some of the fashionable novels he was reading to his wife, and he and Mrs. Cooper and their daughter Susan had driven over in a gig to the Bedford farmhouse.

Precaution purported to be written by an Englishman. It was a story of county society in England, and Cooper even went out of his way to compliment King George the Third and air the views of duchesses, countesses, and earls. The novel reflected not only his reading but also the Anglophile atmosphere in which he had lived as a boy and continued to live, for the De Lanceys were notable Tories and the old-established Westchester families admired and resembled similar families in England. He had scarcely begun to think for himself, and, regarding the book as a trifle, he mirrored this Anglophile atmosphere in perfect good faith, although for the rest of his life he so bitterly resented these "craven and dependent feelings" towards England and the English.

These feelings, however, oddly enough, were compatible with patriotism, even of the stoutest kind, such as old John Jay's, and the retired Chief Justice approved of the story. It was then that Cooper wrote *The Spy*, influenced no doubt by Scott, to retrieve the heroic past and the beauty of his country. For Cooper, a patriot first, last, and all the time, was ardently and eagerly interested in the history of the country and especially of his own beloved state of New York.

The "old French war" was a vivid fact to Cooper, although he was too late himself to see very much of the Indians. As a boy he had met a few Oneidas, camping in the woods, where they made baskets and brooms to sell in the village, but they were dirty and degraded, as he recalled them. Later, on Long Island, he had visited a chief, a descendant of the ancient sachems, in his primitive wigwam, but he too had the sullen air that betrayed the disposition without the boldness of the savage. One had to travel beyond the Mississippi to see the fine traits of the Indians in their natural state, although deputations of

the Western tribes occasionally visited the Eastern cities, Washington, Boston, and New York.

He had spent three years in the navy and had previously served in the merchant marine, the usual way of acquiring naval training. His father had sent him off to sea soon after he was expelled from Yale, — supposedly for roping a donkey in the chair of his tutor, — and he had sailed at fifteen on the *Sterling* of Wiscasset for the most adventurous year of all his life. It left more traces than any other in his novels later, memories of the Spanish coast, Gibraltar, and the Mediterranean as well as Falmouth, London, and the Isle of Wight. The ship was stopped by a pirate felucca off the coast of Portugal, and English searching-parties impressed some of the seamen, incidents that might well have explained Cooper's lifelong dislike of the English, whose arrogant ways at sea he could never forgive. The captain relished his high spirits and taught him the arts of knotting and splicing, and Cooper saved from drowning a shipmate who fell overboard, with whom he roamed through the London streets and saw the Monument and St. Paul's.

Then Cooper was a midshipman on Captain Lawrence's sloop, the *Wasp*, and he also served on the *Chesapeake* with Lawrence, whose birthplace adjoined his in Burlington, New Jersey. He was sent to Lake Ontario with a detachment to supervise the building of a brig of war, and he joined an expedition that was dispatched to Niagara with his friend Lieutenant Melancthon Woolsey. All his adventures in the service antedated 1812 and the war in which the navy won most of the battles, but they confirmed the pride that he felt in his country; for the brief history of the navy bristled with exploits that delighted the hearts of Americans and Cooper among them. Washington Irving shared the pride that led Cooper in later years to write a standard history of the navy.

17

DURING these years of active service, Cooper amassed a prodigious knowledge of ships and the "sea dialect" and sailors; for although his first and deepest love was the wild frontier and the life of the woods, he had a feeling for the sea that was lasting and profound. He really invented the sea novel, for *The Pilot* was the first long story that pictured in detail the movement and handling of vessels, and he wrote at one time or another a dozen sea tales, some of which were certainly among his best. *The Sea Lions* and *The Red Rover* were capital stories. Meanwhile, to keep his own hand in, he sailed his whaler at Sag Harbor, — up the Sound to Newport on one occasion, — as a few years later in New York he kept a sloop that was called the *Van Tromp* anchored near his house by a wharf on the river. He had his own felucca in Italy, and afterwards, when he returned from Europe, he rigged a skiff with a lug-sail on Lake Otsego.

Cooper, besides, had many of the traits of a sailor, a sea dog of the old-fashioned kind for whom everything was black or white and who defended flogging at sea and whipping-posts at home. He had much in common with

Captain Truck, the master of the ship *Montauk*, decided, daring by nature, self-reliant, who was never more bent on following his own opinions than when everybody grumbled and opposed him. Cooper created superb sea characters in the Captain and in Long Tom Coffin, the fresh-water sailor Jasper, and Moses Marble.

Their language, as he gave it, was inimitably racy, with its pungent nautical images and homely good sense, and he liked to bring their characters out in those wonderful talks at cross-purposes in which, in several stories, he followed Shakespeare. Such was the talk, in *Home as Found*, between the two stubborn old mariners, the grave, ceremonious commodore and the dignified captain, who discussed philosophy as they fished and the laws of salt-water and fresh-water sailing, yet never came within hail of each other's real thoughts. Cooper delighted in these blind and ambiguous conversations that revealed the simplicity and integrity of worthies he admired. He felt that, however coarse a true sailor might be, there was never any vulgarity about him.

In Cooper's novels, from first to last, the sea was to rival the forest, and one might have said that Cooper's solution for all the problems of fiction was to take his readers on a voyage. At least, he did so frequently when he found himself in a tight place, just as he usually provided a beautiful girl and placed her in a position to be rescued. He had spent at sea the most susceptible years of his youth, and many of his young heroes followed the sea, — Mark Woolston and Miles Wallingford, for instance, — and he was almost always ready to oblige when his friends called for "more ship."

He knew the terrors of the sea; yet it gladdened his heart, and the sailors' toast, "Sweethearts and wives," resounded in the novels in which he recorded his joy in everything that floated. One of his ships was "as tight as a bottle," another was "as neat as a mariner's musket," and he liked to dwell even on the cabins of the yacht-like packet ships that plied between the hemispheres in increasing numbers. These cabins were lined with satinwood and bird's-eye maple, and little marble columns separated the rows of glittering panels of polished wood, and Cooper recalled the fine carpets that covered the floors, the sofas, the mirrors, the tables, even the piano.

He loved to describe a ship with her sails loosened and her ensign streaming in the breeze or a chase on a bright day when everyone felt the pleasure of motion as the steady vessel raced with the combing seas.

With his marked feeling for the sublime, he rose more over now and then to moments of the noblest and most eloquent prose. Such were the descriptions of the icefields in *The Sea Lions*, — a tale of American sealers in antarctic waters, — the vast mass of floating mountains, generally of a spectral white, through which the mariners moved in an unknown sea. The walls, like ridges of the Alps, bowed and rocked and ground one another, stirred by the restless ocean, with a rushing sound, and sometimes a prodigious plunge as of a planet falling tossed the water over the heaving ramparts. The cliffs, half a league in length, with their arches and pinnacles and towers and columns, suggested the streets of some fantastic city that

was floating in the sunlight in the sea, black here and there in certain lights and orange on the summits, throwing out gleams and hues of emerald and gold.³

There were many of these moving passages in the novels of Cooper, especially in the Leather-Stocking tales, although he could never have been called a master craftsman. He was a rough-and-ready writer, hasty, frequently clumsy or pompous, and "remarkably and especially inaccurate," as Poe observed; and yet, despite his "inattention to the minor morals of the Muse," his style, as a rule, was direct, energetic, and effective.

On lakes and streams, as well as on the ocean, Cooper rejoiced in ships and boats. The motion of a canoe enchanted him as it passed like a feather over the foam of rapids. He had seen one that was thirty feet long safely descend Oswego Falls in the wilderness which he loved even more than the sea, that other world where men "breathed freely"; for Cooper, after all, was a child of the forest and the frontier, and the earliest of his impressions were his deepest and dearest. Before he established himself at Scarsdale, he had taken his wife to Coopers-town, driving in a gig through the forest on the corduroy roads, and there for three years the family lived in a house that he built near Otsego Hall beside the sylvan lake that glittered in the sun.

Cooper, in his childhood, had heard wolves and panthers wailing and howling on winter nights as they ventured over the ice of the lake, and the footpaths round this Glimmerglass and the Fairy Spring and the Speaking Rocks were all compact of magical memories for him. In the lake stood the Otsego Rock where the tribes had resorted for council in order to make their treaties and bury their hatchets, and there one saw the shoal, marked by rushes, where Floating Tom Hutter in *The Deerslayer* built his "castle." Near-by rose the Silent Pine with its trunk branchless for a hundred feet before the foliage appeared in dark-green masses, clinging round the stem like wreaths of smoke. Cooper liked to think of the hunters who had lingered in these woods long years before his family had first appeared there. He could never remember a time when he had not imagined there the former inhabitants of the woods, the Indians and the scouts, who had also listened to the rippling of the water, the sighing of the wind in the oaks and the pines and the creaking of the branches on the trunks.

18

THE region of the Leather-Stocking tales was the southwestward-facing angle that was formed by the junction of the Mohawk River and the Hudson, stretching as far as Lake Ontario, together with Lake George to the north; and Lake Otsego was the center of this region for Cooper, although he knew most of its mountains and valleys by

³ *The Sea Lions*, 1849, was one of the last of Cooper's tales, as it was also certainly one of the best. The fine descriptions of the icefields were perhaps suggested by the *Narrative* (1845) of Charles Wilkes, the American naval officer who had discovered the antarctic continent in 1840. Cooper refers to Wilkes's picture of a "ruined city of alabaster."

heart. He recalled the times of *The Pioneers*, when the settlement was new, the sugar-making and the sleighing in winter, the turkey-shoots at Christmas, and his fancy went back to the days of *Wyandotté* and the bustle of the building of the town. The settlers had drained the lake and planted their corn. They had made their own tools, constructed sleds and bridges, laid out their roads through the forest, and built a sawmill, as in thousands of other hamlets on all the frontiers.

Then Cooper evoked a still earlier day when the dark and interminable forest had scarcely as yet been disturbed by the struggles of men, when the youthful Natty Bumppo first beheld the Glimmerglass and met his friend Chingachgook at the rock. There Natty found the dwelling of the Hutterers and the ark with the tamarack spar and the sail that had once been the topsail of an Albany sloop, and the "brilliant and singular beauty" of Judith appeared through the opening of the leaves with a smile for the Deerslayer in his canoe. Cooper was possessed by the image of the tall, gaunt hunter, with his foxskin cap and shirt of forest green, with the knife in his girdle of wampum and his buckskin leggings, and a cycle of stories rose in his mind of which Natty was always the central figure, as the lake-strewn forest was the scene of the Deerslayer's exploits.

The Deerslayer, the Pathfinder, and Leather-Stocking were one and the same, and sometimes Natty also appeared as Hawkeye, the poet of the wilderness who loved to speak in favor of a friend and who never clung too eagerly and fondly to life. Wholly indifferent to any distinctions save those that were based on personal merit, with a natural faith that knew no subtleties of doctrine, he was the inseparable comrade of the Delaware chief, with whom he had lived so happily among the streams. Since they were boys the two had consorted together, fighting in company on Lake George, the Mohawk and Ontario, when Natty was a scout for the English in their battles with the French, and together they had marched on the flanks of the enemy, hunting for the army, providing it with beavers' tails, bears' hams, venison, and trout. The swallows were not more certain to be on the wing than they to be afoot when it was light, and no whine of the panther could cheat them, no whistle of the catbird, nor any other invention of the devilish Mingos. For no one was prompter or wiser with the cunning of the woods.

Now Cooper, in the course of thirty years, was to write thirty-three novels, as well as many books of other kinds. These novels were of all types — simple romances, tales of adventure, historical stories, satires, pictures of manners — and they varied in their degrees of merit as in the

range of their characters and settings, which in the end proved to be very wide. Disregarding his tales of Europe, Cooper's scope was national, and he was successful, on the whole, in his portrayal of local types and the characteristic scenes of many regions. Captain Jack Lawton in *The Spy* was an admirably drawn Virginian, as the frank, manly Paul Hover was a Kentuckian to the life, while the Bush family from Tennessee savored as strongly of their native world as the odious Deacon Pratt, the Long Island Yankee. One could even feel Louisiana in Inez in *The Prairie*, as one felt the Delaware valley in the past of Mark Woolston, and as one felt and saw Key West in the story of Jack Tier and Moravian Pennsylvania in the life of Ben Boden.

All this — for whatever the point might be worth — was an indication of the range of Cooper's all-American imagination, as the character of Natty Bumppo was also all-American and might have been observed as well in the South or the West. For his "forest gifts" and frontier ways suggested equally Daniel Boone and Kennedy's Horse-Shoe Robinson of South Carolina. Cooper delighted in the chivalrous rivalry of the captains in *The Sea Lions*, in the high courtesy and fortitude of his Indian braves, in the true freedom of the American borderer, honorable and fearless, in the valor of ingenious men contending with the sea.

A noble nature shone through Cooper's novels, and, roughly written as most of them were, full of improbabilities, as rudely built as cabins of the pioneers, they lived very largely by virtue of this and the wonderful eye for the forest and the sea that made Cooper, as Balzac said, the master of literary landscape-painters. Like the sea tales, these frontier romances were mostly stories of flight and pursuit, and they struck some deep ancestral chord in the hearts of men of the northern races who remembered, as it were, the primordial struggle of their forebears in the solitude and silence of the woods. Cooper deeply understood the passion for a solitary life that went with a feeling for the vastness and freshness of the forest and that sometimes bred elevated characters, steady as the pines, humble and grand at once, with head erect.

Natty Bumppo was destined to remain the symbol of a moment of civilization, the dawn of the new American soul in a scene in which the European contended with savages, animals, and primitive nature. Masculine, stoical, earnest and simple, ardent, loyal, just, and a veritable American woodsman, in his habit, as he lived, Natty, leaning on his long rifle, was a type whom everyone recalled and a proof that an American could also be a sage and a saint.

(To be continued)

With each twelve months of the Atlantic

THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR